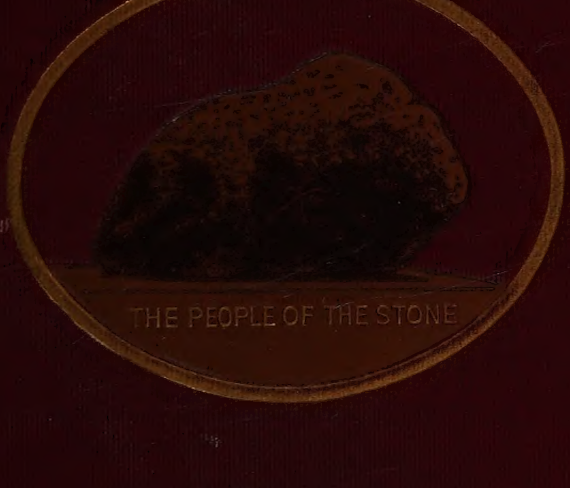
The ONEIDAS

J. K. BLOOMFIELD



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THE ONEIDAS

By
J. K. BLOOMFIELD
AUTHOR OF
"GLENWOOD", "PAYING THE MORTGAGE", ETC.

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TO

THE ONEIDAS,

and their many loyal friends, of the past as well as of the present; and

IN MEMORY OF BISHOP KEMPER

who so ardently desired their history written; also

TO REV. F. W. MERRILL,

for ten years Missionary among the Oneidas, who again has urged and inspired the writing, this work is most affectionately

DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In undertaking this work for the Oneidas there have been three great difficulties to contend against. Advanced years, confirmed invalidism and inability to go to Libraries to look up records of these Indians. Friends, however, have been exceedingly kind in bringing me books of value from which to cull notes. Among them I would mention indebtedness to: "The League of the Iroquois" by Lewis H. Morgan; Col. Stone's "Life of Joseph Brant"; Clarke's "Onondaga"; Halsey's "Old New York Frontier." Also "The Mohawk Valley," to whose author, Mr. W. Max Reid, we are indebted for several illustrations; and to the Rev. F. W. Merrill for extracts and illustrations from his "People of the Stone."

There has also been given by me for reference: "Missions to the Oneidas," papers written by Susan Fenimore Cooper. They appeared some few years since in "The Living Church" as a serial and were in part prepared at the request of a friend on hearing of Bishop Kemper's earnest desire to have same account of these faithful Indians written and preserved in book form. They, with a Diary kept by the wife of a most faithful Missionary among them, were to have so appeared; but certain untoward events at the time, less interest in the Indians, etc., prevented. Since, though feeling great inability to undertake this work, we have been kindly urged by the Rev. F. W. Merrill to give a fuller histori-

cal account of the Oneidas than his own. Out of this request has grown this unpretentious work.

There has been made little or no attempt to give a statistical account of Indian treaties, Reservation transfers, or Government dealings with the Nation, but simply to record such customs and events of their past and present as may be of general interest. Gleanings from various reliable sources of one of the noted Six Nations. A Tribe well worthy to have their name and lineage handed down to their descendents.

J. K. B.

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THE ONEIDAS.

CHAPTER I.

In Central New York.

There is a general feeling of regret among historians, and those who would learn events of the past connected with the earliest settlements of this country, to find so little, comparatively speaking, recorded or correctly handed down. And this is especially true of our North and South American Indians. Whole tribes have passed away with but little to tell of their mode of living, or degree of intelligence. And yet the little in some instances gives assurance that some of the earliest known aboriginals were a superior people, especially those among the South American Indians, or those of Mexico and Peru.

In Central America there have been found extensive remains of architecture and traces of civilization that one marvels over. They would seem to date back to a more remote period than even that of the Mexican and Peruvian empires. Immense artificial mounds also exist in the Valley of the Mississippi, and elsewhere, supposed to be the work of a remarkably intelligent race of Indians. Eminent writers who have since made a study of the Iroquois, their great intelligence and rare traits of character, think they may have been nearly allied to some of those who in the far past gave evidence of such remarkable achievements. but in time sadly deteriorated through ill-treatment, indifference shown them and the

introduction among them of fire-water with all its baneful influences, and that to the encroachments of the white man was due their apathy, or savage hatred and desire for revenge.

As population increased, certainly they were crowded more and more out of their rights, cheated and robbed by avaricious land-agents, or those seeking to gain their valuable lands through exchange of mere trifles, or still worse, whisky, that they had taught the Indian to crave. And this has been going on from the advent of the white man among them down to the present time. Government, however, of late has been roused to a more humane and better policy in its treatment of the Indian. It is to be hoped now that the scattered remnants of the once powerful League, through being allowed to retain their Reservation, education and a higher state of civilization may prove themselves not only worthy of the truest, but in many characteristics no mean descendants of their earliest known ancestors. And this without undue praise, we think can be said of the Mohawks on their Canadian Reservation and of the Oneidas on theirs, near Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Of the earliest history of the Oneidas we are baffled by uncertain traditions, or legends that are of little or no account. But from various valuable works at our disposal we find something of interest connected with the Oneidas when with the League in the northern part of New York. Lewis H. Morgan, at one time adopted by the Senecas and while with them taking notes of the different Nations composing the Confederacy, tells us in his "League of the Iroquois" that "prior to their occupation of New York, they were living in the vicinity of Montreal upon the northern banks of the St. Lawrence.

They were then in subjection to the Adirondacks, a branch of the warlike Algonquin race. At that time they are said to have been few in number, but as they multiplied and gained experience in the hardship of the warpath and the chase they sought independence, and after a fierce struggle left the country."

At what period this was, or the exact time of their entrance into New York cannot now be ascertained. Most writers agree that it must have been a century, or more, before their discovery by the Dutch in 1609. For they had long occupied a vast territory between the Hudson and Genesee rivers. Some writers say: "After coasting along the shore of Lake Ontario separate bands entered the State at different points and made their way into the interior. And that it was the Onondagas alone, who coasting its eastern shore to the mouth of the Oswego River, entered through this channel."

But this is immaterial. We would here state that in preparing this simple account of the Oneidas we may not in every instance be as technically correct as historians, or give exact locality and date, but shall endeavor to have them as nearly correct as some study and their own varied accounts will allow.

"The Iroquois in their best days," says Halsey, in his "Old New York Frontier," "were the noblest and most interesting of all Indians who have lived on this continent north of Mexico. They were truly the men whose Indian name signifies: 'We surpass all others.' They alone founded a political institution and gained political supremacy. With European civilization still unknown to them, they had given birth to self government in America. They founded independence, effected a union of States, carried their arms far beyond their own borders and made

their conquests permanent. The conquered people becoming tributary states much after the manner of those which Rome conquered two thousand years before them. In diplomacy the Iroquois matched the white man from Europe. They had self-control, knowledge of human nature, tact and sagacity, and they often became the arbitrators in disputes between other people."

Universal testimony has been borne to their oratory of which the merit was its naturalness and bearing the supreme test of translation. Convinced that they were born free, they bore themselves with the pride which springs from that consciousness. Sovereigns they were and the only accountability they acknowledged was to the Great Spirit. "In war tactics they have been equaled by no red men. The forts which they created around their villages were essentially impregnable. An overwhelming force alone could enter them; artillery alone destroy them. It was virtually an empire that they raised, and this empire like the empire of Rome, meant peace within its borders. Before the Europeans came, they had been unquestionably for some generations at peace among them. It was an ideal, an idyllic state of aboriginal life. All of which was to be overthrown by the coming of the white man when he arrived, bearing in one hand fire-arms and in the other fire-water."

Other writers pay as high a tribute to this noble race of Indians. It is known, as we have already said, that for more than a century before their discovery by the Dutch, they had been in possession of the beautiful lands, hills and valleys, lakes and streams, in the central part of the State of New York now bearing their names. But of the exact period, or for what purpose they had first been formed into a league must ever remain mere conjecture,

for neither written history, nor Indian tradition can throw more than feeble light upon the subject.

It is supposed, however, by some writers, that anciently they were separate and independent Nations, though of the same lineage. Sometimes, perhaps, with contentions among themselves yet ever ready to combine in making war upon the rude and more savage Indians of their interior and whom in time they conquered and brought under subjection. Finally, they must have united themselves into a Confederacy for greater security as well as to strengthen their power and importance at home, and enable them to better pursue other conquests abroad. And, too, they had their own peculiar religious beliefs and ceremonies to unite in and give permanency to, differing from all other Indian Nations in important particulars. Hence their federative League must, it is thought, have been formed at a remote period. So remote that even by tradition the time became lost in the clouded uncertainty of the past.

It is well known that whatever event is untraceable to the Indians they invest it with some peculiar legend. And Clark relates one as handed down in connection with the formation of the League. We can give it but in part for it is quite lengthy and flowery, but the main facts go to show that "Hundreds of years ago, Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha, the deity who presides over streams and fisheries, came down from his dwelling place in the clouds to visit the inhabitants of the earth. He had been sent by the Great and Good Spirit, No-wah-ne-re, to visit the streams and clear the channels from all obstructions, to seek out the best things of the country through which he intended to pass that they might be pointed out to the good people of the earth.

"About this time two young men of the Onondaga Nation were listlessly gazing over the calm waters of the 'Lake of a Thousand Isles' when they espied far in the distance a single white speck dancing over the bright blue waters. As they watched, it seemed to increase in size and moved as if approaching the place where they were concealed. They watched with anxiety, for at this time no canoes had ever made their appearance in the direction from whence this was approaching. As the object neared the shore it proved to be a venerable man seated in a pure white canoe very curiously constructed and much more ingeniously wrought than those in use by the tribes of the country.

"Like a signet upon the wide blue sea, so sat Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha upon the Lake of 'The Thousand Isles.' Deep thought sat on the brow of the gray haired mariner; penetration marked his eyes, and deep, dark mystery pervaded his countenance. With a single oar he silently paddled his light trimmed bark along the shore of the lake as if seeking a suitable haven for rest. He soon turned the prow of his vessel into the arm of the 'double river', and made fast to the western shore, when he majestically ascended the steep bank and gained the summit of the hill. Then silently gazing around as if to examine the country he became enchanted with the view and exclaimed in accents of the wildest enthusiasm, 'Osh-wah-kee! Osh-wah-kee!' interpreted, 'I see every where and I see nothing!'"

This place of landing was probably at Montreal, a then unsettled village upon an island formed by the separation of the two channels by which the Ottawa issues into the St. Lawrence. For history tells us that there was an Indian village there discovered as early as September, 1535,

by Jacques Cartier. And it was from his admiring exclamation at the view obtained from the neighboring hill that Montreal, corrupted from Mount Royal, derives its name. This real fact must in some way have become incorporated in the legend. To return to it: "The two Onondagas, watching the mysterious old man as he descended from the hill, made themselves known to him, who gave them his reason for coming and invited them to cross the lake and go up the Swa-geh river."

So well pleased was Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha with the country, all the beautiful inland lakes and streams that he relinquished his divine title, so runs the legend, and assumed the character and habits of the Indians of the State who gathered about him. He was, however, looked upon as an extraordinary individual and one possessed with transcendent powers of mind. The name, "Hi-a-wat-ha" very wise man, was now given him by the Indians who resorted to him for advice from all quarters. Shortly after, when the country became greatly alarmed by the sudden approach of a band of warriors from north of the Great Lakes, and made indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children, they thronged the dwelling place of Hi-a-wat-ha for advice.

In this trying emergency he advised calling a council of their principal warriors that the advice of all might be received, for said he, "Our safety is in good council and speedy energetic action." Accordingly, runners with belts were dispatched in all directions notifying the Indians of a great Council to be held near the banks of the Lake, Ohnan-ta-ha," supposed to be the high ground near where the Onondagas were settled and where, for long afterwards were held their great Council fires. When all had arrived and were ready Hi-a-wat-ha appeared among

them. A breathless silence ensued when the venerable Councilor began:

"Friends and Brothers, you are members of many tribes and nations. You have come here, many of you a great distance from your homes. We have convened for one common purpose to promote one common interest and that is to provide for our mutual safety and how it shall be best accomplished. To oppose those hordes of northern foes by tribes singly and alone would prove our certain destruction. We can make no progress in that way, we must unite ourselves into one common band of brothers. Our warriors united would surely repel those rude invaders and drive them from the borders. This must be done and we shall be safe.

"You—The Mohawks, sitting under the shadow of the 'Great Tree,' whose roots sink deep in the earth and whose branches spread over a vast country shall be the First Nation, because you are warlike and mighty. And you,—Oneidas, a people who recline your bodies against the *Everlasting Stone* that can't be removed, shall be the Second Nation, because you give wise council. And you, —Onondagas, who have your habitations at the 'Great Mountain' and are overshadowed by its crags, shall be the Third Nation, because you are greatly gifted in speech and mighty in war.

"And you—Cayugas, a people whose habitations are in the Dark Forests, and whose home is every where shall be the Fourth Nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting.

"And you,—Senecas, a people who live in the Open Country and possess much wisdom shall be the Fifth Nation, because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans and making cabins. You, Five great and

powerful Nations, must unite and have but one common interest and no foe shall be able to disturb or subdue you.

"And you,—Manhattoes, Nyacks, Montauks and others who are feeble 'Bushes,' and you,—Narragansetts, Mohegans, Wampanoogs, and your neighbors who are a 'Fishing People,' may place yourselves under our protection. Be for us and we will defend you. You of the South and you of the West may do the same and we will protect you. We earnestly desire your alliance and friendship.

"Brothers, if we be united in this bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us and we shall be free, prosperous and happy. But if we remain as we are we shall be subject to his frown; we shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps and annihilated forever. We shall perish and our names be blotted out from among the Nations of men.

"Brothers, these are the words of Hi-a-wat-ha. Let them sink deep in your hearts. I have said it."

A long silence ensued; the words of the wise man had made a deep impression upon the minds of all. They unanimously declared the subject too deep for immediate decision. "Let us," said the brave warriors and chiefs "adjourn the Council for one day and then we will respond." On the morrow the Council was again assembled. After due deliberation the speech of the wise man was declared to be good and worthy of adoption.

"Immediately upon this was formed the celebrated Aquinuschioni, or League of the great Confederacy of the Five Nations, which to this day has remained in full force." After the business of this first great council, to which other tribes had been invited, was brought to a close and the assembly was on the eve of separation Hi-a-wat-ha arose and in a dignified manner said:

"Friends and Brothers,—I have now fulfilled my mis-

sion upon earth, I have done everything that can be done at present for the good of this great people. Age, infirmity and distress sit heavy upon me." He then in eloquent words before bidding them farewell admonished them not to admit other nations to their councils for fear of jealousy and contentions among themselves which might enslave and prevent their becoming free, numerous and mighty. And he closed by saying, "Remember these words, they are the last you will hear from the lips of Hi-a-wat-ha. Listen, my friends, the Great Master of Breath calls me to go. I have patiently waited His summons. I am ready, farewell." And the mysterious old man is said to have sailed away as he came, in the white vessel.

Though this is but a legend there doubtless was some wise and noble Indian, who thus, long years ago, united them into the wonderful League. It certainly strengthened them as a "United People." And through the Confederacy they ever after showed great power and almost marvellous executive ability to govern themselves and others through council. Later, indeed, we hear there has been found by one of our writers a long handed down tradition, going back to a very remote and uncertain period as to the formation of the League. It states that the Nations long ago were in separate and sometimes hostile bands, although of generic origin, and were drawn together in Council to deliberate upon the plan of a League which a wise man of the Onondaga Nation had projected. He explained it and assured them that under it the United Nation could elevate themselves to a general supremacy. The name of the great and wise Chief was Da-gä-no-wedä. He is supposed to have been the real founder of the League and the first law-giver of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee, the name given to the Iroquois after the formation of

the League and said to signify "The People of the Long House." Among themselves it was their only name. The tradition also points to the northern shore of Ga-nun-ta-ah, Onondaga Lake, or valley near, as the place where the first council fire was kindled, around which the braves and wise men of the several Nations were gathered and where, after a long debate and much consideration, its establishment was effected.

Chapter II.

"People of the Long House."

At a very early date, a century or more before their discovery by the white people, the various Nations had been living, for better security it is supposed against invaders, in strongly built bark lodges of peculiar construction. They were long in proportion to their width, partitioned off and occupied by several families living in harmony, each with its own hearthstone or fire. It was to these long houses, after the formation of the League, they figuratively likened themselves, "The People of the Long House," their political edifice opening its eastern door upon the Hudson, while the western door looked upon Niagara.

At the time of their earliest discovery, says Morgan, "this fine domain was the patrimony of the League if not the land of their origin. And they had long defended it against hostile bands with a patriotism as glowing as such a fine possession could inspire in the heart of man." In their immediate vicinity were numerous tribes of Indians called from their weakness and inferiority to their more powerful neighbors of the Five Nations, "The Bushes." As many as fifteen tribes were supposed to have had their allotted territories in the State of New York and on Long Island. From the first they evinced a hostile disposition towards their neighbors and later were a continual source of alarm to the white inhabitants until they

were subdued and became subject to the powerful confederacy. Firmly banded in one they held the ascendancy over all these roving North American tribes, who have since become extinct.

The territory proper of the "United People" is said to have extended from the Hudson River on the east to the Niagara River on the west, from Lake Ontario on the north, to the Alleghanies on the south. At one time their actual domain, we are told, reached from the Sorel River south, by the Great Lakes to the Mississippi west, then east to the Santee, and coastwise back to the Hudson. Says Clark: "They indeed occupied a wide spread of country comprising a great body of fertile land, combined with a healthy and temperate climate. They, too, had greater facilities for water communications, not only within their own territory but extending from it in all directions, with more extensive hunting grounds and fisheries than any other tract of the same extent in the world.

They were called by the French, "Iroquois," by the English, "The Confederates, or Five Nations," by the Dutch "Maquas," and by themselves "Mungoes" meaning to them all: "United People." The English long retained the name Magnos for the Mohawks. These intelligent Indians of the Confederacy, says one, "were not insensible to the political advantages afforded by their geographical position. It was their boast that they occupied the highest part of the continent, and that it possessed greater advantages than any other part of America. Situated upon the head waters of the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Ohio and the St. Lawrence, flowing in every direction to the sea, they held within their jurisdiction, as it were, the gates of the country and could through them descend at will upon every point.

Lake Ontario and the Mountains on the North and the range of the Alleghanies upon the South at the same time gave to their country itself an isolation which protected them in a great measure against the external pressure of migratory bands. They found, too, that the Lakes and streams in a remarkable manner intersected every part of the Long House and that their head waters, separated by only short portages with continuous valleys, divided by mountain barriers, afforded every facility for the most rapid intercommunication. Having no knowledge of forming wells they were accustomed to build their bark lodges or tepees near copious springs.

Inland lakes were not divided by a boundary line, but their entire circuits sometimes possessed by one Nation. And thus we have the Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca lakes and the Mohawk River, all named for the various Nations who once dwelt near their banks; and now perpetuate their memory as a far more enduring monument than any other that could possibly be erected. In the same way the names of the Five Nations are perpetuated in streets of Oswego. The Swa-geh they once had so much to do with as the terminus of the trails in and out of the State and during the border warfare.

The Onondagas have a legend that they sprang out of the ground on the banks of the river Swa-geh, "flowing out," a name given to the river as flowing into Lake Ontario. The Senecas have a similar legend that they sprung from the ground at Mun-da-wa-o, the hill at the head of Canandaigua Lake. By these legends they designed to give the impression of the remoteness of their first occupancy of the State of New York.

Though the Oneidas and Mohawks are nearer allied in dialect, the Onondagas and Oneidas were for years living

A View of Oswego River

almost as one Nation. But in time the Oneidas established themselves at Ga-no-wä-lo-hale, east of the lake that afterwards bore their name, and became a more independent Nation. In like manner the Onondagas settled themselves in the Onondaga valley and on the adjacent hills. This, however, must have been prior to the formation of the League. For to the Onondagas already settled in their picturesque locality near the Deep Spring were given the custody, for all time, of the "Council Brand," and also the Wampum into which the law of the League had been "talked." Not, it is said, in preference or any superior power, but from their situation equally convenient for all the Long House to reach.

The territory of the Cayugas lay upon both sides of Cayuga Lake and eastward to Owasco Lake. The Senecas had their territory east of the Genesee River, and extended their jurisdiction over the whole of the area between Seneca Lake and Lake Erie. The Long House to which they likened their political edifice opened its eastern door upon the Hudson, while the western looked upon the Niagara where dwelt the Senecas. To them were given the name of Do-nan-ne-ho-out: "The Door Keepers". To them belonged the guardianship of the western door of the Long House, while the Mohawks were made Door Keepers at the east in the Mohawk country.

On the boundary line between the Onondagas and Oneidas the most prominent point was the Deep Spring, De-o-song-wa. This Spring not only marked the limit line between them, but was a well known stopping place on the great central trail, or highway of the Nations as they passed back and forth through the Long House or heart of the territory from the Hudson to Lake Erie.

From this Deep Spring the line ran due south into Pennsylvania, crossing the Susquehanna near the confluence with the Chenango. North of this spring the line was deflected to the west, leaving the Oneida territory the whole circuit of the lake.

This spring was used in common by them all. Of it Judge Jones of Utica writes: "What is quite singular, the water runs in at the lower and disappears at the upper side of the reservoir." This spring while the woods were in shade and the wild deer descended to taste its limpid waters was long the favorite meeting place between the Oneidas and the Onondagas. The Onondagas, as has been said, were called the "People of the Hill," while the Oneidas were the "People of the Stone." The Rev. F. W. Merrill, in his interesting pamphlet upon "The People of the Stone", gives the following legend of how they acquired their name. He says:

"For the legend of 'The Oneida Stone' we are indebted to Dr. M. M. Bagg of the Oneida Historical Society, Utica, N. Y. At a prominent position near the entrance of the Forrest Hill Cemetery, Utica, stands the Palladium of the Oneidas, the sacred stone which gave them their national name, and which is said to have followed them in all their wanderings. The legend is that the Oneidas, whose territory extended from the country of the Onondagas to that of the Mohawks, occupying all of Central New York, were descended from two Onondaga Indians, who were brothers. At a very remote period they left their native home and built wigwams on the Oneida River, at the outlet of Oneida Lake, where, like the antediluvians, they 'builded a city' and 'begat sons and daughters.'

At their resting place there appeared an oblong round-

ish stone, unlike any of the rocks in the vicinity, which came to be their sacrificial altar, and gave a name to their children. "Onia," in their native tongue, is the word for a stone. As their descendants increased in number and became a community, they were called after this stone "Onionta-aug" "the people of the stone," or "who springs from the Stone." A mispronunciation has given us the word Oneida. The stone was the altar upon which all their sacrifices were made, and around which their councils and festive and religious gatherings took place.

After a lapse of several generations, the Onionta-aug, now become numerous, removed from the Oneida River to a place where the creek, which now bears their name, is discharged into the Oneida Lake, and the sacred stone, unassisted by human hands, so the legend runs, followed them and located itself again in their midst. Here they flourished until the confederation of the Five Nations was formed, and the children of the stone became second in the order of precedence in the great confederacy. At length it was determined by the old men and warriors of the nation to remove their council fire to the summit of one of the chains of hills, skirting the valley of the Oneida creek on the east.

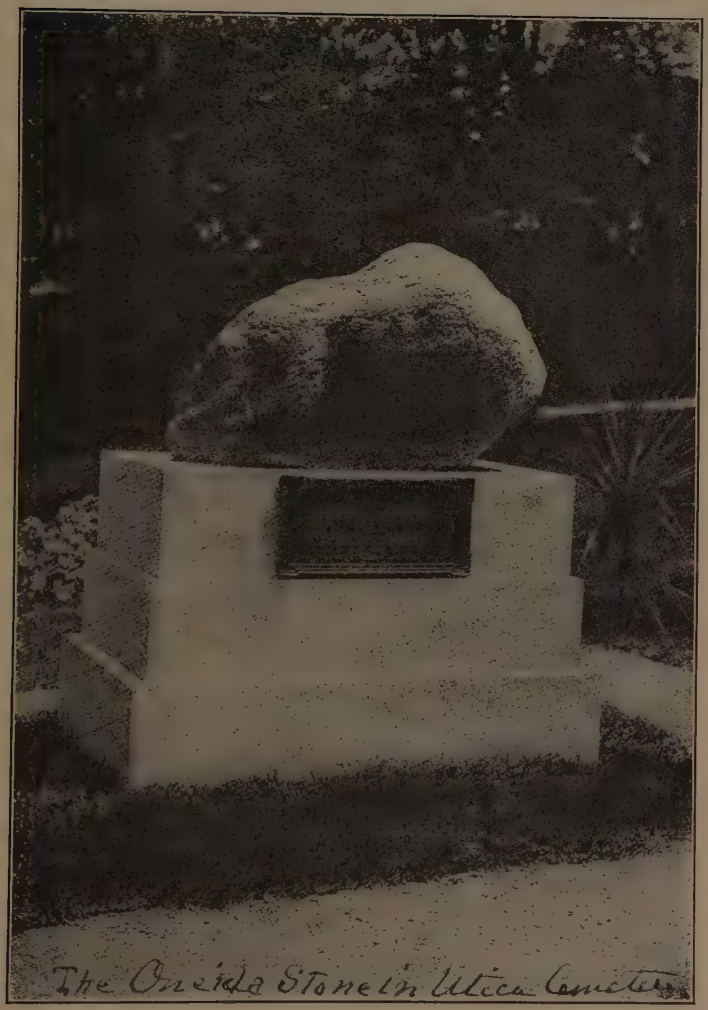
When the council of the Nation had selected this new home for its people, the stone, true to its mission, a second time followed in the train of its children, and seeking one of the most commanding and beautiful points upon the hill, deposited itself in a beautiful butternut grove, from which the eye could look out upon the wide landscape, the most lovely portion of the national domain. Here it remained to witness the subsequent history of its people. It saw the Five Nations increase in power and importance until their name struck terror from the St. Lawrence to

the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Hudson to the Father of Waters.

Around this unhewn altar, within its leafy temple, was gathered all the wisdom of the nation, when measures affecting its welfare were to be considered. Here, eloquence as effective and beautiful as ever fell from classic lips was poured forth in the ears of its sons and daughters. Here, Skenandoah, the latest orator of his race,—the warrior chief, the lowly Christian convert,—with matchless power swayed the hearts of his countrymen. Here the sacred rites were celebrated at the return of each harvest moon and each new year, when every son and daughter of the Stone came up like the Jewish tribes of old, to join in the national festivities.

In 1850 the Oneida Stone was bought with the Cemetery, from Madison County, with the approval of the resident Oneidas, as well as by the consent of the owner of the farm where it rested. The Cemetery was opened, and two hundred Oneidas and Onondagas came, and after the ceremonies many of them stooped to kiss the stone, and addresses were made by chiefs of both tribes and interpreted by the interpreter of the Oneidas, declaring that the tribes gave their sanction to this final disposal of the altar of their fathers. It is also stated that, the large space around the stone was left for the interment of any Oneidas who might wish to be buried there. Another in writing upon this subject says:

"The Oneidas have so long been distinguished as 'The People of the Stone' it is venturesome to suggest any other. O-Na-yate, however, the radix from which their names is derived signifies not only a stone, but one of the species known to us as granite. In the Seneca dialect it means this particular rock, hence the propriety of render-



The Oneida Stone in Utica Cemetery

ing literally their national name O-Na-yote-kä-o-no; 'The Granite People'. The original stone, too, in the Cemetery at Utica is a granite boulder." "The Granite People" firm and strong, is certainly a good name to be known by, but the Oneidas will probably retain their more familiar title to all time.

The Tuscaroras, Dus-ga-o-weh, "Shirt Wearing People," upon their expulsion from North Carolina in 1712, turned to the North and sought the protection of the Ho-de-na-sau-nee, or People of the Long House, on the ground of genic origin. They were then admitted into the League and so formed the Sixth Nation, and were ever after regarded as members of the Confederacy, although never admitted to full equality. A portion of the Oneida territory was assigned to them. Later there were two other small bands or remnants of tribes located within the territories of the Oneidas, the Mohekunnuks settled a few miles south of Oneida Castle, and a band of the New England Indians south of Clinton, Oneida County. For these lands they were also indebted to the generosity of the Oneidas to whom they applied "for a place to spread their blankets." And their possessions were subsequently secured to them by treaty.

In their hunting excursions each Nation was accustomed to confine itself to its own domain which, says Morgan, to a people subsisting in part by the chase, was a matter of some moment. But upon their foreign hunting grounds, which were numerous and boundless, either Nation was at liberty to encamp. By establishing these territorial limits between the Nations of the League the political individuality of each was kept in view. The various trails in their own country were kept very distinct. For centuries upon centuries and by generation after gen-

eration their old and deeply worn trails had been trod by the red man. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi, the main Indian routes through the country were as accurately and judiciously traced and as familiar as our own. On many of their distant foot-paths the Nation had conducted warlike expeditions and had thus become practically versed in the geography of the country and were as familiar with the routes of travel, the lakes, hills and streams as we ourselves, have since become.

Of the various clans, divisions and subdivisions among the Confederates we will not attempt to write now, or give their strictly adhered to rules of marriage and intermarriage between the different Nations. Later some of these restrictions were in a measure removed. But they helped greatly at the early time towards strengthening their wonderful form of self-government. One thing, though, we should not omit to state. The direct line of descent was through the mother, not the father as with all other nations, but they had good and wise reasons for this, as for other codes of law among them, many of them, we believe, strictly adhered to, down to the present day.

To the Oneidas but three clans were given, the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle. These peculiar names and of others among the Six Nations, are thought by Morgan to be emblematic and have a signification reaching beyond the animal or object named. On the formation of the League, Sachems and Chiefs were appointed to each Nation. But afterwards, when required, and to guard against fraud and contentions, they were "raised up" by united decision and invested with the title by Council of all the Nations and with suitable ceremonies. When a

Council was to be called well trained runners were sent forth with belts to notify.

The endurance and capability of these runners seem marvellous. Indeed, told at this day, they appear almost incredible.

They were employed to spread information throughout the Confederacy, as well as summon Council for some public exigency. But three days, it is said, were necessary to convey intelligence from Buffalo to Albany. Swiftness of foot was an acquirement among the Iroquois which brought the individual in high repute. A trained runner would traverse a hundred miles a day. With relays, which were sometimes resorted to, the length of the day's distance could be considerably increased. It is said that the runners of Montezuma conveyed intelligence to him of the movement of Cortez at the rate of two hundred miles a day. But this, it is thought must be regarded as extravagant. And yet with speedy relays and allowing the full twenty-four hours to a day it might be accomplished, for we find it asserted as true, that during the Revolutionary War, a runner was known to leave Tonanwanda at early dawn, probably before four o'clock in the summer season for Avon, a distance of forty miles upon the trail, deliver his message and return to Tonanwanda not long after noon. Just think of it! Eighty miles and within so short a time.

In the night these runners were guided by the stars with which they were familiar and from which they learned to keep their direction, or regain it if perchance they lost their way. During the fall and winter they determined their course by the Pleiades Meides, or Seven Stars. This group in the neck of Taurus they called Gotgwae-etar. In the spring and summer they ran by another

group which they named Gwe-o-ga-ah, or the Loon, four stars at the angle of a rhombus. In preparing to carry messages they denuded themselves entirely with the exception of the breech cloth and belt. They were usually sent out in pairs and took their way through the forest, one a little distance behind the other, in perfect silence.

We cannot now more than briefly allude to results attained through the united power of the "People of the Long House." "One of the first effects of their federal system," says Morgan, "was an universal spirit of aggression; a thirst for military glory and political aggrandizement which made the old forests of America resound to human conflict from New England to the Mississippi, and from the northern confines of the Lakes to the Tennessee and the hills of Carolina." And from these long continued and apparently unavoidable conflicts with the more rude, barbarous and aggressive tribes of Indians near them, it may be that later, on hearing of them, so many have acquired the belief that as a whole the Indians are a blood-thirsty, treacherous, deceitful and altogether savage race of people, only fit to be wiped out of existence.

It is to do away with some of these false impressions that various writers are now trying to vindicate them. And if in some instances the praise seems exaggerated you must remember it is not of Indians in general, we write, neither should you have before your minds the more uncultivated and savage Indians of the far West, but of the Six Nations as they were in the past, and their descendants as now giving constant proof of rare intelligence. Of them, says a writer, "while it would be unreasonable to seek those high qualities of mind which result from ages of cultivation, in their ruder state of existence,

it would be equally irrational to regard the Indian character as devoid of all those higher characteristics which ennoble the human race.

"If he has never contributed a page to science, nor a discovery to art; if he loses in the progress of generations as much as he gains; still there are certain qualities of his mind which shine forth in all the lustre of natural perfection. His simple integrity, his generosity, his unbounded hospitality, his love of truth, and above all his unshaken fidelity, are inborn sentiments standing out so conspicuously as to have been not untruthfully declared their marked characteristics."

"Unrecorded except by tradition," says one of our earliest writers, "are the accounts of the doubtless necessary warlike achievements of this gifted and progressive race of Indians. They evidently raised themselves through the early vicissitudes of incessant strife to a general and acknowledged supremacy over their boundless territories." "Without considering the terrible and ferocious characteristics of Indian warfare it must be admitted," says Clarke, "that the empire which the Confederacy raised over other Indian nations furnishes no slight evidence of their courage and sagacity."

About the year 1700 the Nations reached their culminating point. They had reared a colossal Indian empire, so far as its sway over the aboriginals was concerned, and in comparison greater than any Indian power which had risen north of the Aztec monarchy. Having established their dominion securely against all races of Indian lineage, and strengthened the bond of union among themselves beyond the power of civil dissensions, they would seem to have prepared themselves for a still higher progress, through the pursuits of peace. But a

different and more deadly enemy than the Indian had already stretched forth its arms to enfold them in its withering embrace. After that, and from various causes, came their gradual decadence and some years later their Council-fire was extinguished, their hands as it were, taken from them, and they became a scattered people.

Chapter III.

Religious Beliefs.

The Oneidas are thought to have been the most susceptible to religious instruction. The Mohawks, though more warlike, were also ever ready to listen to the teachings of the Missionaries sent to them from time to time. As a Nation, however, the Oneidas were the most resorted to for advice in negotiations with the Confederacy to win them to prepare the minds of the remaining cantons. And from their naturally mild, peaceable dispositions and good counsel they were doubtless termed "wise in council," by the old man of the legend.

The Indians of the League can at no time have been considered "heathens," so far certainly as the term is applied to foreign races, without the slightest idea of a Creator, mere worshippers of idols, graven images of wood and stone. For at all times we find they had a belief in a Great Spirit, the Creator of all things. Says Clarke in his "Onondaga," "From time immemorial having been shut in from the light of civilization and the influences of a pure religion, with only the traditionary faith of their forefathers always orally transmitted, it is not to be wondered at their religious opinions were implicitly believed, most scrupulously adhered to, and practiced with a zeal and fidelity worthy of all commendation. Even among the Pagan party," he adds, "there is little difference of opinion in religious matters. They at least were

agreed in sentiment, their aim the public good. Individual virtues were cultivated and these were explained and illustrated in their more Pagan ceremonies."

Of the Christian party it is said, "they always believed in one Great Spirit styled in the language of the Onondagas, Ha-wah-ne-who, Creator of the world; the Holder of Heaven; the Master of Breath; the Maker of men and animals. He is the controller of events; he rules the destinies of man, and supplies him with the comforts and conveniences of life; makes abundance of game in the hunting ground and supplies the streams with fish and the air with birds. He is believed to be the peculiar Deity of the red man as they are 'His peculiar people.'" Whence comes this later belief?

So strong are they in their belief of their own exclusive heaven that in wishing to honor George Washington, who, after the war, had befriended them when the English, whom they had served so long and faithfully, cast them off, they awarded him a place in heaven where he was to be honored by them for all time.

For ages the Indian seems to have believed in the immortality of the soul, for Morgan, one of our earliest writers who, when among them had an opportunity to study their various beliefs says: "The immortality of the soul was one of their fixed beliefs. The happy home beyond the sun, for these Indians never spoke of it as a hunting ground, had cheered the heart and lightened the expiring eye before the ships of Columbus had borne the cross to this Western world." They also believed in future punishment. This is maintained to be a part of their ancient faith and to have been an essential part of their very earliest belief. The wicked, they say, after death, pass into the dark realm of Hä-ne-go-até-geh, there to undergo

punishment for their evil deeds. Those who are not consumed by the degree of punishment inflicted are, after this purification, transplanted to the abode of the Great Spirit and to eternal felicity. Evil deeds in this life are neutralized by meritorious acts. After the balance is struck between them if the good preponderates the spirit passes directly to Hä-wen-né-yu-geh. But if the bad overbalances it goes at once to Hä-nis-ha-a-no-get; the dwelling place of the Evil-mind, where punishments are meeted out to it in proportion to the magnitude of its offences. Certain crimes like those of witchcraft and murder are punished eternally, others temporarily.

The resemblance between this system of punishment and the purgatory of the Roman Catholic Church may lead some to infer that they derived from the Jesuits some of their ideas of the nature and office of punishment and of its limitations. Yet, says Morgan, "while the Iroquois may have obtained more systematic and enlarged views upon these subjects from without, yet at the same time, and as they affirm, they have always believed that the wicked were excluded from heaven and sent to the place of infelicity." Their traditions certainly tend to establish a belief in future punishment as a tenet of their ancient faith.

"That the Indian without the aid of revelation should have arrived at a fixed belief in the existence of One Supreme Being, and invisible but ever present Deity, has ever been a matter of surprise and admiration. His personal existence an intuitive belief which neither the lapse of centuries could efface or inventions of man corrupt. By the diffusion of this great truth, if the Indian did not escape the spell of superstition which resulted from his imperfect knowledge of the Deity and his ignorance of

natural phenomena, he at least was saved from all barbarism, and idolatrous worship.

"They believed also in the constant superintending care of the Great Spirit. He ruled and administered the world and the affairs of the red race. As Moses taught that Jehovah was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and of his chosen people so the Iroquois regarded the Great Spirit as the God of the Indian alone." (We note this as they have been thought by some to be the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel). "They looked up to Him as the author of their being, the source of their temporal blessings, and the future dispenser of the felicities of their heavenly home. To Him they rendered constant thanks for the changes in the season, the fruits of the earth, the preservation of their lives, and for their social privileges, and political prosperity. And to Him they addressed their prayers for the continuance of His protecting care.

"Their knowledge of the attributes of the Great Spirit was necessarily limited and imperfect. Of His goodness and beneficence they had a full impression, and some correct idea, too, of His justice and perfection. They also believed in an Evil Spirit yet not as we do. With them the Evil Spirit Hä-ne-go-até-geh, Evil-mind, ruled some events. According to the legend or tradition handed down to them, "The Evil and Good Spirit were brothers born at the same time and destined to an endless existence. To the Evil Spirit, in a limited degree, was ascribed creative power. As the Great Spirit created man and all useful animals and products of the earth, so the Evil Spirit created all monsters, poisonous reptiles and noxious plants. In a word while the former made every thing that was good and subservient, the latter formed every thing that was bad and pernicious to men."

One of the spirits delighted in virtue and in the happiness of his creatures, to which end he exercised over them his unceasing protection. The other was committed to deeds of evil and was ever watchful to scatter discord among men and multiply their calamities. Over the Evil-mind the Great Spirit exercised no positive authority, although possessed of the power to overcome him if disposed to its exertion. Each ruled an independent kingdom, with power underived. Man's free agency stood between them, with which, in effect, he controlled his own destiny. A life of trust and confidence in the Great Spirit and of obedience to his commands afforded a refuge and shelter to the pious Indian against the machinations of the Evil-mind.

"It is not at all surprising," says one, "when knowing their religious beliefs that some are led to consider the possibility of their being descendants of the Lost Tribes from among the children of Israel. And there certainly is much in their traditions and religious observances to warrant this conjecture. It was very early known that they had some idea of the flood. And there are writers who in various ways and very closely compare their lives with the Israelites. But of course it is all mere conjecture; for one who can tell when or in what manner originated their faith, peculiar religious institutes and observance of them."

We will, however, give a few coincidences which have given rise to the theory of their ceremonies having great similarity with those of the Jews, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. Certainly when the white people first came among them their practices in all respects were nearly the same as at present, especially among a large portion of the Iroquois. So they cannot have been taught by them.

"If true that they and their institutions originated in a more enlightened ancestry than they for a long time exhibited; yet," says Clarke, "it may be unphilosophical to search for the origin from an exalted and civilized people. Still among all the dark and unseemly institutions we observe some glimmering of light and perceive in the general wreck the ruins of a more high and loftier order of things

"Sacrifices we find have in all ages and by almost every nation been regarded as necessary to appease divine anger and to render Deity propitious. The origin of the institution of sacrifice is closely traceable to divine authority, and to that pure primeval period when our original ancestor Adam, and his sons, were yet upon earth." "Cain brought of the first fruits of the earth an offering and Abel his brother the firstlings of his flock." And we are told the offering of Cain was rejected, while that of Abel was accepted. From the example of the early chosen people of God, the Gentile nations received and retained their notions of sacrifice, and on this account we need not wonder to find so many coincidences in the sacrificial system of the League.

"The principal yearly sacrifices of the Jews were the Paschal Lamb at the Passover, celebrated at the commencement of the sacred year; the day of Pentecost or first fruits; the beginning of the civil year or ingathering of the harvest; the day of expiation or great day of Atonement. There were also the monthly festivals and others of less importance and all attended with the greatest punctuality. In the same way are the five stated festivals of The Six Nations, of which we shall speak directly. For even to this day some of them are observed by the Onondagas at Onondaga Castle, New York.

"Before the law was given to Moses, burnt offerings served for all purposes of divine worship, whether they gave thanks for the blessings received or prayed for good. These sacrifices expiated sins of omission and commission, and from them many nations undoubtedly obtained their impressions of atonement for sin. Yet from what remote period, or in what way the rite has been transmitted with perhaps more or less corruption even to the wilds of America who can say? Certainly they have continued to the present time among a people shut out, we know not for how long, from all intercourse with the old world, debarred the light of science, civilization and religion. Considering all this, it is only a wonder that they retain so much of their primeval purity as their religious habits exhibit, and which, it was thought, were marked by a much higher degree of moral propriety and rational devotion than were those of the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, who lived and flourished near the time of the patriarchs and prophets.

"The priest's office was anciently exercised by masters of families and heads of clans. Previous to the consecration of Aaron and his sons to the priesthood, the office of priest and magistrate were blended in the same person. Abraham, who was styled prince and ruler, offered burnt sacrifices as a priest. And Gideon, a ruler in Israel and a distinguished warrior, and who was offered a crown by the people, did sacrifice and performed the office of a priest. Other rulers in the same way, having no especial authority, 'offered sacrifice,' says sacred history, 'unto the Lord.' So with the Chiefs of the Six Nations. They invariably officiated as priests and directors at their festivals and sacrifices. Though it is true some of their older Chiefs were more especially appointed 'Keepers

of the faith." And to them was committed supervision of their religious observances and to hand down their traditions. But in no other way were they different from other chiefs and warriors.

The Jews, it is true, offered in sacrifice oxen, sheep and goats, only. Other animals though they might be esteemed good for food, were considered unsuitable for sacrifice. And the ceremonial law distinctly declares what animals shall be considered clean and what unclean. It may be asked then why the dog, an animal rejected from the Jewish ceremonial, even the price of which should not be received into the treasury of the Sanctuary, should be used among the Indians, as an animal suitable for sacrifice? We find that dogs were their only domestic animal, and wild animals had not been commended to them for sacrifices hence their use of the only one they always had at hand. And to them the dog was also considered suitable for its fidelity.

By the Jews, in the selecting of animals for sacrifice the utmost care was taken to choose such only as were free from blemish, "without spot and without blemish," are terms in frequent use throughout the Jewish ritual. And it was a custom among the Nations surrounding Judea, and among the Egyptians to set a seal upon the animal deemed proper for sacrifice. The Indians also selected their animal, a white dog, "without spot or blemish." Among the early Jews, Greeks and Romans their mythology is symbolized by the dog. Purification is said to have been made in those ancient cities by drawing a white dog around the person to be purified. In other ways we hear of the white dog as represented among other mythological duties.

The ceremony of Aaron with the goats in many par-

ticulars was not unlike the sacrifices of the Indians, except in the selection of the different animals. But in each case they were pure white, without spot or blemish. So who can tell from what source this singular and wonderful race of Indians derived their various religious ceremonies. Says Clarke, "any one who will take the trouble to examine at all into the intricacies and ceremonies of their sacrificial system will readily admit that there are many things which bear striking analogy to the Jewish system and enough to encourage the opinion that they may have originated from the same source."

Bishop Talbot, we find, in his recent work: "My People of the Plains," page 258, alludes to the Arapahoe Indians as having a somewhat similar religious belief as the Iroquois. After speaking of other tribes he says: "In their native faith, before they accept Christianity there are certain general beliefs, but the religious practices of the various tribes differ more or less.

The Shoshones are rather more superstitious than religious. They are not as devout naturally as some other tribes, but light-hearted, happy-go-lucky people, who take even death with a laugh. The Arapahoes, on the other hand, are far more religious and devout, confidently believing that they and they alone, are God's chosen people, heirs of salvation and of the life everlasting. Indeed in many respects their religion is similar to the children of Israel. They have the story of the creation, the entrance of death into the world, and the promise of redemption. They also believe in the resurrection of the body and eternal life. Moreover they look for a saviour of their race. Their religious ceremonies and sacred rites remind one forcibly of the ancient Hebrews and the idolatry of the Canaanites combined. They are without doubt the rem-

nant of an ancient people who, according to their own traditions, crossed over from the "old earth" to this "new earth" by way of the northwest, passing over frozen water.

They came hither they say to escape oppression; for their country was taken, they themselves were cruelly treated, and their children slain by "strangers,"—the Gentiles. This is the name by which they now designate the whites. The word "pale face" has no place in their language, or that of the Shosones, nor have the expression, "great Spirit." "happy hunting ground," and other time-honored phrases. After following out other religious beliefs of these tribes Bishop Talbot adds: "The religious customs of both tribes bear out the truth that the cradle of the human race was in the Orient."

Although the Indians are thought heathens for their belief in witchcraft they never were more guilty than were the Jews, or the heathen around about them. There is scarcely a nation, civilized or barbarian, heathen or Christian, who have not had their season of belief in this strange infatuation. Even our good New England forefathers, remarkable for intelligence and light, can, as we all know, look back upon a dark and gloomy page of their history which reflects the horrors of murder committed for imaginary witchcraft.

"Baskets, we find, were made use of both by Greeks and Romans in gathering in their offerings, as also by the Jews. Solemn embassies were sent yearly to Delos, with baskets of first fruits and holy things, to celebrate the feast of Apollo with music and dancing. Virgil makes mention of the use of baskets in which first fruits were carried. And it was the same custom with the Indians. Dancing, too, occupied a conspicuous place among some

of the heathen nations as a religious ceremony; and was not considered irreligious by the Israelites. Miriam, and her maids after her went out with timbrels and dances rejoicing in the overthrow of the Egyptians. The women came out of all cities of Israel singing and dancing, and as they played said: 'Saul hath slain his ten thousand and David his ten thousand,' David himself 'danced before the Lord.' In all of these there was nothing of lasciviousness or impropriety. They were devout expressions of joy attended with sacred music.

"Among all the ancient heathen ceremonies there were none held in higher estimation than dancing. Their festivals were almost universally concluded with feasting, singing and dancing. The sacred fire kept constantly burning in the Temple of Vesta, may have some analogy to the mystical Council-fire of the Five Nations. With the Romans the safety of the city was supposed to be endangered by the extinguishment of the vestal flame. With the rude sons of the forest we most singularly find an almost similar belief. With them the typical expiring light of their Council fire forboded the destruction of the Nations. And many of them felt this as coming true when their principal Council fire at Onondaga, where it so long had been held and at Albany were put out in 1775."

Their estimation of time by lunar months was not unlike that of the Jews. Another event we may note is their signification of proper names. The Jews, says one, "were remarkable for their appropriate name for individuals, places and things occasioned by the occurrence of some extraordinary circumstances or event. This is to a careful reader one of the peculiar beauties of the Old Testament and signally illustrated the characteristics

of God's chosen people. The ancient heathen were scarcely less remarkable than were the Jews for the significance of their proper names. And it has most appropriately been said that any person having a thorough knowledge of our aboriginal names and their derivation would be in possession of a perfect key to the history of these peculiar people."

And these customs and observances, we must remember, took place long before they came in contact with the white people. In referring to them Clarke, in his "Onondaga" from whence we have derived so much upon this subject, adds: "These comparisons with the chosen people of God might be spun out to an almost interminable length. But we trust enough has been said to show that however remote the origin of our aboriginals, or from what nation, or country descended, or however faulty they may have become in some of their religious rites and practices, they have retained in a remarkable degree their ancient customs with singular purity and for this may very appropriately demand our commendation, our sympathy, and our charity."

James Fenimore Cooper, when writing of the Indians, was thought to romance in giving them an altogether ideal character. But it was some of these very Six Nations, as settled in Otsego County, of whom he wrote and from whom his father, Judge Cooper, purchased their lands and so founded Cooperstown where Fenimore Cooper was born, and became familiar with the friendly Indians. It was as a naval officer and while stationed at Oswego, where some of the Indians still roamed about, that he wrote his "Pathfinder," one of his Leather Stocking tales. It is gratifying to know that these very

Indians are now more generally known and that others, ere too late, are using their utmost endeavor to write of them, perpetuating their memory and inspiring kinder usage for those of them left on their scattered reservations.

Chapter IV.

Councils of the League.

It may not be without interest to our readers, as well as to perpetuate them among other Indian customs, to give some account of the Councils by which the Six Nations were governed. Through them, we find, was exercised all the legislative and executive authority incident to the League and necessary for its security against outward attacks and internal dissensions. When the sachems were not assembled around the general council fire the government naturally had no visible existence, for in them resided the animating principle by which their political machinery was moved. It was in effect the government.

These council-fires were figuratively kept burning by the Onondagas, the central nation of the Confederacy, for over a century, it is thought, before their discovery by the Dutch in 1609. To them the sachems, chiefs and warriors of the different Nations all hastened on receiving word of occasion for council. Their greatest orators, too, made ready to address them on behalf of their own nation if occasion required. Later, or after their alliance with the English, the fire of the United Power was also figuratively kindled at Albany. There according to the Indian figure of speech: "The big tree was planted to which the chain of friendship with England was made fast." But with the close of the General Council held there in the summer of 1775 the fire, which had so long

been burning, was extinguished. It was the last Indian Congress held at the ancient Dutch capital and took place at a most important crisis just prior to the American war.

"The extreme liberal character of their oligarchy," says Morgan, "was manifested through their councils. The sachems were not set over the people as arbitrary rulers to legislate as they pleased irrespective of the popular voice. On the contrary if a public sentiment arose on questions of general interest they could give expression and force to their national opinion. For instance if the band of warriors became interested in some passing question, they held council apart and having given it full consideration they appointed an orator to communicate their views to the Sachems of the Nation that all might 'be of one mind.' In like manner would the Chiefs and even the women proceed if they entertained opinions which they wished urged upon the consideration of the General Council. Whenever indeed events converged to a crisis the Council fire was the first resort and there, under the pressure of danger, or in the glow of patriotism, the eloquence of the Indian flowed as pure and spontaneous as the fountains of their thousand springs."

The Indian has a quick and enthusiastic appreciation of eloquence. Highly impulsive in his nature he is thoroughly susceptible to its influences. Through cultivation and exercise of this oratory a way was opened to the pathway of distinction. And the chief or warrior gifted with its magical power could elevate himself as rapidly as he who gained renown upon the war path. "When occasion arose for council each Nation within its own confines spread the information far and wide. And in a

space of time astonishingly brief intelligence of the council was heralded from one extremity of the country to the other.

"The Councils were of three distinctive characters," says Clarke in his 'Onondaga.'—'Civil, Religious and Mourning.' At the civil or General Council, were settled affairs connected with the general government of the Nations, or to make agreement for action against some foreign foe. 'The Religious Councils were to give thanks for the blessings of the seasons and they met at stated times. To the Great and Good Being they addressed their prayers, rendered thanks for success in hunting and for victories in war. To Him they offered sacrifices and chanted their songs of praise. These things they did with a regularity, devotion and reverence and adhered to them with a tenacity that might put to shame some of their white christian neighbors.

"There were five regular festivals, or thanksgivings observed by the League. The first of these festivals was held in the spring directly after the season for making sugar and was called the 'Maple Festival.' They gave thanks for the abundance of sap and for the quantity of sugar they had been permitted to make. The aged chiefs and 'Keepers of the Faith,' addressed the people in expressions of thankfulness, urged the necessity of national gratitude, and described the course the young men ought to pursue in order to merit a continuance of the favor of Ha-wah-ne-a.

"Next was the 'Planting Festival,' designed chiefly as an invocation of the Great Spirit to bless the seed, tobacco, corn and other vegetables they had planted for the good of all.' And this goes to show us that they were not lazy, subsisting only upon the pleasures of the chase, as

The Rocky Wall of the Canajoharie—On the Way to Council

some portray the Indian. Third was the 'Strawberry Festival,' as a thanksgiving for the first fruits of the earth. It included other fruits and berries to come later and for which they felt reason for gratitude, and to duly thank the Great Spirit who watched over them and thus supplied all their wants.

"Fourth was their 'Green Corn Festival' and a great jubilee with them, as well as a time of thanksgiving for the ripening of the corn, beans and squash. Though we have not attempted to give a full description of the various festivals and how conducted, we should have stated that there was at the close of each festival of praise and thanksgiving, feasting, dancing and athletic games. But they made more of decorating and feasting at their green corn, or harvest festival.

"After their ceremonies in general council were over the women of each nation prepared and set before their Sachems, chiefs and braves, as their warriors were called, various dishes prepared from the new corn, beans and squash. Their favorite dish of succotash was given them, green corn in the ear, corn hominy, two or three varieties of corn bread and other dishes they were skilled in preparing out of their harvest in-gathering, as well as fish and game provided them to cook. They also had various dances especially adapted to this time of rejoicing, athletic games and other amusements to prolong their pleasure.

"Fifth, we find placed their great 'New Year Festival' with its many ceremonies, among which was sacrificed the white dog. Of this festival says one, 'not having any idea of atonement for sin their simple impression of the sacrifice, through tradition long handed down to them, was to send up the spirit of a dog as a messenger to the

Great Spirit, to announce their continued fidelity to His service and also to convey to Him their united thanks for the blessings of the year. The fidelity of the dog, the companion of the Indian as a hunter, was emblematic to them of their fidelity. No messenger they thought so trustworthy could be found to bear their petitions to the Master of Life. They believed also that the Great Spirit had made a covenant with their fathers to the effect that when they should send up to Him the spirit of a dog, of spotless white and without blemish He would receive it as a pledge of their adherence to His worship, and His ears would be opened in an especial manner to their petitions. This sacrifice it was thought, was their highest act of piety and there were various religious ceremonies connected with it. Though the Indians had no regular priest to conduct their religious ceremonies there were 'Keepers of the Faith,' appointed in each Nation, and they, though in no wise differing from the other chiefs, saw to the annual observances and to the handing down from one generation to another all their traditionary beliefs and customs.

"The 'Mourning Councils,' Hu-nun-do-nah-seh, were those summoned to 'raise up' Sachems, to fill such vacancies as had been occasioned by death, or deposition. Upon the death of a Sachem the Nation in which the loss had occurred had power to summon a Council and designate the day and place. 'If for instance the Oneidas,' says Morgan, 'had lost a ruler they sent out runners at the earliest convenient day with 'belts of invitation' to the Sachems of the League and to the people at large. They were requested to assemble around their national fire at Ga-no-a-lo-hale. The invitation was circulated in the same manner and with the

same speed as when calling a General Civil Council. These belts or strings of wampum sent out on such occasions represented the name of the deceased, called for a council as well as announcement of the time and place."

To those unacquainted with Indian affairs we would here say that they regarded no invitation to council, be it of what consequence it might, unless attended and confirmed by strings or belts of wampum "which," says Sir William Johnson, "they looked upon as we do our letters and bonds. And therefore no little importance was attached to them." Through the laws and usages of the Confederacy they were intrusted to one appointed for especial preservation of such strings and belts as had been "talked into." Usually an Onondaga Chief, and near the council-fire, was made "Keeper of the wampum." And he was required to be versed in their interpretation.

"When calling the mourning council the name and appeal fell not in vain upon the ears of the various tribes who were summoned by its runners and belt. There was a potency in it which none could resist. It penetrated every seclusion of the forest and reached, as for other councils, every Ga-no-sote upon the hill side, on the margin of the lakes, or in the deep solitude of the woods. No warrior, wise man, or chief failed to hear the call to council or to attend if possible. A principle within was addressed which was responded to with respect and veneration for the lost Sachem.

For these various councils and festivities with which they were concluded the Ho-dá-ne-sau-nee, or United People ever retained a passionate fondness. No inclemency of season, nor remoteness of place, nor frailty of

age or sex offered impossible obstruction. To that hardy spirit which led the Indians to traverse the war path of the distant south and west, and leave their hunting trails upon the Potomac and Ohio, the distance to Council through their figurative Long House was never too great. From every side they bent their footsteps towards the council and when the day arrived a large concourse of warriors, chiefs, wise men and Sachems; even women and children from the most remote parts of their vast territory greeted each other near the Council-fire.

"The 'Mourning Council,' though, of a more domestic character was conducted with many ceremonies. Before the day announced, the different Nations entered the country, say of the Oneidas, if summoned by them. They arrived in separate bands and encamped at a distance from the council house. To advance at once would have been a violation of Indian usages. Runners were sent on to announce its arrival and it remained encamped until the Oneidas had signified their readiness for the reception. On the day appointed, a formal reception ceremony opened the proceedings. The several Nations, in separate bands and each one preceded by its civil and military dignities, drew simultaneously towards the Council-fire and were received and welcomed in a ceremonious manner. The Oneidas advanced to meet them at a distance from their village where a temporary council fire had been kindled, after which the chief personages of the advancing bands walked around the fire singing the songs of mourning designed for the occasion. When the songs were finished the pipe of peace was circulated. Speeches were exchanged between the parties

and the belts of wampum, with which the council had been called, were returned.

"The several bands, on the completion of these ceremonies, advanced in file, a funeral procession, and singing the mourning songs proceeded to the general council-fire at the Indian village. The people then arranged themselves in two divisions. The Mohawks, Onondagas and Senecas, who were brother nations to each other and fathers to the other three, seated themselves on one side of the fire. On the other side were arranged the Oneidas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras, who, in like manner were brothers to one another, but children to the three first.

"By their peculiar customs, if the deceased Sachem belonged to either of the three elder nations, he was mourned as a father by the three juniors, and it became the duty of these latter to perform the ceremony of lamentation prescribed by their usages for the deceased, and afterwards of raising up his successor. If on the contrary, the departed ruler belonged to either of the junior nations, as in the supposed case it was cast upon the elder nations the duty of lamenting his death as a child in the customary form of installing a successor in the vacant sachemship.

" 'The ceremonies which followed,' says Morgan, 'were a succession of musical chants and choruses, intermingled with speeches and responses. Upon the whole scene rendered wild and picturesque by the variety of richly decorated costumes, there rested a spirit of silence and solemnity which invested it with singular interest. Up to a certain stage of the council neither gaiety nor mirthfulness were exhibited by old or young. The people were in mourning for the deceased and rendering the last

act of public respect. When, however, these offices had been performed, and the place left vacant among the rulers had been filled, the reason for lamentation disappeared and with it disappeared outward signs. This reminds us of foreign countries, and the salutation, 'The King is dead. Long live the King.'

"These observances were performed with the accustomed gravity and earnestness of the red man; and were in themselves neither devoid of interest nor unadapted to impress the mind. The lament was a tribute to the virtues and to the memory of the departed Sachem. A mourning scene in which not only the tribe, but the nation of the deceased, but the League itself participated. Surely a more delicate testimonial of affection than would have been looked for among our Indian predecessors.

"Customs required the particular tribe in which a Sachem had been 'raised up' to furnish a daily entertainment for the multitude during the continuance of the Council it must have been no small drain upon their hospitality. The degree of social intercourse between the Nations of the League was much greater than would at first be supposed. In the pursuit of the chase and of conquest, and in attendance upon council they traversed the whole territory far and near. Their trails penetrated the forests in every direction and their main thoroughfares were as well beaten as the highways now passing over the same lines.

"The Councils themselves formed a bond of union and drew them together instinctively. They furnished the excitement and recreation of Indian life, as well as relieved the monotony of peace. It was at these gatherings they recounted their exploits upon the war path, or listened to the laws and regulations of their ancestors,

which were explained by their sages in the various ceremonials. It was also here that they celebrated their athletic games with Olympic zeal; and joined in their national dances, some of which are said to have been indescribably beautiful and animated.

"A belief prevails among them that the custom was of divine origin, Sase-há-wa-Johnson, an Indian Chief, says: 'The Great Spirit knew the Indian could not live without some amusement; therefore, he originated the idea of dancing, which he gave to them.' Many of their dances have without doubt, been handed down among the Iroquois for centuries, transmitted from generation to generation until their origin is lost even to tradition.

" 'The feather dance and the war dance were their two greatest performances,' says Morgan. 'One a religious the other a patriotic character, and both said to have been costumed dances. The dance set apart in a peculiar manner for their worship of the Great Spirit at their religious festivals, and one of the most spirited, graceful and beautiful on their list, was known as the Great feather dance, O-sto-weh-go-wä. It was performed by a select band in full costume and was reserved exclusively for religious councils and great occasions. It lasted about an hour, never failing to rouse a deep spirit of enthusiastic excitement.

"The grave pursuits of the day suspended, as the shades of evening began to fall, they all drew up to a common repast which the matrons of the tribes had prepared. The twilight was given to the feast and the evening to the domestic dance and song. The wild notes of their various tunes, accompanied to the Turtle shell rattle and the drum; the rattle which entered into the costume of the warriors, and the noise of the moving

throng, all united, sent forth a sound of revelry which fell with strange accents in the hours of night upon the solemn stillness of the woods. This sound of pleasure and amusement was continued from day to day, until 'pleasure itself became satiety' and amusement had lost its power to charm. When the spirit of festivity had become exhausted the fire of Ho-nun-do-nuk-seh was raked together and the several Nations bent their steps homeward, through the forests. Silence once more resumed her sway over the deserted scene as the sound of music and voices subsided and the lingering hum of the dissolving council died insensibly away."

This account of the Council-fires has been taken principally from "The League of the Iroquois," a work written over half a century ago by Lewis H. Morgan, assisted by Ely S. Parker, A-so-no-an-da, an educated Seneca Chief from the tribe into which Mr. Morgan had been adopted and learned many of their ancient customs.

Chapter V.

Conflicts With the French.

During a century or more, from the formation of the League, the Confederates had tested their power as a "United People." It had helped them to subdue their fierce and vindictive neighbors in the central part of their territory and bring them under subjection. They also gained supremacy over various western tribes and were expecting to settle down for a time to the enjoyment of peace. There were their fishing and hunting expeditions, their Council-fires, religious festivals and intercommunion with one another to pleasantly occupy their time. They also had their agricultural pursuits to see to, the planting of their tobacco, corn, beans and squash, all so necessary to their subsistence.

It was not long before the Confederates found they could not settle down to their more peaceful home life. For after a few years of comparative peace there broke out the border wars, or frequent conflicts with the French. They had a partial possession of Canada, coveted the beautiful possessions of the Confederates, and, too, wished for a better opening through the country to dispose of their furs. Two things the Nations would not brook and so in defence of their rights, many fierce and sanguinary battles took place. Other events, we find, tended to increase their enmity towards the French. They were in alliance with their ancient ene-

mies, the fierce Adirondacks or Algonquins and the Hurons. The French gave them arms and assistance, and it is said incited them against the Iroquois. Thus a spirit of hatred against the French, much to be regretted, was aroused and never ceased to burn until the final subjugation of Canada by the English in 1760.

It is thought by some historians that as the rival colonies of the French and English were for many years nearly equally balanced, it was this enmity and the great power of the Hade-nasaunee which turned the scales against the French, and that to the League France may chiefly ascribe the final overthrow of her magnificent scheme of colonization in the northern part of America.

Besides this alliance with their enemies, the Adirondacks, the French were more inclined to resort to intimidating the Iroquois than to use conciliatory measures. Added to this error of policy they had possession of Montreal, a country that had a deep and abiding interest to the Iroquois as the ancient home of their fathers and which they had long continued to hold by the slender tenure of Indian conquest. And, too, as we know, they were holding friendly relations with the English.

After the Dutch entered New York and settled upon the Hudson the Indians had intercourse with them as fur traders and continued to do so until they surrendered their possessions to the English in 1664. The Indians of the Six Nations had been induced to exchange their valuable furs with the Dutch settlers for European fabrics and fire-arms. The English in turn cultivated the same friendly relations as the Dutch had done, and a strong covenant-chain was established between them and the English both in this country and abroad. And this the Nations with rare fidelity preserved unbroken until

the independence of the American States terminated the jurisdiction of the English over this country.

As already stated, it is not our intention to enter into a full historical account of the Six Nations, but to simply recount a few leading events in the early history of the Oneidas, one of the Nations, that took part in the stirring events of the past. We find that as early as 1609 Champlain having ascended the Lake which now bears his name, into Lake George, accompanied by the Adirondacks, fell in with a war party of the Mohawks numbering about two hundred. An engagement ensued between them on the western shore of the lake. This was the first battle between any of the Confederacy and the Europeans, and the first time they are said to have heard the sound of fire arms by the marvelous power of which they were easily vanquished.

After this first battle the French were continually threatening, or attempting, invasion by way of the Oswego river, or other accessible points, to surprise and destroy, if possible, the Indian villages belonging to the Six Nations. So they had constant need for scouts, messengers or runners throughout the whole wilderness country from northern New York, Lake Champlain, Niagara, and Fort Duquesne on the Ohio. At one time they received a message from the Miamis letting "their brethren of the Six Nations know that they had heard the insolent threat of the French to destroy them." "So naturally it was much easier in Council," says one, "to stir themselves up to side with the English, whose subjects they considered themselves, and so keep up the border warfare against the French, than to try and be friendly with them and their Indian allies."

During the years 1640 and 1700 we find constant war-

fare was maintained between the League and the French, interrupted occasionally by negotiations and brief intervals of peace. But as the Indians had possession of both banks of the St. Lawrence and the circuit of Lake Erie and Ontario and readily intercepted their fur trade, which the French were anxious to maintain with the western tribes, peace could not long be sustained.

Upon the fur trade much of the prosperity of the new French colony depended. It furnished their chief article of export, and yielded the most profitable returns. But the war parties of the League ranged through these territories so constantly that it was almost impossible for the French to pass in safety through the Lakes, or even upon the St. Lawrence above Montreal. Their traders were captured, we are told, and the rich furs of the West not only became the spoils of the victors, but the traders themselves were often led from captivity, perhaps to the stake.

"So great indeed was the fear of these sudden attacks," says Morgan, "that both the French traders and their missionaries were obliged to ascend the Ottawa River to the Sault St. Marie and the shores of Lake Superior as their outlet. For these reasons the French were extremely anxious to detach the Iroquois or League from their allegiance to the English. They hoped through artful persuasions to gain their alliance or reduce them by conquest. They tried each successively and in both were equally defeated. The untractable and politic Iroquois were averse to the former, and too powerful for the latter."

On numerous occasions the ambassadors of the League were at Montreal and Quebec to negotiate with them for the adjustment of difficulties and the exchange of pris-

oners. In some of which negotiations the terms of peace, or an armistice, were of short duration. The ravages committed on the settlements of the French were so frequent and devastating as to place the colony in imminent peril. And it is said, "had it not been for the constant supplies from their mother country the French would have been overthrown by the League."

At the same time it must be admitted they took every occasion to war against the Indians of the Six Nations. On several occasions the French were known to have drawn out the whole force of their colony to devastate villages of the League. But after the most toilsome expeditions into the heart of the then wilderness of New York they returned without having accomplished sufficient to reward them for the fatigue and perils of the enterprise, the wily Indians, through word from their scouts, having invariably secreted themselves in the depths of the forests leaving only their deserted lodges and fields of corn, upon which the invaders wreaked their vengeance by destroying.

We cannot now recount the various wars and fierce conflicts between the French and the Indians of the League. Later, when war commenced between the English and the French, Frontenac, then Governor of Canada, made greater efforts towards the defence of Quebec against the attacks of the English. When, for a time, they had been successfully resisted Count Frontenac again sought to chastise the Indians who had so long disputed with the French the possession of Canada. In the winter of 1692 we find he sent a detachment of 600 French and a like number of his Indian allies against the Mohawks. After traveling through the dense forests upon snow shoes and encountering almost insur-

mountable obstacles they finally reached in safety the vicinity of the Mohawk villages. They surprised and destroyed three of these, took 300 prisoners, and returned with the loss of but 30 men.

Again in 1696 Frontenac conducted an expedition in person against the Onondagas and Oneidas with a thousand French and as many Indians. Having ascended the St. Lawrence in bateaux and bark canoes, they coasted the western shore of the Oswego river. From thence he marched to the Salt Springs near the site of what is now Syracuse, and upon the Onondaga valley to the principal village near there of the Onondagas. Count Frontenac found it deserted, the Indians no doubt having heard of the coming expedition against them, fled although well fortified with palisades and supplied with stores of corn.

These palisades or stockades, as they were more familiarly called, were known to be exceedingly strong and intrenched in them, the Indians were well able to defend themselves against any other foe than the deadly firearms of the French invaders, hence their taking to the hidden recesses of the woods to return only to find their villages in ashes and their fields of young corn ruthlessly cut down by the soldiers with their sabres. A detachment was then sent against the Oneidas under M. de Vandreuil, by whom their fields were also laid waste and their homes destroyed. After which the French army returned to Canada. This, says Morgan, "was the last invasion of the territories of the League. A general peace soon followed and continued without interruption until the war of 1755, which finally resulted in the conquest of Canada by the English in 1760."

We cannot turn our thoughts from the French without paying some tribute to their Missionaries. Although as

we have already seen, the French were at enmity with the Indians of the Six Nations, it was during their occupation of Canada, and when the English had as yet entirely neglected the spiritual welfare of the Indians that the French priests were unremitting in their efforts to spread Christianity among them. The privations and hardships endured by the Jesuit missionaries and the zeal, the fidelity and devotion exhibited by them in their efforts for the conversion of the Indians, are unsurpassed in the history of Christianity. "They traversed the forests of America alone and unprotected; they dwelt in the depths of the wilderness without sufficient shelter or raiment. They passed the ordeal of Indian captivity and the fires of torture; they suffered from hunger and violence in some instances; but in the midst of it all they never forgot the mission with which they were intrusted."

The fruits of these labors of Christian devotion were long visible among the descendants of the ancient Iroquois. The precepts spread abroad among them by the missionaries were instilled in the Indian mind, and some of them incorporated into their own religious system. This intercourse of the French Jesuits with the Iroquois is thought to have furnished, in some respect, the most pleasing portion of their history. "It was in 1625," says Clarke, "that Jesuit missionaries arrived in Canada prepared to announce the Gospel to the heathens, among whom they counted the Indians. Previously none had had intercourse with the aborigines of our land except white men in the character of traders, who, we regret to add, used every means to overreach and swindle them. as they were often shrewd enough to see, but could not contend against; or those who wore the garb of military adventurers, prepared to oppress and destroy them."

These sons of the forest now for the first time saw men entering their villages whose words breathed peace and love; whose business was only to suffer and to teach humility; whose sword was the cross and whose garb was soberness, good will and charity. The privations of the wilderness and rigors of the climate were borne with fortitude. "Native languages were to be mastered; the dispositions and customs of a strange people were to be studied and conformed to; and difficulties to be encountered sufficient to appal the stoutest heart." They were, however, successful for a time in winning many of the Indians to their doctrines and faith, and drawing them in a measure into some of the practices of a more civilized life.

Though so faithful in their religious missions among the Six Nations we regret to say it was found that after a time they were exerting their influence to induce the Indians to become adherents of the French in preference to the colonist and the English, with whom they had so long held the chain of friendship. In consequence they succeeded with but few of them and lost much of their spiritual influence over others of the League.

Chapter VI.

Efforts to Christianize the Indians.

We have alluded to the French priests and their early self-sacrificing efforts among the Indians. But as shown, they were of a rather uncertain and migratory nature as they sought the Indians in their various villages to baptise their infants and teach them of the cross and the Crucified One. About this time the English, on hearing of the efforts of the French priests and the susceptibility of the Indians to religious instruction roused themselves to greater efforts on behalf of their "Indian wards." Other religious bodies were also taking an interest in the spiritual welfare of these sons of the forests.

At quite an early period, however, we find that some of the English clergy exerted themselves on their behalf, "to lead them to the light of the Gospel." Says Clarke, "As early as 1647 Parliament was solicited to aid in so beneficent a work, and that body passed an ordinance July 27th, 1649, authorizing the organization of a Society for the advancement of civilization and Christianity among the Indians of New York. Under the patronage of this Society schools for a time were established and the Gospel was gratuitously preached among the Indians."

Among those who were foremost in this good work is said to have been John Eliot of Massachusetts, and well called; "The great Apostle to the Indians." While ministering for some years to their spiritual necessities he

also spent much time in translating the whole Bible into Indian with a Catechism and the Psalms of David into Indian verse. Eliot's Indian Bible was the first version of the Holy Scriptures ever printed on the American continent in 1661 and 1663; first the New and then the Old Testament. A copy of this Bible is said to be in the Library of Harvard University. But, we must add, that in less than two hundred years this Bible, the fruit of many years of diligent labor, translated expressly for a people whose salvation was the end and aim of the great and good of that era, lives only as a literary curiosity on the shelves of a few libraries in Christendom. And not a being who now inhabits this earth, we are told, can interpret a solitary sentence in it. The race for whose benefit these holy words were arranged have passed away and with them their religion, their literature and even their very names.

To return to the State of New York where the Six Nations still dwelt in their improved wigwams and cabins: It was in the year 1700, we find, the Earl of Bellomont, then Governor of New York, saw the need of establishing some minister of the Church of England to prevent their being practiced on by the French Jesuits, he said. Whereupon he submitted a report on this subject to Queen Anne, who by an order in council sanctioned their proposal for the appointment of two clergymen and referred the accomplishment of the plan to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Even before this we are told "Lord Bellomont had intended to build a Fort and Chapel in this country," for no one was willing to come here without some such defense near by against hostile Indians. The matter was carried so far that King William ordered and sent over plate

and furniture for a Chapel here. But the design of the building was for some reason abandoned upon the death of that monarch, which took place in 1702.

In referring to this period Mr. Merrill says in his "People of the Stone": "Let us relate some reminiscences of the early history of the Oneidas, a tribe of the once powerful Six Nations. The tribe can boast of being the oldest of our Church's Indian Missions, dating from the year 1702 and starting under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. A mission to them was one of the earliest enterprises of that noble society. Mr. Robert Livingston, Secretary for Indian Affairs in New York, had interviewed the Society on the subject. The Rev. J. Talbot had reported to the home authorities in November, 1702, that 'The Indians have promised obedience to the Faith.' Five of the Sachems or Kings told Lord Cornbury at Albany, that 'They were glad to hear that the Sun shined in England again since King William's death.'" "They admired that we should have a 'Squaw Sachem,' or 'woman king,' but hoped she would be a good mother and send them some to teach them religion."

In 1709 we find four of the Iroquois Sachems crossing the great seas and presenting an address to Queen Anne, with "Belts of Wampum" as sure tokens of the sincerity of the Six Nations. They touchingly said: "Since we were in covenant with our great Queen's children, we have have some knowledge of the Saviour of the world. If our great Queen would send some one to instruct us they would find a most hearty welcome." The address being referred to the then young society it was resolved to send Missionaries, to provide for the translations of the Bible and Prayer Book in Mohawk, and to stop the sale

of intoxicating liquor to the Indians, "this being the earnest request of the Sachems themselves."

Queen Anne had the Prayer Book translated into the language of the Mohawks and music set to some parts of it. Along with other tribes the Oneidas shared in the ministrations of the Society's first Missionaries. These servants of Christ carried on the work with varying success. At one time we read of a "regular sober congregation among the Mohawks of 500 Christian Indians, of whom fifty are very serious communicants." Then again, we read of some oppositions and some falling away. As now, so then, light and shadow followed each other even in the ever brightening day.

The work of civilizing and Christianizing the natives suffered through wars between the French and English, but most of all by the bad behavior of the white men, who cheated the Indians in trade and ruined them by drink. The Missionary reported to the Society, "it is from the bad behavior of the Christians here, that the Indians have had and still have their notions of Christianity, which God knows, hath been generally such that it hath made the Indians to hate our religion." He added "the Christians selling the Indians so much rum is a sufficient bar, if there were no other, against their embracing Christianity."

The evil came along with the good. The effect of the firewater on these red men is to madden and brutalize them more readily than it does the whites. The tomahawk and scalping knife are slow in their murderous work compared with the destroying effects of intoxicating drink upon the aborigines. Yet they are not incapable of reformation, and sometimes God in his mercy leads them to it through their very falls. He makes as He often does

with all of us, the stones over which His children have stumbled, stepping stones to heaven. The work of God never perishes. In spite of many obstacles and set-backs the Christianizing of the Red men went on, though the Missionaries had to toil and suffer and lay down their lives.

We read of one Andrews, a Missionary to the Mohawks, walking through the forests to visit the Oneidas a hundred miles away, and "lying several nights in the woods on a bear skin." This was a common enough occurrence. Sometimes the Indians, it is said stirred up by some emissary from the French, or unfriendly Tuscaroras from North Carolina, would turn against their leaders and desert and mock them. A Missionary had not only to bear the pinch of poverty and all the exposure of a life in the wilderness, but also the savage attacks made sometimes upon home and Church.

The tomahawk and flambeau were not pleasant neighbors. Nor was the opposition confined to the Indians alone. "Those in higher power, it is said, took offence at too plain preaching. But when the Rev. Mr. Thoroughgood Moor, one of their earliest Missionaries, was scandalized by the conduct of Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York, whose administration was known to have been so rapacious and disgraceful as to cause him to be removed after a few years, he felt obliged to refuse to administer to him the Holy Communion. For this Mr. Moor was arrested and imprisoned in jail. He succeeded in escaping and took passage in a vessel sailing for England. As the vessel never reached its destination, it is supposed to have foundered in midocean and all on board lost.

Rev. Mr. Merrill gives a different version and cause for

this arrest and one that quite turns the table upon Mr. Moor as the accused one. Possibly it may have been so reported at the time as a reason for the imprisonment of the good man. Mr. Merrill says: "Lord Cornbury, the royal Governor at New York, whom Col. Morris characterizes as a 'man certainly the reverse of all that was good,' summoned Mr. Moor, one of the Missionaries, before him. Mr. Moor had rebuked him for some of his openly scandalous conduct. The Governor probably to retaliate had Moor arrested and imprisoned in Fort Anne. What do you think was this good man's offence? The alleged irregularity of 'the celebrating the Blessed Sacrament as often as once a fortnight,' which frequency he, the Governor, was pleased to forbid."

In 1749 we find the Indians ministered to by one Rev. J. Ogilvie, who attended the troops in the expedition to Niagara. Almost all the Six Nations co-operated. The Indian fighting men numbered nine hundred and forty. He records that he "officiated constantly to the Mohawks and Oneidas who regularly attended Divine Service." Twelve of the Mohawk leaders fell in the battle at Lake George, six of them regular communicants. "When at home," writes another missionary, the Rev. J. Stuart, "the Indians regularly attend service daily, and when out hunting some would come (of course on foot) sixty miles to communicate on Christmas Day. The Revolution brought its embarrassments and its trials and hinderances to the Church's progress. The Mohawks and others abandoned their property, and their dwellings, under a sense of loyalty to the crown, and eventually took shelter in Canada. Those who remained were left without regular ministrations for some years."

Queen Anne is said to have had the good of the then

Guard Lock—Site of Queen Anne's Chapel

Queen Anne's Indian Chapel, Built in 1713

Five Nations at all times very much at heart and sought by various means to rouse their minds to a sense of religious duty according to her beliefs and way of worship, for, as it has already been shown, the Indians of the League were at no time heathens only so far as they were still ignorant of the Triune God and the great Atonement. And it was these deeply essential truths they were to be taught. Indeed the Queen took no ordinary interest in their spiritual welfare, and among proofs of her beneficence she ordered the erection of a neat and commodious Chapel in the Mohawk settlement and the gift of a valuable Communion service to that people. A set was at the same time ordered for each of the other four Nations when ready to receive them. But unhappily it appears that only the Mohawks received theirs. This set was composed of five pieces, one chalice, two flagons and two patens of plain, pure and massive silver, and each piece bears the inscription, "The gift of her Majesty Anne, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, Ireland and the plantations of North America, Queen, to her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks."

Queen Anne's Chapel was built in the centre of Fort Hunter; so named, we are told, after Governor Robert Hunter, who, with one or two others, had visited England and her Majesty and petitioned for some Church help being sent to the Indians. They specified to have a fort and Church or Chapel erected at the Indian Castle at the junction of the Schoharie and Mohawk rivers, called Tiononderoga. This she promised to do. In 1710 he carried instructions to build forts and chapels for the Mohawks and Onondagas. These orders were carried out as far as the Mohawks were concerned; but as we have already said the Onondaga Chapel was never built.

The walls for the fortification were formed of logs well pinned together, twelve feet high, the enclosure being one hundred and fifty feet square, surrounded by palisade of the fort and in the centre of the enclosure stood the historic edifice known as Queen Anne's Chapel. It was erected by the builders of the Fort, in fact part of their contract. It was built of lime stone, was twenty-four feet square, and had a belfry. The ruins of the fort were torn down at the beginning of the Revolution and the Chapel surrounded by heavier palisades; block houses being built at each corner on which cannons were mounted. "This Chapel, or substantial stone chapel," says Mr. Reid in his "Mohawk Valley" "stood until torn down in 1820 to make room for the Erie Canal." The parsonage, as it was then called, was still standing, we hear, in 1849. It was in sight of the canal about half a mile below Schoharie. An antiquated building, two stories high.

It has been found that a Communion service used at St. Peter's Church, Albany, in 1751, bore this inscription: "The gift of her Majesty Anne by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, France and of her plantations in North America, Queen to the Indian Chapel of the Onondagas. A. R. with coat of arms." This Communion set which was very heavy, numbered six pieces—one chalice, two flagons, and three patens. From this it would seem that good Queen Anne had contemplated the erection of a chapel among the Onondagas and the furnishing it with a suitable service, and probably the same in time to the Oneidas and others of the Six Nations.

"Why," says Clarke, "the plan was given up, or the valuable plate already designed for the Onondagas received another destination is now probably past explanation unless it be as follows, and merely presumed. On

The Old Queen Anne Parsonage, Fort Hunter, 1712

Part of Communion Service, from Queen Anne to the Mohawks

the plate presented to the Mohawks the date is 1712, the two sets were undoubtedly ordered at this time. But as yet there had been no chapel erected for the Onondagas so the probability is the date was omitted at the period of its manufacture to be engraved at the time it should be proper to present it to this people. And it is also highly probable that the Missionary entrusted with its care was at the same time instructed to effect the building of a chapel for the Onondagas but failed to do so.

"Frequent mention is made in the London documents of the anxiety of the Home Government to effect this object. St. Peter's of Albany was organized in 1716, Queen Anne had passed away in 1713, and as the Chapel for the Onondagas was not built, as anticipated, the valuable memento of a Sovereign's kindness was lost to them and retained in Albany." For the same reason, unprepared to receive it, the Oneidas doubtless failed to have their proposed set. Though it has been said the Oneidas were the first of the Six Nations to receive Church instructions it is evident to most of our writers that it was the Mohawks who were first cared for, possibly through some especial influence used on their behalf. The Oneidas, of the same dialect, however, and at about the same time, shared in the use of their translation of the Bible and in their ministrations until shortly after, when they had a faithful Church clergy of their own to care for them.

Some years later or after the war we hear of this valuable Communion service to the Mohawks as being divided when their Nation left the State of New York. They had made themselves so obnoxious to the Colonists by their strong adherence to the Crown that at the breaking out of the American war one party of the Mohawks

fled to Niagara. They were under the lead of the noted Mohawk Chief, Captain Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea, and eventually settled on Grand River. The other party under Captain John Darerontyon settled in Lower Canada, first at La Chine and eventually at the Bay of Quinte; where, after the war they built themselves a church. "The Indian Church at the Bay," we are told, "was originally a square building used both as a Schoolhouse and a place of worship, but as their congregation increased it was lengthened and a spire and belfry added, after which it was confined to sacred purposes exclusively." It stood on a gentle elevation on the borders of the Bay of Quinte. The spot selected for its location is a beautiful one and does credit to the taste of its founders.

"The first real cottages of the Indians, which have since mostly fallen to decay," wrote Mr. Morgan in 1851, "stood along the margin of the Bay with the Church in the centre forming what was called 'The Mohawk Village.'" The occupants of these cottages subsisted partly by tilling the soil and partly upon the chase and fishing. But the rapid settlement of the adjacent township and the increase of steamers upon the Bay so diminished their last resources that their descendants were obliged to dispose of the tract and seek a livelihood by the more laborious, but certain process of farming.

In 1843 this portion of the Mohawks resolved on replacing their old Church, becoming very much worn and dilapidated, with a new one of stone, just as their brethren of the Oneidas have since done on their Reservation near Green Bay, Wis., as our frontispiece will show. Of their self-sacrificing efforts to build this beautiful Church we will speak later.

The stone Church of the Mohawks has been very much

admired as well for its elegance of structure as for the beauty of its site. It is furnished with a neat Altar piece containing the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the Mohawk language—a lovely way to perpetuate their race and language. It is said to be beautifully surmounted by the royal arms of England, handsomely carved and gilt, also has a fine toned bell cast in 1787. These last were the gifts of his Majesty George the III. and were brought to them from England by the late Sir John Johnson. Besides what has already been mentioned they have in their possession a part of the plate, two pieces, a flagon and paten originally given them by Queen Anne. The gift, as we have already said, was first intended for the Mohawks collectively, but had been divided, and a part, three pieces retained by their brethren at Grand River.

As a whole set it had been confided to the care of the Chiefs of the Mohawk Nation for at least over a hundred and thirty-five years and was in perfect preservation.

Even the linen cloth for the Altar, beautifully inwrought with devices emblematical of the rank of the royal giver, although unfit for use, was still in such a state of preservation as to admit of their being easily traced. The gray haired matron found at that time, 1843, a direct descendent of the early Chief to whose care the full set had first been intrusted, kept guard over the remaining treasures and considered them sort of heirlooms of her family and race. And she accounted for the mutilated state of the cloth by observing that "during the Revolutionary War it was buried to prevent its falling into the hands of their enemies." Scattered and subdivided; what a trial it must have been to them all to give up their beautiful territory, throughout the State of New York,

their Church, and their Confederacy. A "United People" for centuries.

We hear of a pathetic and amusing story incident as occurring when a good old Onondaga Chief was first urged to sell even a small portion of their lands. It is given us by Mr. Clarke in his interesting "Onondaga."

"Oun-di-ä-ga was a Chief of the Bear tribe and for a long period first civil Chief of the Onondaga Nation. He was also a famous war captain, and on account of his superior martial abilities was at an early age selected for that important office. After the Revolutionary War when civilization was encroaching more and more upon some of their settlements Oun-di-ä-ga felt bitterly opposed to giving up any of their lands. It is said in no instance was he ever known to countenance any act conveying any part of the Indian domains, nor does his name appear in any of the treaties made by his people.

"A gentleman who supposed he possessed some influence over this great chief of the Onondagas called upon him for the purpose of convincing him that for once it would not be wrong for him to give his consent that a very small portion of these lands be conveyed to the whites: 'For,' said the gentleman, 'you will scarcely know or miss it.' The chief was non-yielding. The gentleman pressed him to give a reason. Oun-di-ä-ga invited him to take a seat beside him on a log some twelve feet long. They sat down together. Oun-di-ä-ga at one end, the gentleman quite near him.

"The chief began an animated conversation about the first encroachments of the white people, talked of their cupidity and avarice and of their overreaching the Indian in trade. At the same time he moved up so close to his guest as seriously to incommode him and he was therefore

obliged to move more and more toward the centre of the log. The chief still kept engaged in eloquent and spirited conversation, occasionally complaining of the encroachments of the whites at the same time crowding so adroitly that the gentleman had not the slightest suspicion of any particular design. The white man at length found himself at the end of the log farthest from where he had first sat down with scarcely room to sit. He looked earnestly at the face of Oun-di-ä-ga and asked what he meant. At the same instant the Chief gave one tremendous lurch and pitched his guest clear off the log and laid him sprawling on the ground.

" 'There,' said the Chief, 'you white people if allowed permission to sit down upon us on a little piece of ground on our borders, you keep crowding up, crowding up, till the Indian's land is very small. And finally we shall in a very few years be entirely driven from our land, piece by piece, without anything to help ourselves with as you have been crowded from this log. We shall, too, soon be at your mercy as you were at mine. Oun-di-ä-ga will never consent to part with one foot of our lands. Go tell your people so!' "

The wise Chief's predictions have proved almost signally true. As Morgan says: "The Iroquois were our predecessors in the sovereignty, our country they once called their country, our rivers their rivers, our hills and valleys were theirs also. Before us they enjoyed the beautiful scenery spread out between the Hudson and Niagara in its wonderful diversity from the pleasing to the sublime. Before us were they invigorated by our climate, and were nourished by the bounties of the earth, the forests and the streams. The tie by which we are thus connected carries with it the duty of doing justice to their

memory by preserving their names and deeds, their customs and institutions lest they perish from remembrance. We cannot wish to tread ignorantly upon those extinguished Council-fires whose light in the days of aboriginal dominion was visible over half a continent."

Chapter VII.

Rumors of War.

Trouble was now brewing between England and America. From the close of the French war until the beginning of the Revolution there was a time of general peace among the Confederates. They were at this time greatly favored with a kind and considerate Superintendent appointed by the Crown. Between the years 1750 and 1775 Sir William Johnson had supervision of the Six Nations. He endeavored to keep them in peace and ever urged them to be loyal to the Americans as well as to the English, with whom they held a covenant chain of friendship. And as soon as he saw the clouds gathering and war likely to break out between the two countries he urged the Indians to remain neutral. "You," he said, "have nothing to do with the trouble between the Nations."

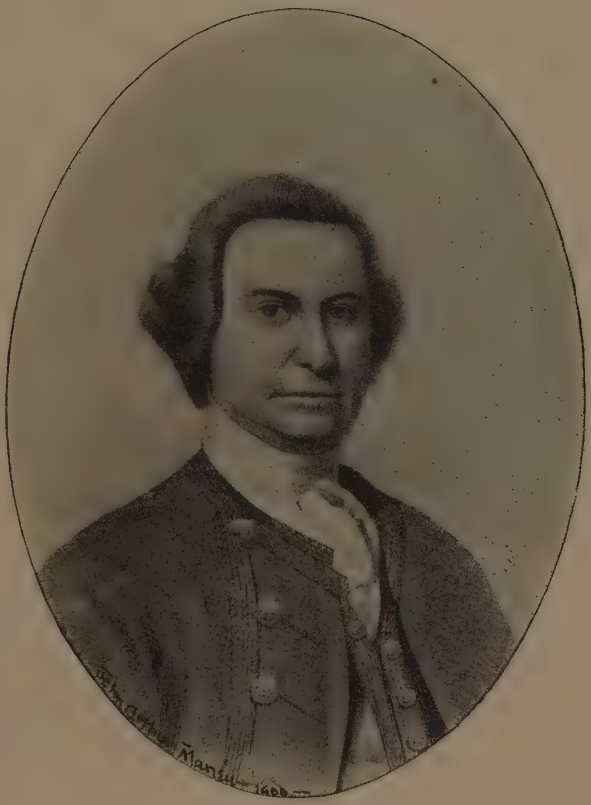
Of Sir William Johnson we are told that as Superintendent over the League they were well cared for. From various reports we find him highly esteemed as a good and noble man, ever ready to settle grievances between the Indians, or to right their wrongs as far as possible. They had only to go to Johnson Hall when he would receive them kindly, entertain them with true hospitality and listen patiently to their troubles. His home was open to them at all times, night or day. Sir William indeed had their spiritual as well as temporal welfare at heart, and is

said to have expended the whole weight of his influence and energies for the advancement of Christianity and education among the Indians of the Six Nations.

Through Sir William Johnson's efforts Missionaries and catechists were welcomed among them, schools established and a Church was also built. These efforts for the Indians seem to have been blessed, for we hear of many of the Oneidas, Mohawks and individuals from among the other Nations as being converted to Christianity. His last act was for them. An exciting contest on their behalf, it is thought, caused a sudden attack of apoplexy which terminated his life. He passed away in 1774 greatly beloved and deeply mourned by all who knew him.

St. John's Church, twice rebuilt, was first erected through Sir William Johnson's influence as early as 1760. Says Mr. Max Reid in his "Mohawk Valley," "it was located on the ground now known as the old Colonial graveyard on Green Street." The spot was later marked by a Cross to indicate the location of the first Church, at which time appropriate services were held in the new Church and where the cross stood near by. For this undoubtedly was the spot where the early Missionaries officiated, dividing their time between Queen Anne's Chapel at Fort Hunter and the Church at Johnstown. The second and enlarged Church is supposed to have been erected in 1771-1772. When rebuilding the Church Sir William gave the two acre lot on which it stood, also a glebe of forty acres on the southeast side of the village. It was to this new Church Sir William's remains were taken at his death.

After the Revolutionary War we hear of a struggle for this Church and glebe between the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians. It seemed that Sir William never legally



Sir William Johnson, Bart.. 1715-1774

St. John's Church, Johnstown, with Grave of Sir William Johnson

conveyed the title to the property, which at his death reverted to his son, Sir John Johnson. After the confiscation of his estate the Presbyterians, who then occupied both Church and glebe, laid claims to them. Legislature confirmed their claims to the glebe, but allowed the Church to revert to its original owners. Unfortunately it was destroyed by fire in 1836, and under the chancel was found the tomb of Sir William Johnson. In rebuilding the Church its location on the lot was changed, the front being East, this change left the tomb of Sir William outside the walls of the Church, and its location for a time was lost.

"The tomb, however, was discovered," says Reid, "in 1862 by the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, then Rector of St. John's. The vault was found in good condition except that a few bricks of the roof had fallen in. A plain gold ring bearing the date June 16, 1739, was found in the vault, also the bullet which he received in the battle of Lake George and which had never been removed. The ring is supposed to have belonged to his wife, Catherine Weisenburg, and worn by him after her death. The portions of the skeleton remaining were sealed up in a granite Sarcophagus and restored to the tomb with appropriate ceremonies conducted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter of the State of New York, June 7, 1862. The grave may yet be seen outside of St. John's Church south of the entrance," adds Mr. Reid, who favors us with its illustration.

We also present an illustration of Old Fort Johnson, the home of Sir William Johnson. It was built in 1742 and originally was surrounded by a tract of land a mile square. At present about twenty acres of land and the stone mansion is all that is left. One, in describing it, says: "I never look eastward without seeming to behold

its gray stone walls with their windows and loopholes; its surrounding stockade of logs, its two small forts on either side, its barracks for the guard upon the ridge back of the grist mill, built at the same time, and its accustomed group of grinning black slaves, all eyeballs and white teeth; of saturnine Indians in blankets and of bold faced traders, to say nothing of squaws and children." There were plenty of squaws and children at the Fort in war times, as Sir William often took care of the families of the warriors when on the war path.

Fort Johnson has its ghost story. Mr. Almarin T. Young, who was born at Fort Johnson in 1852 says that the Northeast room in the rear of the house upstairs was called "the spook room." And as a child he never went inside of it. It was supposed that one of Sir John Johnson's slaves haunted the place to obtain valuables left behind at the flight of the household. The true history later disclosed was that undoubtedly there was hidden in a secret place of a paneled chimney closet of the room some rich treasures. At times certain noises were kept up to frighten intruders away until one who had the secret of the spring came and privately removed the treasures, after which the ghost was laid.

Says Mr. Reid in his "Mohawk Valley," and who kindly permits us use of his illustration: "The interior and exterior of the house are practically the same as when vacated by Sir John Johnson. Of course, the stockade of logs, that formerly surrounded the building, and the two small forts for defense in front were destroyed years ago, probably soon after the French War, but the house presents the same appearance that it did when erected. The high peak roof with its two rows of dormer windows was formerly covered with sheet lead. This lead, with the

Old Fort Johnson, Built in 1742

WOLF HOLLOW
One of the wildest and most charming drives in the valley of the Mohawk

window weights, was used for bullets during the Revolution. The lead covering of the roof was replaced with shingles, but the weights were never replaced. Subsequently, the shingles were removed for the substantial slate roof of the present day. The size of the building, we are told, is forty feet deep and sixty feet front and rear and two stories high, with a lofty attic. The hall is grand in proportions, being thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide and about ten feet high, with paneled walls and broad oaken stairway with plain mahogany baluster and rail leading to the lofty attic above. The baluster bears the slash of a hatchet made in anger by Capt. Joseph Brant in descending the stairs after a heated interview with his sister, Mollie."

The rooms on either side of the wide hall are large in proportion. Says Mr. Reid, "We can easily imagine such a building being presided over by a Dutch Matron of Colonial days with snowy cap and kerchief, but the thought of Mollie Brant and her dusky brood and perhaps slovenly relatives, scattered through these grand rooms seems somewhat out of place."

Near the front of the main entrance to the house, there is a slab of brown stone, the edges of which evidently have been dressed by a carver's chisel from an ovolo moulding, giving the slab the appearance of having been prepared for the top of a small tomb or sarcophagus, such as is frequently seen in the old countries. The stone is supposed to have been prepared by Sir William in memory of Catherine Weisenburg, his true wife, though her exact resting place is not known.

Sir William's successor, Sir John Johnson, was a man of a totally different character. He was of a more stern, impatient and warlike disposition than his father. While

Sir William had ever been kind and forebearing with the Indians, using his influence to have them remain neutral if war should break out, Sir John and his brother-in-law, Guy Johnson, on the contrary did their utmost, assisted by the Butlers, to induce the Mohawks and others of the Six Nations to take up the hatchet for the English.

Although as a League they had been at enmity with the French and so readily sided with the English; all were not at once willing to take up arms with them against the Americans. So a Council was called to talk it over and see if they could not "be of one mind." When the question of declaring for the English came before the Council an Oneida Chief with much eloquence opposed the measure as unwise and inexpedient as well as disloyal to America. Thus, firmly resisted, the war measure was defeated as an act of the League, unanimity being one of the fundamental laws in the legislation of the Confederacy.

But events at this time had greatly impaired and weakened the Confederacy. After the steady encroachments of the whites, the too free use of fire water, and from other causes their power and number had somewhat decreased. Their political existence as an independent people was drawing to a close. It was then found impossible, under the pressure of circumstances, to adhere to the ancient principles of the League. And it was finally determined to suspend their rule that each Nation might engage in war upon its own responsibility. So ultimately the Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas took up arms for the English, while, with but few exceptions, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras were for remaining neutral. Some of the Nations, however, especially the Mohawks, were said to be so interlinked with the British that neu-

trality semed almost impossible. And, says Col. Stone, who writes interestingly of that period, "no doubt exists as to the fact that the Superintendent then over them, by his speeches and stern words succeeded in further alienating the affections of the majority of the Indians from the American cause, if it did not induce them to immediately join the ranks of the invaders."

"Now when all the circumstances of their case and position are dispassionately considered is it at all surprising that their inclinations were favorable to the Crown?" asks a friend of the red man, then adds: "On the contrary, the wonder is that Col. Guy Johnson did not succeed in carrying with him all the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, too. And he probably would have done so but for the salutary though indirect influence of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, a Missionary among the Oneidas, and their noble Chief Skenandoah."

With regard to the Indians of the Six Nations it must be considered that they had been in alliance with Great Britain during a period of more than a hundred years. In their wars against the French, allied with their implacable enemies, the Algonquins, they had been assisted by the English, or fighting side by side with them. And, too, for a long series of years Sir William Johnson had been their counsellor and friend, consulted by them in all their affairs as an oracle. They had drawn their supplies, allowed by the English, through him and his agents, and it was natural that upon his decease their affairs if not their affections should be transferred to his successor in office.

At this time Col. Guy Johnson was sustained by the powerful aid of Joseph Brant, in a way related to him, and who, united to the advantages of education had the native sagacity of his race. Added to this the cause was

considered if not desperate, at least as of doubtful nature; while the unenlightened Indian had been taught to bear the name of the King in great reverence and to believe him all powerful. They considered the officers of the Crown their best friends and it was but natural that they should hold on to the great chain of friendship they had so long labored to keep bright between them. The nature of the war, too, was not understood by the Indians. Even the Oneidas, to whom it had been in a measure explained, said they "could not understand the war. It seemed to them like a quarrel between brothers."

Chapter VIII.

Rev. Samuel Kirkland.

"Among the friendly Oneidas," says Halsey, "the most interesting and celebrated was Skenandoah, one of the accomplished warriors of their Nation who for years after the Revolution continued to be known as 'the white man's friend.' The Rev. Mr. Kirkland had converted him before the Revolutionary War and he remained a Christian ever after, living to the advanced age of a hundred and ten years." Col. Stone also pays a tribute to him as assisting Mr. Kirkland in dissuading the Oneidas from listening to Col. Johnson to favor the English, and speaks of him as "their noble Chief, the sagacious Skenandoah, always the warm and unwavering friend of the Colonists." Direct descendants, and bearing the same name, still dwell among the Oneidas on their Wisconsin Reservation.

The Rev. F. W. Merrill gives us the following interesting account of their ancestor: "A conspicuous chief among the Oneidas was Skenandoah, whose heroic figure stands out so prominently on the side of the English in the French and Indian wars. He had not as yet felt the touch of any kindly guidance, or moulding influence and as a savage among savages was fierce and revengeful. He came, too, under the influence of liquor and one morning found himself fallen and despoiled of all his chieftain's ornaments. In fact robbed of almost every stitch of

clothing. So chagrined and mortified was he, and his pride so humbled that he vowed from that day no drop of ' strong water ' should pass his lips, a determination from which nothing could move him during the sixty remaining years of his life. On one occasion, in his old age, when addressing his people he is said to have thus adjured them: "Drink no 'strong water,' it makes you mice for the white men who are cats. Many a meal have they eaten of you!' "

In 1775, or near the beginning of the war, we hear of Skenandoah, with other chieftains of the Nations, going to Albany to be present at a treaty between the Colonial authorities and themselves. During the American Revotion, he played an important part. Harold Frederic states that he was present among Herkimer's forces at the battle of Oriskany, and also that he was the avenger who breasted the swollen waters of West Canada Creek, that bleak day in late October, 1781, and killed the infamous Tory, Walter Butler. He it was who warned the Settlement of German Flats, of the intended descent of Brant and his Mohawks, and thus saved the inhabitants from massacre by giving them ample opportunity to seek the protecting shelter of Fort Herkimer and Fort Dayton. Washington is said to have commended his services.

After the Revolution he was unquestionably first among the Oneida Sachems. Twice his name appears attached to treaties made at Fort Stanwix between the Six Nations and the Government of the United States. Skenandoah was of commanding figure and a man of great eloquence and solid judgment. From his interest and sympathy with the white people, from his fidelity to all his engagements with them, he was distinguished among the Indians by the appellation of the "White man's friend." He

became a Christian soon after the establishment of the mission to the Indians by the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, about the year 1764. His Christian character was remarkably strong and well defined. A short time before his death, he thus expressed himself to a friend:—"I am an aged hemlock; the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me; why I live the Great Good Spirit only knows; pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Skenandoah died at Oneida Castle on the 11th of March, 1816, aged 110 years. An account of his death was given in the Utica Patriot. "The old chief heard prayers read by his great-granddaughter who sat at his bedside, and again expressed the oft-repeated desire that his body might be laid to rest beside his friend and minister, Mr. Kirkland, "that he might cling to the skirts of his garments, and go up with him at the great resurrection." When in 1856 Kirkland's remains were removed to the cemetery of Hamilton College, Skenandoah's body was also transferred thither, so the Christian Minister and the Indian warrior now sleep side by side in their graves. Above the Chief's resting place the Northern Missionary Society erected a monument, upon which is engraved an inscription commemorating his virtues and noble deeds.

We are tempted to linger here and give some account of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland mentioned on several occasions in connection with the League. Among various Missionaries who had been among the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas few, if any up to this time, we are told, had so deeply influenced the Indian for his good as Mr. Kirkland. He was of Scotch descent, born in Connecticut in

1741, his father a Congregationalist minister. For a time he studied under the Rev. Dr. Wheelock at Lebanon, Conn. In the autumn of 1762 he entered the sophomore class at Princeton College, New Jersey. At that time it was a place of resort for Indian youths who were anxious to obtain a classical education, and also for those seeking to become ministers or missionaries.

Young Kirkland's studies were pursued with constant thought of being a missionary among the Iroquois. While at College he made a study of their different languages, habits and dispositions and thus became qualified to be their spiritual teacher and guide. November, 1764, he set out for his mission, spent some little time with Sir William Johnson at Johnson Hall. On the 16th of January, 1765, in company with two Senecas he started on foot for their settlement. The weather was severe and the ground covered with a great body of snow over which they had to plod with the help of snow-shoes, the young missionary burdened with a pack containing clothes, provisions and a few books, in all weighing about forty pounds. Their last vestige of civilization left at Johnson Hall, everything looked gloomy and forbidding, but the fervent heart of the devoted youth beat with hopes too high to feel discouraged and with aspirations too holy to relent.

On the fifth day the three arrived at a village of the Oneidas where they rested and were refreshed. Afterwards they proceeded to Onondaga where they remained a night and a day. At ten o'clock in the morning a meeting was held in their Council House, a building nearly eighty feet long and containing four "fires." In it there were assembled a vast crowd while he explained his mission to the Nations. Towards evening they left the

Onondagas and proceeded to Kenandasega, the principal town of the Senecas.

We cannot now linger to tell of Samuel Kirkland's teaching and work among the Senecas, or of the trials and hardships he encountered. In 1766 he was ordained at Lebanon and appointed as Indian Missionary and without delay he hastened to begin his labors among the Oneidas, towards whom his heart had been drawn, and he remained among them for forty years. He taught them the principles of the Christian religion. He made himself master of their language and became intimately familiar with all their customs and fancies. He greatly endeared himself to them by the kindness of his disposition, his assiduous attentions and his amiable and sympathizing spirit.

In the picture we here give of the good Dominie he appears to be intently listening to some Indian tale to give advice or sympathy as it may be needed. Mr. Kirkland soon gained by these rare qualities the unlimited confidence of a large majority of the Indians and especially two of their principal Chiefs, Good Peter and Skenandoah. They looked upon him as friend and father, and all were anxious to hear his words and listen to his instructions. He was especially instrumental in banishing from the Oneidas that bane of their race, intoxicating drinks, an article that had been freely furnished by traders and which, through his influence, they were taught to reject even as a gift, and when offered have been known to say: "It is contrary to the minister's word and our agreement with him."

In 1769 the Rev. Mr. Kirkland was married to a niece of the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, under whom he had studied. She is said to have been a woman of uncommon energy,

sterling good sense, a cultivated intellect and devout spirit. Her mind was deeply imbued with the principles of Christianity and she possessed a deep interest in having the Gospel taught to the Indians. She was therefore well qualified to be a true helper to her husband and to share with him the labors and sacrifices of an Indian Missionary.

Again we pass over a few years to 1775 when the Continental Congress, July 18th, recommended Commissioners of the Northern Department to employ Mr. Kirkland to secure the friendship of the Indians and induce them to continue in their state of neutrality with respect to the controversy between Great Britain and the Colonies. To accomplish this object he took long journeys among the different Indians and attended Councils at Albany, Oneida, Onondaga and German Flats. At first he was encouraged with the prospect of success and felt confident that the Indians of the Six Nations would not take part in the approaching contest. But through the wiles and machinations of those most in the interest of the Crown, his hopes and expectations were defeated and all, but a large portion of his faithful Oneidas and Tuscaroras, were ranged in the ranks of the British.

Of those who exerted most influence over the Nations as already said were Sir Guy Johnson, Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea), a Mohawk Chief and secretary to Sir Guy, and the vindictive Butler. The two, Johnson and Butler, also used their utmost endeavor, through false representations to have Mr. Kirkland recalled from his Mission. They showed uncalled for malignity towards the Colonists and in some instances Butler was treacherous to the extreme.

At the commencement of the great contest Mr. Kirk-

land was indeed obliged to remove his family to Stockbridge, Mass.; there were fears of danger from hostile foes while living in a location likely to become the center of sanguinary war. He still, however, continued his labors among the Oneidas. His earnest, healthful spirit and influence over them it is thought contributed materially to secure their neutrality, and in several instances the friendship and services of so large a number of the Oneidas to the American cause.

Mr. Kirkland, we find, was so well approved by the Continental Government he was appointed as Chaplain to the garrison of Fort Schuyler and other forts with rank and pay of Brigade Chaplain. When duty permitted he was still allowed to continue his labors among the Oneidas. In 1779 he was Brigade Chaplain under Gen. Sullivan in his Indian campaign, after which he returned to his family. During the remainder of the war he was part of the time Chaplain at Fort Schuyler and the neighborhood devoting his services to his country and to the Indians.

After the close of the War, or in 1784, Mr. Kirkland, at the earnest request of the Oneidas, resumed his missionary labors among them. At the same time he received some pay for especial services during the War. Harvard College rendered him some assistance; and more comfortable provision was made for himself and family. He was on several occasions appointed interpreter in the formation of treaties, and everywhere possessed an influence which could not well be dispensed with. The State of New York was not unmindful of his valuable services to them and the Indians among whom he worked, and granted him and his sons, in the neighborhood of Fort Schuyler, now Utica, four thousand acres of land.

During this time as well as previous to the War of In-

dependence, Rev. Samuel Kirkland, or Dominie Kirkland as he was more frequently called, labored almost incessantly and in various ways among the Indians. Mr. Powell, in his interesting article upon Hamilton College and its founder, says that when Kirkland, in 1764, first sought the Indians he was asked by a Seneca chief: "What put it in your head to leave your father's home and country, and come so many hundreds of miles to see us and live with us?" It was impossible for Kirkland to give a diplomatic answer to this question; for the two Confederacies, that of the New England and that of the five Iroquois nations, were the most nearly equal powers upon the American continent. It must be acknowledged that the latter could with some degree of consistency have sent embassies to the former. But Kirkland answered, with Saxon frankness, that he came "to teach the Indians the knowledge possessed by the whites."

From the very first, he formed and announced an educational conception rather than a purely religious or theological. He never acted the part of a mere preacher of a new religion. He was adopted into the family of the principal Seneca chief, and began his work as the instructor of his tribal father. When the lessons drew upon books and writings, the Chief explained that he preferred oral instruction, and that not only himself but all his people chose to have as little to do with books as possible.

Though direct from Connecticut with many of the stern New England ideas infused in him, it is thought too great honor cannot be given Kirkland for having firmly in view two points: first, to enlarge the social outlook of the tribes to which his mission sent him, and second, to displace all proselyting by the noble purpose of establishing a basis of moral and ethical principles. He seems at no

time to have had in view a scheme of converting the Nations to his own notions. It was a broad educational plan laid out by a man who respected and understood Indian character.

After the close of the war, or in 1784, when Kirkland was again in more active service among the Oneidas, we find he tried to reconstruct them. He found the Confederacy terribly broken up by the conflicts in which they had been compelled to share. Their orchards had been cut down, their houses burned and their power as a nation forever destroyed. He was convinced that the only way to serve his friends from utter disintegration was a thorough system of education. A Council on the subject was held with the chieftains and the scheme laid before them. One of their orators thus replied:

"You, my friend, are increasing and we are decreasing. Our canoes were once on the rivers and lakes, which are now full of your great ships. The land which you bought of us for a trifle you now sell for thousands of dollars. Your villages and great cities cover the land where once rose the smoke of our wigwams. Why the difference? It is the curse of the Great Spirit resting upon us for some unknown sin."

Kirkland answered that the real difficulty was their lack of knowledge, industrial, political and religious. He argued with them that knowledge is power. His plan of schools, drawn up in form, was then expounded at length. After full deliberation, the chiefs consented to co-operate; evidently, however, with very little faith in great results. Having won the accord of the Indians, Kirkland next applied himself to the white people for aid. He appealed not only to the people of the State, but to his friends in Connecticut and Massa-

chusetts. He also went to Philadelphia to consult with Washington, who, through Congress, granted a few thousand dollars for annual use.

Timothy Pickering,who was in Washington's Cabinet, encouraged and aided by his subscription, and Hamilton seems to have also given his name. Samuel Kirkland himself gave besides money the lease of three hundred acres of land for the benefit of the school; and also gave out and out several acres of valuable land, some of it most beautifully situated on a high hill overlooking the country for miles in every direction. It is now called College Hill. And it was upon these grounds that the original Academy was built.

The scheme as perfected included primary department for the youngest and an academic, or High School course, for advanced scholars. Says Powell: "Seldom have the ideals of Plato's academy found a stronger application than here among the dusky tribes in New York." The primary school room soon gathered in a large number of Indian children. And in time the Academy was attended by both Indians and whites from beyond the border line. "It is a curious fact," says one, "that the Oneida Academy created by Kirkland provided for coeducation, but when transformed into a College, woman and her influences were debarred."

The planting of the campus, now so elegant, was begun, it is said, by Kirkland and his daughter, and since by others has been created into a very ideal of landscape art to surround a college such as its founder scarce dreamed of. The little acorn planted in faith has grown into a mighty oak; its branches, or students, extend far and wide to fill the places of honor. Though the Indians, for whom it was originally intended, were not long to

Hamilton Academy, Founded in 1784 by Samuel Kirkland

By the College Grounds

Hamilton College, 1847.

reap the benefit of it, a foundation was laid that many long after experienced the good attained in a certain culture and ability to read and write.

Mr. Lothrop, one of Kirkland's descendants and biographers, in 1843, when collecting evidence of what was done by the early missionaries, is said to have visited some Oneidas in Wisconsin. He asked two aged women to translate for him certain Indian letters. While the women were eagerly examining them he observed them to become suddenly affected as they read the signature of Honeyost. They explained that Honeyost was their father, and begged to be allowed to keep one of the letters. The request was granted, and with delight in their faces the women exclaimed:

"How beautiful! How beautiful! Is it not? For forty years our father has slept in his grave and here we have his very thoughts before us. He speaks through this."

Honeyost, or Honaguwus, was a chief who lived for more than ninety years. He was the author of a celebrated bit of Indian eloquence at the close of the Revolution. He said: "The Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind and it was still." The surroundings of the Academy were long primitive. Forests flanked the campus, full of game. Most of the two thousand acres given to Kirkland were still woodland. The valley below had about five hundred population. Travel was mostly on the Albany and Buffalo turnpike or by the Erie Canal. Utica was a village of less than a thousand inhabitants. The highway to the college was little more than a cattle path. Kirkland gave land for a fine street; but this was a public pasture, even after it had been formally laid out. On the campus, time-keeping was by a shadow mark on the gravel walk, and later by a sun-dial. A bell was pur-

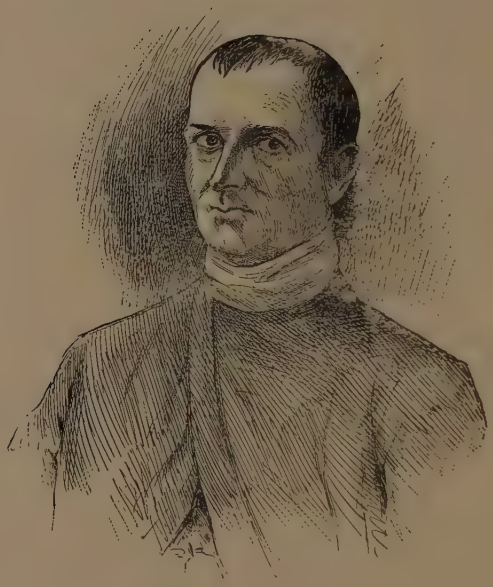
chased in or about 1818, and this was rung by a stalwart tutor. Gradually the old time campus surrounded three college dormitories and a chapel and formed a lofty and picturesque scene.

The establishment of the Academy for the mutual benefit of the frontier inhabitants and the Indians was the last important act of Samuel Kirkland's life. Afterwards, however, as long as health and strength would permit, he continued his missionary work among the Indians. As we now draw to a close, the account of their devoted Missionary, Dominie Kirkland, it is sad to state that the remaining years of the good man's life were marked with peculiar vicissitudes.

Says Clarke: "Ill health, bodily infirmity, pecuniary embarrassments and many painful events occurred. He was a man of unbounded benevolence and hospitality. He daily supplied the necessities of numbers of his red brethren from his own board. A custom which, though burdensome, could not well be departed from. He loved the Indians and by them in turn was most sincerely beloved." Among Missionaries it is thought there are few who have been more faithful and devoted to the cause of truth, or who have made a larger sacrifice, exposed themselves to more perils and hardships, or had their efforts crowned with a greater measure of success than the Rev. Samuel Kirkland.

"He lived and acted through a most interesting period of our history. He was identified with many important events and transactions, and was appreciated by most of the great men of the time." He entered into rest Feb. 28, 1808, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, after a short but severe illness and amid the regrets and lamentations of all. His remains were conveyed to the

Hamilton College Campus



SAMUEL KIRKLAND.

village church at Clinton, and after an appropriate yet affecting service, were laid to rest in a private spot near his dwelling. On one side of him the remains of his wife and daughter, and later, on the other side, were placed those of the venerable Skenandoah.

It was thought that Kirkland at times was as much influenced by his Indian friend as the latter was by him. Their friendship was one of those fine things that work together creating the nobler episodes of history. The grand old warrior, a superb type of manhood, and the white hero were in all ways co-laborers through life and now rest within the Hamilton College grounds. A lofty hill overlooks their graves, crowned with a group of hemlocks, toward which the chief is supposed to have pointed when he uttered that outburst of pathetic eloquence: "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my boughs."

In June of 1873, when a monument to them was dedicated, two great-grandsons of Skenandoah, one a minister, and the other a grand sachem, addressed the audience.

"We" said one of them, "remember the good Kirkland as the friend of our fathers. As the sun cometh in the morning so he came from the East in 1766 to gladden the hearts of my people, and to clothe us with the light of the Good Spirit. The Good Spirit reached out of his window and took him from us when sixty-nine snows had fallen and melted away. At the age of one hundred and ten we laid beside him John Skenandoah, the great Sachem. Arm in arm as brothers, they walked life's trail; and now they are where nothing can separate them. But their deeds will never die. So long as the sun lights the sky by day and the moon by night, we will rub the mould and the dust from their grave stones and say: 'Brothers, here sleep the good and the brave.'"

Chapter IX.

The Oneidas Prove Faithful.

As rumors of war between England and France increased, not only Sir William Johnson and also their friend and adviser, Rev. Samuel Kirkland, urged the Indians to remain neutral. But great uneasiness was now being felt in other quarters as to the Indians' taking up arms for the English. Their mode of warfare was cruel and barbarous in the extreme; and, too, they had direct intercourse with Canada on the North. Fears were therefore naturally entertained that the English might be more readily allowed to enter the State from that point. Sir John Johnson and Col. Guy Johnson were known to be strong Tories and far more likely to induce the Indians to join them, than to persuade them, as Sir William Johnson had done, to remain neutral.

During this emergency their Missionary, the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, of whom we have already spoken as so faithful to the Indians up to the time of his death, was appealed to by the Continental Congress. Much to his regret he found himself almost powerless to act, for he had for some time been threatened with removal if he attempted to enter upon State affairs. Joseph Brant, siding with Johnson and Butler, was ceaseless in his activities. Notwithstanding his former friendship for Mr. Kirkland he so feared his influence would be exerted to alienate the Indians of the Six Nations from the interests of the Crown, and attach them to the colonies that the

wily chief attempted to obtain his removal. He is known to have instigated a dissolute Sachem of the Oneidas to prefer charges against the Minister to Sir John Johnson, the Superintendent.

A correspondence then took place between the Superintendent and Mr. Kirkland, in which, it is said, the latter sustained himself with dignity and ability. The Oneida Nation rallied to his support to a man, so the Superintendent was obliged for a time to relinquish the idea of forcible removal. In some way they must have afterwards succeeded in doing so, for to one of the earnest appeals sent him from the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, just before the affair of Lexington and Concord he is known to have replied from Cherry Valley. They had urged Mr. Kirkland to remind the Indians of their treaty in Albany and induce them if possible to remain neutral. An earnest address was also sent to the Stockbridge or River Indians, dwelling at Stockbridge in the western part of Massachusetts. These Indians afterwards became intimate with the Oneidas and finally removed from Stockbridge to settle near them in the State of New York. Mr. Kirkland in reply to one of the appeals sent him, said:

"I am much embarrassed at present. You have doubtless heard that Col. Johnson had ordered the removal of the dissenting Missionary from the Six Nations till the difficulties between Great Britain and the Colonies are settled. In consequence of which he has forbidden my return to my people of Oneida. He has since given encouragement that I may revisit them after the Congress is closed. But to be plain. I have no dependence at all in his promises of this kind. He appears unreasonably jealous of me, and has forbidden my speaking a word to

the Indians and threatened me with confinement if I transgress. All I presume he has against me is a suspicion that I have interpreted to the Indians the doings of the Continental Congress which has undeceived them and too well opened their eyes for Col. Johnson's purposes.

"I confess to you, gentlemen, I have been guilty of this, if it is a transgression. The Indians found out that I had received the abstracts of the said Congress and urged knowing the contents. I could not deny them, notwithstanding my cloth. In other respects I have been extremely cautious not to meddle in matters of a political nature. I apprehended that my interpreting the doings of Congress to their Sachems had done more real good to the cause of the country, or the cause of truth and justice, than numerous gifts to the Indians could have effected."

Mr. Kirkland undoubtedly spoke the truth. Says Col. Stone: "His influence was great among the Oneidas and deservedly so. Had he undertaken the task he might easily and beyond doubt have persuaded those of his forest charge to espouse the cause of the Colonist. But he avoided exerting any other influence than to persuade them to adoption of a neutral policy." And from the first to remain so was in a great measure, as we have seen, their own volition through kind feelings towards the Americans, yet strengthened, no doubt, through Mr. Kirkland's interpretations of the proceedings in Congress. And of this people of New England were assured by a Chief of the Oneidas in an address to Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, with a request that he would cause it to be known to others of the New England Colonies.

The Oneida Indians to Governor Trumbull: "Brothers,

—as the Stockbridge Indians of New England, who have settled in our vicinity, are now going down to visit their friends and move up parts of their families that were left behind, I send with them this belt. May it open the road wide, clearing it of all obstacles, that they may visit their friends and return to their settlement here in peace. We, the Oneidas, are induced to this measure on account of the disagreeable situation of affairs that way. And we hope by the help of God they may return in peace. We recommend them to your favor through their long journey.

"Now we more immediately address you, our Brother, the Governor, and the Chiefs of New England; Brothers, we have heard of the unhappy differences and great contentions between you and Old England. We wonder greatly and are troubled in our minds. But be at peace respecting us Indians. We cannot intermeddle in this dispute between two brothers. The quarrel seems to be unnatural. You are two brothers of one blood. We are unwilling to join on either side in such a contest, for we bear an equal affection to both, you of Old and New England. Should the good King of England apply to us for aid we shall deny him. If the Colonies apply we shall refuse unless from necessity. The present situation of you two brothers is new and strange to us; we Indians cannot find or recollect in the traditions of our fathers the like case.

"Brothers,—For these reasons possess your minds in peace and take no offense that we Indians refuse joining in the contest. We are for peace. Was it an alien, a foreign Nation who had struck you, we should have looked into the matter. We hope through the wise government of the Great Spirit your distresses may soon be removed and the dark cloud dispersed.

"Brothers,—As we have declared for peace we desire you will not apply to our Indian Brethren in New England for their assistance. Let us Indians be 'all of one mind' and live with one another, and you white people settle your disputes between yourselves. We have now declared our minds; please to write us that we may know yours. Brothers,—we the Sachems and warriors of Oneida, send our love to you, Governor Trumbull, and to all other Chiefs in New England."

Thus we see from the first rumors of war how deeply opposed the Oneidas were to joining either side. And these feelings were strengthened after they better understood through Mr. Kirkland the true nature of the war. The Tuscaroras were of the same mind; and the Stockbridges, removing to their vicinity, were also willing to remain neutral. And even a large portion of their nearer neighbors, the Onondagas, were for a time apparently keeping the treaty made at Albany. But war was about to be declared between the two Nations, and it was known that the fierce and warlike Senecas, Mohawks and Cayugas were getting ready to take up the hatchet and with Johnson, Brant and Butler go over to Canada to join the English there. On learning this the Continental Congress, convened at Philadelphia, once more made an earnest appeal to the Six Nations and other scattered tribes of Indians.

"Amid all their arduous duties demanding the attention of Congress" says Stone, "the importance of keeping a watchful eye upon the Indians was universally conceded. The position of the Six Nations, as well as their power to harm, could not but strike the observation of all. They had served as a barrier between the English settlements and the French in Canada in former wars and were often

engaged as auxiliaries. Their position and their ability would now be precisely the same between the Americans and the English in Canada. It was therefore deemed of the first consequence to prevent them if possible, from taking sides with the English." The address from Congress and framed after the manner of the Indian speech we cannot now give in full. It is somewhat similar to the others in its appeal, but in conclusion they said.

"Brothers,—In the name and behalf of all our people we ask and desire you to seek peace and maintain it. And to love and sympathize with us in our troubles that the path may be kept open with all our people and yours to pass and repass without molestation. Let us both be cautious in our behaviour towards each other at this critical state of affairs. This Island now trembles, the wind whistles from almost every quarter. Brothers,—Let us fortify our minds and shut our ears against false rumors. Let us be careful what we receive for truth unless spoken by wise and good men. If anything disagreeable should ever fall out between us, the Twelve Colonies and you the Six Nations, to wound our peace, let us immediately take measures for the healing of the breach."

Every effort was thus made to have the Indians refrain from warfare on either side. The Onondagas held out for a time after the Mohawks, Senecas and a portion of the Cayugas had openly sided with the English; they then became deceitful and treacherous in the extreme. They often sallied forth in bands to waylay and kill all with whom they came in contact. After they had committed various warlike skirmishes against Fort Schuyler, Fort Stanwix and other places in their vicinity, Congress again sent them an address of great eloquence.

"Brothers,—Sachems and warriors. The great Council of the United States call now for attention. Open your ears that they may hear and your hearts that you may understand. When the people on the other side of the water without any excuse sought our destruction and sent over their ships and their warriors to fight against us, and to take our possessions, you might reasonably have expected us to ask for your assistance. If we are enslaved you cannot be free. For our strength is greater than yours. If they would not spare their own brothers of the same blood, would they spare you? If they burn our houses and ravage our lands could you be secure?

"Brothers,—We acted on very different principles. Far from desiring you to hazard your lives in our quarrel we advised you to remain still, in ease and peace. We entreated you to remain under the shade of your trees and by the side of your streams to smoke your pipe in safety and contentment. Though pressed by our enemies and when their ships obstructed our supplies of arms and powder and clothing we were not unmindful of your wants. Of what was necessary for our own use, we cheerfully spared you a part. More we should have done had it been in our power.

"Brothers,—open your ears and hear our complaints. Why have you listened to the voice of your enemies? Why have you suffered Sir John Johnson and Butler to mislead you? Why have you assisted General St. Leger and his warriors from the other side of the great water by giving them free passage through your country to annoy us, which both you and we solemnly promised should not be defiled with blood? Why have you suffered so many of your Nations to join them in their cruel purpose? Is this a suitable return for our love and kindness, or did

you suppose that we were too weak, or too cowardly to defend our country, and join our enemies that you might come in with a share of plunder? What has been gained by this unprovoked treachery? What but shame and disgrace?

"Brothers,—Your foolish warriors and their new allies have been defeated and driven back in every quarter; and many of them justly paid the price of their rashness with their lives. Sorry are we to find our ancient chain of union, heretofore so strong and bright, should be broken by such poor weak instruments as Sir John Johnson and Butler, who dare not show their faces among their countrymen. And by St. Leger, a stranger whom you never knew! What has become of the spirit, the wisdom and the justice of your Nation? Is it possible that you should barter away your ancient glory, and break through the most solemn treaty for a few blankets or a little rum, or powder? That trifles such as these should prove any temptation to you to cut down the strong trees of friendship, placed by our common ancestors in the deep bowels of the earth at Onondaga, your central Council-fire? That tree which has been watered by their children, and children's children, until the branches had almost reached the skies. As well might we have expected that the mole should overturn the vast mountains of the Alleghany, or that the birds of the air should drink up the waters of the Ontario.

"Brothers,— Oneidas and Tuscaroras: hearken to what we have to say to you in particular. It rejoices our hearts that we have no reason to reproach you in common with the others of the Six Nations. We have experienced your love, strong as the oak, and your fidelity unchangeable as truth. You have kept fast hold of the ancient

covenant chain and preserved it from rust and decay and bright as silver. Like brave men, for glory you despised danger, you stood forth in the cause of your friends and have even ventured your lives for us. While the sun and the moon continue to give light to the world we shall love and respect you. As our trusty friends we shall protect you and shall at all times consider your welfare our own."

This appeal to the Cayugas and Onondagas was in vain, for while they professed to remain neutral, yet in several instances they proved themselves treacherous. The Oneidas, by precept and example, endeavored to keep themselves under restraint, and upon one occasion interceded on behalf of a clan of the Cayugas living near them. They besought Gen. Stanwix not to destroy the fields of those friendly Cayugas, who, if deprived of their corn, would fall upon them for support. And they already had a heavy burden, they said, upon their hands in the persons of the then destitute Onondagas.

General Sullivan immediately sent a speech in reply commending the Oneidas for their fidelity to the United States, but expressed his surprise at their interposing a word on behalf of any portion of the Cayugas, whose course had been marked not only by duplicity, but by positive hostility. He therefore distinctly informed the Oneidas that the Cayugas should be chastised, as they were later. Some of the clans of the Onondagas were acting in a similar, treacherous manner, but on being interceded for it proved equally in vain. It was considered that they merited the displeasure of Congress and the American Colonies through their treachery.

While really at heart favoring the Crown they clung to their homes, pleasantly situated in the central part of the State of New York, where to them had been committed

the Council-fire from time immemorial. And surely could either one of the Nations have had greater cause for circumspection? Though vanquished then, through not being "all of one mind," some of the Onondagas held to their possessions; but not to their treaty. Under these circumstances an expedition was sent against them under Col. Van Schaick from Fort Schuyler, when they were taken by surprise. A chain of their villages extending through the valley of the Onondaga Creek for the distance of three miles was surrounded. Their villages, consisting of fifty houses, was burnt to the ground and a large quantity of provisions destroyed; also nearly a hundred muskets, several rifles, together with a considerable quantity of ammunition, was carried off as booty, left, it is said, by the Onondagas in their hasty flight to the woods.

"At this distance of time" says one of our writers, "this expedition against the Onondagas appears like a harsh if not unnecessary measure. But notwithstanding the professions of this Nation, those in charge of public affairs, at that eventful period unquestionably felt its chastisement to be the work of stern necessity. General Schuyler had written that unless some exemplary blow should be inflicted upon the hostiles of the Six Nations, Schenectady would shortly become the boundary line of the American settlement in that direction. The enterprise against the Onondagas moreover had the sanction of General Washington, Commander in Chief, while nothing could be more humane in regard to a warlike expedition than the instructions of General Clinton to spare the women, children and old men."

But no small degree of uneasiness was being felt by the Oneidas at the swift destruction which had thus over-

taken the principal town of their next door neighbors. "And it was not long," says Col. Stone, "after the return of Col. Van Schaick to Fort Schuyler before he was visited by a formal delegation from some of the Sachems of the Oneidas. At the head of the embassy was Skenandoah, an important Sachem of the tribe, accompanied by Good Peter, the Orator, and Mr. Deane, the interpreter. The object of this mission was an inquiry into the cause of the movement against the Onondagas, with whom, as previously has been remarked, the Oneidas were closely connected by intermarriage. Having been introduced Good Peter spoke as follows:

"Brothers,—You see before you some of your friends—the Oneidas and Tuscaroras; they come to see you. The engagement that has been entered into between us and my brothers of America is well known to you. We were therefore much surprised a few days ago by the news which a warrior brought to our Castle, with a war shout, informing us that our friends the Onondagas were destroyed. We were desirous to see you on this occasion, as they think you have been mistaken in destroying that part of the tribe." Good Peter then pleads with eloquence, and at length on behalf of the Onondagas. His address is said to have been that of a diplomatist, and it is supposed probable that the Onondagas were themselves at the bottom of the embassy with a view of obtaining information by which to regulate their future conduct. Equally adroit was the reply of Colonel Van Schaick:

"Brothers,—I am glad to see you, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, as friends. I perfectly remember the engagement of the Six Nations entered into four years ago at Albany, and they promised to preserve a strict and honorable neutrality during the present war, which was all

we asked them to do for us. But I likewise knew that all of them, except our brothers, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, broke this engagement and flung away the chain of friendship. But the Onondagas have been great murderers; we have found the scalps of our brothers at their Castle. They were cut off not by mistake but by design. I was ordered to do it and it was done. As for the other matters which you speak, I recommend a deputation to the Commissioner at Albany. I am not appointed to treat with you on those subjects. I am a warrior. My duty is to obey the orders which they sent me."

No further explanation, it is said, appears to have been interchanged, and the Oneidas were perhaps the more readily pacified inasmuch as they were really friendly to the Americans, while at the same time they must have been acquainted with the conduct of the Onondagas, which had justly incurred the chastisement they received. Scalping parties were constantly hovering about the unprotected borders, especially in the neighborhood of Fort Schuyler. And the Indians of none of the tribes were more frequently discovered belonging to these parties than those of the Onondagas. Since the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, equally with others of the League, were urged to take up the hatchet for the English, they deserve much credit for the right principles they showed through their addresses and conduct at this trying time.

Chapter X.

Stirring Events.

War between England and America was now in full force. The Colonists had much to contend against, but they felt their cause was a just one, and after entering upon it from a stern sense of duty to themselves, were ready to make any sacrifice, endure any hardship necessary. History gives us full accounts of these eventful days. It is not of them we would now write, or rather we must confine ourselves more especially to the Indians, who at this time were causing added anxiety. War at all times is exceedingly sad, but when entered into by Indians, and with all their native savagery roused, it is terrible. And thus it proved during some of the border warfares in which so large a portion of the Confederates took part.

Says Halsey in his "Old New York Frontier," in allusion to the approaching war: "At Oswego had gathered a few hundred Seneca Indians who were told by the Tories that the King of England was a man of great power and that they should never want for food and clothing if they adhered to him. And that rum should be plentiful as water in Lake Ontario. To each warrior was given a suit of clothes, a brass kettle and rifle, a tomahawk, powder and money. And a bounty was offered on every white man's scalp they might take." Could there be a more atrocious compact formed? And to think it was

Interior of Old Fort Ontario, Soldiers' Barracks, Deep Sallyport,
and Guard-houses

Officers' Quarters within the Fort, Before the Revolution

made by English officers and white men with warlike, savage Indians!

Mary Jameson, though the wife of a Seneca Chief, in one of her writings, deprecated many of their doings about this time, and of this event says: "Thus richly clad and equipped they became full of the fire of war, and fiery spirits, and anxious for battle."

"Oswego was already an important and ancient rendezvous," continues Halsey. "Here Frontenac had landed in 1702 when he spread destruction among the Oneidas and Onondagas and first extinguished their Council-fire. From a time still earlier, or in 1616, Champlain had disembarked to make his campaign against the Indians in Central New York, and here, in the seventeenth century, the French priests had arrived from Canada to begin their work of teaching Christianity to the Indians. And it is believed that here a large number of the Iroquois themselves first settled when they came to New York."

The French, under Frontenac and Montcalm, had established trading posts and fortifications at Niagara, the mouth of the St. Lawrence and at Oswego. Encroachments the Indians had felt upon their grounds. Later the fort at Oswego was captured and garrisoned by the English. The French were unable, or not finding it to their advantage to hold Fort Ontario left it, it is said, to the English, who immediately set about rebuilding it. Thus, in 1757, this fort, near the mouth of the Oswego River, was reconstructed in such a manner as to defy the heaviest artillery. In the summer of 1758, Colonel Bradstreet, with an army of 3,340 men, left Oswego to storm Fort Frontenac, which was effected with but little loss or trouble on the part of the English. After their

military stores, shipping, etc., were removed and the fort entirely destroyed they returned to Oswego with much éclat. From this time Oswego was looked upon as the most important military post in Northern British America.

At the breaking out of the American War Fort Ontario was regarrisoned by a strong British force and became a place of general rendezvous for the enemies of freedom and their allies from the Six Nations. "Here," says Clarke, "were concocted many schemes of conquest and slaughter which desolated the settlements on the Mohawk at Schoharie and Cherry Valley. Here St. Leger concentrated his forces preparatory to his contemplated union with General Burgoyne. Hither he receded after a disastrous siege at Fort Schuyler. Here, too, at Oswego, were the headquarters of the Butlers, Johnsons and Brant, who, with other warriors, sallied forth, scattering death and desolation wherever their inclination led."

Great devastation was now being committed in the valley of the Mohawk, Susquehanna and their tributaries. The irruptions into the border settlements of the whites were so frequent and the tracks of the Indians marked with such destruction that the American Congress was obliged to send against them a powerful detachment to lay waste their villages and to over-awe them with the fear of final extirpation. General Sullivan in 1779 is said to have led an army of four thousand men into the Seneca territory, which he penetrated as far as the Genesee, at that time the center of their population. After destroying their principal towns, their fruit orchard and stores of grain, he returned to Pennsylvania, having first sent a detachment into the Cayuga territory to ravage their settlement.

Surrounded as they were by frequent battles the Oneidas were obliged to take up arms for their own defense as well as for the colonies. Their warfare, however, says Col. Stone, "was far less cruel and barbarous than that of the Mohawks, Senecas and Onondagas who served the English. The Oneidas, it is known, neither hurt the women, children or old men, or took the scalps of those whom they killed." "We do not take scalps," said one of their warriors, "and we hope you are now convinced of our friendship to you in your great cause." The Oneidas are said to have fought with great bravery, and the Oriskany clan, under Chief Cornelius and Chief Honyerry, joined General Herkimer on the morning of his disastrous battle and sustained themselves valiantly in that murderous conflict. The Oneida Chief, Honyerry, or Hensjuree—Towahonyahkon—as his Indian name in full now stands in the Archives of the War Department of Washington, was commissioned a Captain by the Board of War in 1779.

Previous to their yielding to the force of circumstances, both the Oneidas and Tuscaroras held a trying position in remaining neutral, for among the Tories and fighting all about them were many of their own brethren of the Six Nations. In 1779 or 1780, an unusually cold winter, did not prevent the hostile Indians of Niagara, aided by a detachment of British troops, and it is thought a corps of Butler's rangers, from carrying out the threat of Sir Frederick Haldimand against the Oneidas. Their villages and Castle were invaded and entirely destroyed. Their Church and their dwellings were laid in ashes, while the Oneidas themselves were driven down upon the white settlements for protection.

They subsequently settled in the neighborhood of

Schenectady, where they were assisted by the Government of the United States until the close of the war. Says Clarke: "Though an important event and known fact in the border wars, there is difficulty in ascertaining the exact time of this invasion of the Oneida village." Prof. Kirkland, son of their former Missionary and President of one of the colleges East, several times mentions this incident, and what the Oneidas had had to endure, in his "Communications to the Massachusetts Historical Society," and now found published in their valuable collection. To be impartial and truthful in this record of the Oneidas we must add, yet with regret, that Dr. Kirkland, who knew them well, says in one of these communications: "The dispersion of the Oneidas and the devastation of their country was greatly detrimental to them. When the war came on they had attained to some degree of civilization, industry and prosperity. But driven from their homes, reduced to poverty, want and dependence, the habits of many of them became intemperate and idle and they were long in recovering from their depression."

But this effect was doubtless gradual and happily not to be said of them all. And certainly during the trying time of war they received constant praise from Congress as to having conducted themselves with principle and bravery. In one of the latest addresses from Congress Morgan tells us: "While condemning others of the Six Nations and charging them distinctly with ingratitude, cruelty and treachery with which the pacific advances of the Colonies had been requited and for which reparation would be demanded, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras received praise. They were not only honorably exempted from the charges of treachery, but were also applauded

for their firmness and integrity and assured of friendship and protection."

In reply to this an Oneida Chief answered for his own Nation and the Tuscaroras with a spirit and dignity, it is said, that would not have disgraced a Roman Senator. He pathetically lamented the degeneracy of the unfriendly tribes and predicted their final destruction. He then again declared the fixed and unalterable resolution of the Oneidas at every hazard, to hold fast the covenant chain with the United States and be buried with them in the same grave, or with them enjoy the fruits of victory and peace."

The Onondagas, with various excuses, throwing much blame upon the influences of Butler and others in the service of the Crown, tried to exculpate themselves. But at heart they were from the first more or less treacherous, and the Commissioners were warned against them. It was declared that there was not the least doubt the Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas would renew their hostilities early in the spring; and that Col. Butler would again be in possession of Oswego, which he would more strongly fortify, reinforced by some of the Indians of the Six Nations. The Stockbridge Indians had already ranged themselves on the same side with the Oneidas for the Colonies. White Eagle, a Chief of the Delawares, who had decided upon neutrality, as well as some of the Tuscaroras and the Caughnawagas with their leading Chiefs were already in camp with General Washington.

The Mohawks, as we know, had openly espoused the cause of the Crown. Joseph Brant, their greatest Chief, had entered into a compact with Sir Guy Carleton and so induced by him and Col. Guy Johnson, the Indians from

the Mohawk Valley were led across to Montreal. There Thayendanegea's services and those of his warriors were made much of by Gen. Carleton and Haldimand, and an agreement speedily made that they were to take up the hatchet for the cause of the King. These predilections of Brant, it is thought, were from principle. He had been entertained abroad, received at Court and had many favors shown him, and through life he maintained that the ancient covenant of his people rendered it obligatory for him to do so.

General Porter, through a letter, said: "For the prosecution of border warfare the Officers of the Crown could scarcely have engaged a more valuable auxiliary. He was distinguished alike for his address, his activity and his courage. He possessed in point of stature and symmetry of person the advantage of most men even among his own well formed race, tall, erect and majestic, with an air and mien of one born to command."

All our earliest impressions of Joseph Brant derived possibly from the histories of those days, were that he was one of the most cruel and savage of Indians. Yet, even in the terrible battles of Wyoming and Cherry Valley it is now known that in one or two instances, when accused of sharing in the horrible massacre, Brant was not present at that time and that to the Butlers and others must be attributed the largest share of downright barbarous warfare. Brant himself includes Walter Butler among those whites, "who was more savage than the savage themselves." And after those fearful massacres he is known to have lamented the entire destruction of whole families of those in the valley who had previously been friendly to him, and asserted that it would not have happened had he been there. And in several in-

stances he tried to make restitution, or give help in some way. And this does not seem improbable, for gratitude is known to be one of the strong traits in the Indian character.

Says Halsey: "The literature of the Border Wars will be searched in vain for a defense of Walter Butler or his father at Cherry Valley or Wyoming. He was in several instances execrated even by those who served under him." His last hour and just punishment are thus given us by Halsey: "Major Ross, a Tory, with 450 men on their way to Johnstown, were pursued by Col. Willett and were forced to retreat. On their way, twelve miles up the stream, at a difficult fording place, were some of the enemy. Col. Willett attacked them vigorously, killing several. Among them was the notorious Captain Butler." He then gives some account of his death. The circumstances of Butler's death have been variously related and perhaps most correctly by Campbell. He says: "When we arrived at West Canada Creek Butler swam his horse across the stream, then turned round and defied his pursuers, who were on the opposite side. An Oneida with Col. Willett's company immediately discharged a rifle and wounded him so he fell. Throwing down his rifle and his blanket the Indian plunged into the creek and swam across. As soon as he had gained the opposite bank he raised his tomahawk, and, with a yell, sprang like a tiger upon his fallen foe. Butler supplicated, though in vain, for mercy. The Oneida with uplifted hatchet shouted in his broken English, "Sherry Valley! remember Sherry Valley!" Then buried his hatchet in his brain and severed his scalp. Ere the remainder of the Oneidas had joined him the spirit of Walter Butler had gone to give

up its account. The place where he crossed is called Butler's Ford to this day, it is said."

Still another account says, "Butler was shot dead at once, having no time to implore for mercy." But Seeber Granger, who afterwards lived in Cherry Valley confirmed Campbell's report. He had been present at Butler's death, and told Levi Beardsley that Butler was first shot in the back by an Oneida Indian from across the creek and tomahawked afterwards. Rev. Mr. Merrill, in his "People of the Stone," speaks of their Chief Skenandoah as having done the deed. "Whatever the details" adds Halsey: "it was meant that Butler should perish in the same way he had caused so many others to pass away."

Although, as we have seen, Oswego was a place of rendezvous for the English and their allies, yet most singularly it was not considered a port of danger by the Americans during their struggles for freedom. General Washington is said to have even opposed every proposition for a campaign on the lakes until the close of the war. Then the capture of Cornwallis, in a measure, decided the success of the colonies, and a disposition for peace was manifested in every quarter but at Oswego. General Washington then conceived the idea of taking Oswego by surprise. The execution of his design was confided to two American officers and the utmost secrecy enjoined. With a force of 470 men they left Fort Herkimer on the 8th of February, 1783.

They proceeded as far as Fort Brewerton; from that place they continued on foot. When they were within a few miles of Oswego they halted and constructed seventeen scaling ladders. They then left the river and struck into the woods in order to avoid discovery. They had

Fort Ontario and Life-saving Station

expected to reach the Fort that night under darkness, but their guide, a young Oneida Indian, missed his way 'mid the darkness, and about midnight they found themselves entangled in an impenetrable forest. The underbrush being filled with snow rendered their procedure almost impossible. Here they passed the night without fire and their sufferings were almost indescribable. In the morning they found themselves within three-quarters of a mile from Fort Ontario. They were also discovered and reported at the Fort. And so ended in failure their expedition.*

This is believed to have been the last defensive expedition undertaken on the frontier, if not in the war itself. British troops and Tories alone remained, after peace had been declared in 1783, in possession at Oswego, though not long after they were obliged to vacate that stronghold. Previously their Indian allies had been sent off. The British had informed them that their services were no longer needed, and their supplies of provisions were stopped. After expressing great displeasure at this treatment they departed with sullen faces into the wilderness.

"It was base ingratitude," says Halsey, "that the English, in this last scene at Oswego, showed towards their faithful allies." In this war the Indians had nothing to gain and much to lose. And the English Government exhibited the same action of ingratitude shown at Oswego, when the treaty of peace with the Colonies was

*Fort Ontario is now, 1905-06, being reconstructed at a cost of over $800,000, appropriated by the Government. Modern barracks, handsome officers' quarters, a fine hospital, club-room, gymnasium, etc., are being constructed, and the ground most beautifully laid out for military use.

drawn up and signed. They made no provision, or asked any for the Indians who had served them so faithfully and had been promised them. Although their country might well have been forfeited by the events of the Revolution yet the American Government never enforced the rights of conquest, but through the kind suggestions and humane treatment of Washington, instead of confiscating their lands, they were all treated alike and their territories secured to the State through purchase and treaty.

In marked contrast to this was the treatment by the English. Morgan, in referring to it, says: "The Treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States in 1783 made no provision whatever for the Iroquois, who were abandoned in adversity by their English allies and left to make such terms as they could with the successful Republic."

Later a general peace and treaty was established with the Northwestern Indian Nations, including the Iroquois, all of whom had more or less become involved in the general controversy. With the restoration of peace the political transactions among the League were substantially closed. This in effect was the termination of their political existence. The jurisdiction of the United States was extended over their ancient territories, and from that time forth they became dependent nations.

The Confederates must long have felt these changes. Some years later Peter Wilson, Hä-a-wâ-no-onk, a Cayuga Chief, pathetically said before a Historical Society, "The Empire State," as you love to call it, was once laced by our trails from Albany to Buffalo. Trails that we had trod for centuries, trails worn so deep by the feet of the League that they became your roads of travel as

your possessions gradually cut into those of my people. Your roads still traverse these same lines of communication which bound one part of the Long House to the other. Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history? Glad were your fathers to sit down upon the threshold of the Long House. Had our forefathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite door to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever had been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a Nation and I, instead of pleading here for the privilege of living within your borders, might have had a country of my own."

De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York and even after all the sanguinary events of war, pays this tribute to the Confederates: "The Six Nations were a peculiar people distinguished from the most of Indian Nations by great attainments in polity, in negotiations, in eloquence and in war." Others at that time had as high words in their praise, and especially so of the kindness of the friendly Oneidas.

Chapter XI.

After the War.

Great changes had been taking place among the Indians of the Six Nations even before the Revolutionary War, and at its close they found they could no longer possess their lands as of old, or be a "United People." Their Council-fires had for some time been extinguished, their Confederacy abandoned. The once powerful League with its remarkable self-government no longer, in fact, existed as it had done for centuries throughout the central part of the State of New York. Civilization had not only made more rapid encroachments upon their possessions, but they had now become a scattered Nation yet still retaining the bond of brotherhood.

The Mohawks, as we already know, had upon the first rumors of war sided with the Crown. But before leaving their native valley in 1776 they were assured by the English through Sir John Johnson and others that when the war was ended their condition would be made as good as before. And this pledge had been renewed in 1779. "Yet," says Halsey, "it was only through the most persistent exertions of Joseph Brant that the Mohawks finally secured fulfillment of the pledge. Of their settlement in Canada we have already given some account. And it is well known that whatever prosperity the Mohawks attained to in their new country was due to the influence of their Chief, Thayendanegea, with the English both in this country and abroad."

Thayendanegea—Joseph Brant

"When quite a young man," says Clarke, "Brant perceived the importance of education and religion as auxiliaries in carrying forward the moral and social improvement of his Nation. He preferred the Episcopal form of service and assisted in the translation of the Prayer Book and parts of the Scriptures. Even after the war Brant returned with pleasure to superintending the printing of the Gospel of St. Mark, and assisting on other religious works in London. And one of his first stipulations with the English Commander of the Canadian forces, on acquisition of their new territory, was for the building of a Church, a school-house and a flour mill. And no sooner had the war been brought to a close than his religious principles were again in action and his thoughts and exertions once more directed to the means of imparting to his people a knowledge of their relation to God and the good to them through following His laws and precepts."

Joseph Brant was a Mohawk of pure blood, his father was a Chief of the Onondaga Nation of the Wolf clan, while his mother was a Mohawk of some distinction. They had three sons of whom Joseph was the youngest. He was born on the banks of the Ohio in 1742, whither his family had gone on a hunting expedition. His father is supposed to have died in that country, for later his mother returned with two of her children, Mollie and Joseph. She remarried, and we hear little further of her. Her son was then known as " Brant's Joseph, or Joseph Brant." His sister Mollie, and under peculiar circumstances, struck the fancy of Sir William Johnson, who took her, Indian fashion, to live with him as his wife. She is said to have been bright, very fine-looking and presided in Sir William's handsome house with some

character and dignity and was treated with respect by his many guests.* He early took an interest in Mollie's young brother Joseph. We hear of him, as a mere lad with Sir William in the army under the great Chief, King Hendrick.

It was at the battle of Lake George against the French in 1775, where for the first time Thayendanegea heard firearms and confesses to have been frightened on hearing them and at their speedy result. His name signifies "a bundle of sticks"; in other words strength. Sir William is known to have sent him early to school under Dr. Wheelock of Lebanon, Connecticut, and after he was well educated for those days employed him as secretary and as agent in public affairs. He was also employed as Missionary interpreter from 1762 to 1765. And Brant exerted himself even at that time for the religious instruction of his tribe.

Benson Lossing, Stone, Reid and other writers say: "Many tales were told during the Revolutionary War of Brant's savage cruelty, and he has been spoken of as a monster. But in almost every instance of the horrible, bloodthirsty Indian atrocity the red men were accompanied by armed Tories, while Brant was known to make every effort to restrain their savage instincts.

"From early boyhood he was the companion of the whites and in his early manhood was an assistant of Sir William Johnson. By birth he was a savage, but by

*History compels us to add that although Mollie Brant, the left-handed spouse of Sir William Johnson, presided with dignity in his mansion and at his table, and treated the Tories with much respect, she was at heart a Mohawk of the Mohawks. After Sir William's death she is known to have shown more vindictiveness toward the Colonists than even her brother, Capt. Joseph Brant, and used every opportunity to spur her people against them, even to deeds of treachery.

education he was a white man. It is hard to believe that a man who had been cared for by Sir William as though he had been his own son, and who had learned from him the virtues of generosity and conciliation, a man who had been placed in contact with the eminent white men of the period in business matters, one who was a friend of Dominies Stuart, Urquhart and Kirkland could degenerate into the savage that early historians have pictured him. One, too, who had assisted them in their translations of portions of the Gospel and Prayer Book into the Mohawk and exerted himself in many ways for the spiritual welfare of his people."

The Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell, makes the Oneida Indian say in "Gertrude of Wyoming":

> "This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
> The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the monster Brant,
> With all his howling, desolating band . . .
> Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
> 'Gainst Brant himself, I went to battle forth:
> Accursed Brant!"

"Captain Brant was not at Wyoming at that time of horrible massacre," say Reid, Stone and other writers, "but many miles distant. And although Campbell wrote to Brant's son John a letter of apology and regret, his poems are still published with that shameful falsehood.

"The bribe alluded to came from the British through Sir John and Col. Guy Johnson in the bounty of eight dollars for every scalp, and was an incentive for the murder of many helpless men, women and children that Brant was powerless to prevent. And the Tory Butlers were known to have taken an even more atrocious part in the massacre of Wyoming and Cherry Valley than the Indians themselves.

"After the peace of 1783 Col. Brant revisited England, was well received and on his return to America, again devoted himself to the social and religious improvement of the Mohawks who were settled at Grand River, Brant County, Canada, and at the Bay of Quinte. He held a Colonel's Commission in the English army, but he was more generally known as Captain Brant. He died at his residence at the head of Lake Ontario, November 24th, 1817, at the age of 65."

We give this more pleasing account of Brant to try, with others, to do him justice, and also because the Oneidas of the same dialect have shared in some of his valued translations. We are tempted to relate here an amusing incident that shows the shrewdness, sagacity and humor of Brant. At all ages, as we know, false prophets have appeared to delude and draw after them the ignorant, or superstitious. One of these came among the Indians and wickedly represented herself as the forerunner, or indeed the Saviour as at His second coming. She could not fail to attract the attention of Col. Brant, while his celebrity equally attracted hers. Brant, with an object in view, finally sent to her residence and requested an interview. After some delay and formality he was presented to her and she addressed to him a few words of welcome. He replied by a formal speech in his own language. At its conclusion she informed him that she did not understand the language in which he spoke.

Brant then addressed her in another Indian dialect, to which in a like manner she objected. Pausing for a moment, and we can almost see his mock gravity, he commenced to speak in a third and different American Indian language which she interrupted by an expression of dissatisfaction at his persistence in speaking to her in a lan-

guage she could not understand. He then arose with dignity and with a significant motion of the hand and in plain English said: "Madam you are not the person you pretend to be. Jesus Christ can understand one language as well as another," and abruptly took his leave.

Since Dr. Griscome is said to have related this incident another author has attributed it to Red Jacket. This Chief, however, was known to be a pagan, a disbeliever in the Saviour. And as Brant was the opposite it is considered more characteristic of him than the Seneca Chief.

Not long after the war a majority of the Senecas, Cayugas and portions of the other Nations settled themselves in the northeastern part of New York, in Canada and upon the Ohio River. They had disposed of their lands in the Genesee Valley through purchase by the Government before removing elsewhere. Though they might all rightly have been considered to have forfeited their lands through the side they took with the English and from the events of the war, the Government was lenient and through purchase and treaty for their lands in the central part of the State enabled them to settle on other reservations.

A portion of the Onondagas, though little deserving the kindness they received from Congress so directly after their cruel and treacherous warfare against the Americans, were permitted to remain on their reservation at Onondaga Castle, where they may still be found mostly devoting themselves to agriculture. Though a few are said to retain their old customs, war-dances, etc., there has been for some time a faithful missionary of the Church in charge of them and many of them are becoming educated and learning the white man's ways.

To the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, who for a time, as we

know, remained neutral, then, as it became necessary, sided with the Americans and proved loyal throughout the war, a large grant of land was given them in return for their services in the central part of New York. Some of the New England Indians, the Stockbridge and Brothertowns, were also settled near them. The Oneidas were given, we find, certain portions of lands in central New York, including those bounded by the Unadilla, Chenango and Susquehanna Rivers. The Unadilla River and part of the present town of Unadilla is thought to have been Oneida territory. For the Oneidas were known to have sold their land as far east as Herkimer and Delhi.

Evidence which Morgan regards as correct, begins the line of division at a point five miles east of Utica and extends it directly south of Pennsylvania, making part of Unadilla border land between the Oneidas and Colonists. But the great and rapid influx of population, the tide of which set to the westward with the restoration of peace, soon rendered their possessions of less value to themselves, their fishing streams and hunting grounds often being invaded by white settlers. Negotiations, too, were constantly going on by Government for the purchase of their lands which they yielded from time to time in large grants, until their original possessions were narrowed down to one small reservation, which they were finally told they could keep for all time.

There were other strong reasons for the poor Indians giving up their possessions, little by little. They felt the necessity for money of which heretofore they had scarcely any knowledge. Even long after their discovery by the Dutch in 1607 and their intercourse with them, and later with English traders, there was simply an exchange

of their tobacco, game and furs for what they most needed—war implements, blankets, gay cloth, beads and various things heretofore unknown to them—among others the baneful fire-water. And if they were often defrauded, or through poor bargains cheated out of their best furs they could philosophically hope to obtain more.

Before this time the bow and arrow, as well as the sharp but rudely constructed hatchets of their own make, had served them. The carefully preserved skin of animals, fine deerskin especially, answered them for their suits, leggings and moccasins. These were ornamented or even richly embroidered, with various small dyed quills. Gay feathers, too, helped to decorate them according to their rank. Mother earth, through her streams and forests, had long furnished them food in variety and abundance. For they had fish, game and wild fruit, fresh and dried meats, and in time learned to cultivate the maize, bean and squash. Of inns, or especial lodging places, they had no need, or knowledge. They could travel from one end to the other of their vast territory and have food set before them in any friendly lodge or tepee they might enter and without a question asked.

Says Morgan, in his "League of the Iroquois," "If a neighbor or stranger entered their dwelling food was set before him with an invitation of welcome. It made no difference at what hour of the day, or how numerous the call. This hospitable custom was universal and one of the laws of their social system. A stranger would thus be entertained without charge as long as he was pleased to remain, and a relation was entitled to a home among any of his kindred while he felt disposed to claim it. Under such a simple law of hospitality hunger and destitution were entirely unknown among them.

"It fell chiefly to the industry and natural kindness of the Indian women, who by the cultivation of the maize, bean and other plants, the preserving of wild fruit and dried meats had ready at hand the principal part of their entertainments; for the warrior despised the toil of husbandry and all labor as beneath him. But food is thus given at any hour with his full sanction, and all that is expected of the stranger is the usual 'Hia-ne-a-weh,' 'I thank you.'"

It was in exact accordance with the unparalled generosity of the Indian character, says one. He would surrender his dinner to feed the hungry, vacate his bed to rest and refresh the weary and give up his apparel to clothe the naked. No test of friendship at this early time was too severe, no sacrifice too great, no fidelity to an engagement too inflexible for the Indian character. With an innate knowledge of the freedom and the dignity of man, they have exhibited the noblest virtues of the heart and the kindest deeds of humanity in their sylvan retreats.

Canossatego, a distinguished Onondaga Chief, who lived about the middle of the last century, thus cuttingly contrasted the hospitality of the Iroquois with that of the whites. It was in conversation with Conrad Weiser, an Indian interpreter. Said he: "You know our practice. If a white man in travelling through our country enters one of our cabins we all trust him as I do you. We dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold and give him meat and food to allay his hunger, and we spread our furs for him to rest and sleep on. We demand nothing in return. But if I go into the white man's house at Albany and ask for food he says: 'where is your money?' and if I have none he says, 'Get out you Indian dog!'"

Poor, untutored and often ill-used Indian, how could he understand, or for a long time adapt himself to the changes going on about him? And yet he clung to his old possessions in Central New York as long as possible. It was indeed hard for the brave and noble Confederates to give up all their possessions and watch the rapid strides of civilization. And yet even beyond their knowledge they were forerunners in opening the way through their figurative Long House to the long sought for Pacific Coast. With this object in view, Henry Hudson ascended the river bearing his name, as far as the mouth of the Mohawk in the small boats of the "Half Moon," when the Cohoes Falls, it is thought, prevented further exploration in that direction. The Falls at that period, unsurrounded by manufacturing interests, were said to be grand. At that point the Mohawk is more than a hundred yards wide and perfectly rock ribbed on both sides. The Falls are nearly seventy feet perpendicular in addition to the turbulent rapids below.

From the earliest maps of the Valley, previous to the settlement of Schenectady in 1661-1669 is shown an Indian village at the bend of the Mohawk and about half way between Schenectady and the Hudson River, called Naskayuna, while Schenectady was designated by the word Schoo, thought to be a contraction of the word Schonowe, "the gate." Says Professor Pearson, "the origin of the word Schenectady was probably derived from the Indian word Schonowe, meaning door or gate to the Long House of the Iroquois in the Mohawk country. And it was so applied to Schenectady as the Schonowe or gate. Later, as the Indians retired further westward after the advances of the white man the same name was given to Ticonderoga (Fort Hunter) as being the door,

or gate of their country and from it we undoubtedly have the name of Schoharie, being the real door or gate of Mohawk country."

"This name," says Reid, "becomes poetical when we reflect upon a broader, grander application of the term, "the gate." The Hudson and the Mohawk Valley taken together are indeed the avenue to the great West, although the early settlers did not so fully realize it. First the Indian trail and canoes then the bateaux and the stage coach, and then after long years of waiting the Erie Canal reaching from tide-water to the Great Lakes. Then the primitive railroad from Albany to Schenectady, and from there to Utica, and then on to Buffalo, Chicago and so on and on, until now the iron rails passing through our beautiful Mohawk Valley reach from ocean to ocean. Still later, in our present year 1906, there has started the building of a ship canal in the bed of the Mohawk Valley to the Great Lakes.

In the fifteenth century it was the desire of navigators of the then known world to seek India by sailing West, and it was with this object in view that the expeditions of Christopher Columbus, John and Sebastian Cabot and others were fitted out. After the discovery of America, even up to the voyage of Henry Hudson the desire of navigation was to discover the northwest passage to India. When Henry Hudson entered the Bay of New York and sailed up the broad river that bears his name he fondly hoped that he had at last found the "North West passage." Not dreaming that a great continent three thousand miles wide lay between him and the Pacific Ocean.

The Indians, as we have seen, with their limited knowledge, had already called the Mohawk Valley

"Schonowe" the gate. They little knew how truly it was named except as being the one perfect trail through the Long House to as far west as they sometimes roamed. "Henry Hudson was right, however," says Reid, "in his surmises." With its two great Railways, its Erie Canal and the promises of a second Suez with its millions of tons of merchandize and myriads of tourists streaming across the continent to meet the steamers of the Pacific to Asia, the Mohawk Valley may well be called the "Northwest passage," the gate to India.

Chapter XII

Resettling in New York.

Other changes were to take place among the once free and independent Nations. They had for centuries been a law unto themselves with a remarkable and well adhered-to form of self-government. Now they must obey those in authority over them. For at the close of the Revolutionary War, with the English conquered and the "Yankees" in possession of the country, a republican form of government was established to which the Indians found that they, as well as other citizens of the United States, must conform.

To diverge somewhat, it may not, perhaps, be generally known that the term "Yankee" did not originally belong to the Americans, but that it is said to be a corruption of the word "English," as pronounced by the Indians: "Yanghies, Yangees, Yankees." Later it was taken up and unwittingly used in derision by an English officer against the Americans, who in time became willing to adopt it as expressive of smartness; for, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" the British troops were made "to dance out of Boston." An old colonial building still stands upon the Hudson opposite Albany. It is called "Fort Crailo"; sometimes, "The Yankee Doodle house." It originally belonged to the Van Rensselaers of Revolutionary note, and has since been handed down and occupied by various descendants. The latest, Mrs. Strong,

who was a Van Rensselaer, gives us some interesting incidents connected with it. She says: "Fort Crailo, as it now stands, is a massive brick structure of three stories, the upper story of dormer-windows and shingle roof. The rude fortress-like walls of the main building, still pierced by stone portholes, amply bear out the assertion that it was used for purposes of defense in early colonial days. That the building was already in existence and used as a fort as early as 1663 admits of no contradiction, since the fact is supported by various reliable authorities."

Tradition reports that it sustained several Indian sieges before the Revolutionary War. They are said to have been held by the warlike Mohicans, and the building looks as if it could have presented a staunch resistance to such attacks. There is a bronzed tablet on the front wall of Fort Craillo, above one of the ancient stone portholes, that gives the date of erection, 1642. It is cut, too, in the stone of the cellar wall. Another statement, and cut in a similar manner on the cellar wall, is: "The lines of Yankee Doodle were composed here July 1758." This, we find, was when General James Abercrombie, with his staff, made the Manor House his headquarters on his way to what proved a defeat at the hands of Montcalm, at Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758.

The British officers were the guests of Colonel Johannes Van Rensselaer and his lovely wife, Angelica Livingston, daughter of Robert Livingston, Jr., for nine years Mayor of Albany. On General Abercrombie's staff was a young surgeon whose derision was excited by the appearance of some raw American recruits straggling in from the country-side, clad in all sorts of motley garb. Sitting on the edge of the well-curb in the rear of the

house, he scribbled the few lines of doggerel so familiar to us all as "Yankee Doodle." In 1775 the Continental army held a cantonment in the very same garden back of the Manor House. They were on their way to Ticonderoga, and were taken by a handful of Americans under the gallant Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775. The despised Yankees had gone to the front, it is said, with a vengeance. Thus the lines written in derision were destined to be proudly sung to the stirring quickstep when the spirit of '76 called for their glad response, and we, afterwards, to adopt the air, as we did the name.

To return: The Indians felt deep love and veneration for the Commander-in-Chief, George Washington, now unanimously placed at the head of the Government, and they were willing to submit to the laws formed by Congress and received through him. They indeed looked upon Washington as a "father," and so called him for his kindness to them, even after their treachery and savage warfare against the Colonists, and when, too, they had been wholly deserted and left uncared for by the English, whom they had long served with fidelity, and with whom they had held a covenant of friendship which they had supposed lasting, but which had failed them in their time of need.

The Indians now promised to be law-abiding and conform more to the white man's way. Still, as the years passed by, they more and more felt their loss of freedom. Even the lands given them were soon coveted and constantly encroached upon from all sides by the whites. Their forests were no longer the same to roam about at will unmolested. There had been a time when their depths were unbroken and trackless, except by the moccasin covered feet of the Indians, who alone would pene-

trate them guided in any direction, north or south, through their knowledge of the bark upon the trees, that on the north side, as they well knew, being thicker and often moss-covered. They could tell, too, by certain signs of the trees and ground if they were approaching stream or hills. At night the moon and stars were their unfailing guides. They were familiar with many of the constellations, and gave them Indian names.

It was, indeed, marvelous, their perfect knowledge of everything connected with nature; the use of various plants, and of the ground best to clear for their maize; where, from certain signs, springs could be found; the haunts of various kinds of wild animals they sought for food, or for their furs. Can we wonder, then, that they felt the restrictions of civilization? or that the wisest among them saw and realized their degeneracy through idleness and too free use of the white man's fire-water, "making squaws of the men," as they sometimes termed it? The majority certainly were deteriorating, and there was little wonder over the increasing cry for their removal to the West, to some Indian territory of their own.

But with the intelligent, law-abiding Indians it was different. Their struggles to better themselves, their friendliness and fidelity, were appreciated, and many of them were trusted by the whites. As an instance of this we hear of a peculiar postal service entrusted to an Indian. It was after peace had been restored, but when there were still great difficulties in getting from one point of the country to the other, even though more thickly settled. A mail route at this time was formed between Onondaga, or Syracuse, and Oswego. And as most trustworthy and reliable, as well as swift of foot, an Indian chief was appointed. Oun-di-a-ga, an Onondaga

chief of the Bear clan, was chosen to convey the mail once a week between the two places. The roads were almost impassable, and traveled only on foot or on horseback. The evening before starting, punctually at nine o'clock, the chief would get the mail put up in a small valise, or grip, as we now call it. When it was given him, he would usually go for security to the kitchen of a distinguished friend, Judge Forman, and without a word of comment, would stretch himself on the floor with his feet to the great open fireplace, put his precious burden beneath his head, and soon fall asleep. At the hour of four, precisely, without a single instance of omission, Oun-di-a-ga would rouse himself, and be the weather what it might, would hasten off on foot and with all the consequence of a bearer of government dispatches. On his arrival at Oswego, his trust faithfully and punctually delivered, he would rest on the morrow, and return with the mail in the same manner. The distance between the two places is full forty miles, and the trusty Indian in no instance was known to delay or cause disappointment. Does not this speak well for the fidelity of the Indian character?

The better part of the Indians in the State of New York, the Oneidas especially, had now settled themselves down to agricultural and other pursuits and also to the establishment of schools and a Church of their own. Places of worship for the whites had been going up. At Schenectady, and before the Revolution, a fine church was built by the English population who had felt their need for one; but the comparatively small number of English-speaking people at that time among the Indians and Dutch settlers, and the lack of means, delayed this for some time. Even after the foundation was laid, the

St. George's Church, Schenectady, Built in 1757.

church was long in being completed. When finished in 1757, it was called St. George's Episcopal Church, though the Presbyterians had helped in its erection with the understanding that it was to be used in common by both denominations, as it was for a time. Sir William Johnson is known to have contributed liberally toward it, and also to have obtained subscriptions from his friends. At one time 61 pounds and 10 shillings were given him by the Governor of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

"This old stone church," says Mr. Reid in his recent "Valley of the Mohawk," "is still standing near the site of Queen Anne's old Fort, beautiful and picturesque in its time-worn stone walls and quaint interior decorations. Its high old-fashioned pulpit, etc." We believe this to be the same church which Margaret Denny, an Oneida woman, some years later and while on the Reservation near Green Bay, alluded to as having attended when a child, and as so handsome. She especially recalled the chandeliers as being "so big." She loved the services, faithfully attended the church at Oneida until she was over 90 years of age, and was shown great respect by the people and missionary in charge.

Through the influence of the Rev. Mr. Geer, a Church clergyman, a school of industry was established by Mary Doxtator among the Indians. She was a Stockbridge Indian by birth, and was taken when young by some Quakers of Philadelphia to be educated in all domestic duties. After her return to her people she was married to an Oneida, one of the Pagan party, and he opposed all her efforts to be useful among them. After his death, however, and when left with the care of three children, she opened at the Rev. Mr. Geer's suggestion, a school of industry and taught the Indian women to sew, spin,

and weave blankets and coverlets. She was baptized and admitted to the Holy Communion, and brought her children to Holy Baptism.

Mary Doxtator's house, it is said, was a pattern of neatness and order. Her example was that of a woman deeply imbued with Christian spirit and principle, and the white people of her acquaintance gave her both their esteem and assistance. She died in 1820, and to this day there are descendants of hers on the Reservation near Green Bay, who doubtless inherit some of her excellent traits of neatness and industry.

Other schools were established, and the spiritual welfare of the Indians was also looked after. The Methodists had early built a Church near Oneida Castle, and were doing what they could to civilize and Christianize the Indians near them. But a majority of the Oneidas then living in the Mohawk Valley were longing for their old mode of worship and for Episcopal services. Finally they came under the protecting care of Bishop Hobart, who, in 1811, was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of New York. "And," says Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, in her valuable papers on "The Mission to the Oneidas," "the position of the Church was becoming more assured and her charities enlarged. The missionary spirit moved her heart, and missionary actions followed. Bishop Hobart already looked upon the remnant of the Six Nations within the limits of the Diocese of New York as a legacy bequeathed to him by the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The revival of that Mission by our Church dates from 1816. And a movement was at once made on behalf of the Oneidas. The services of a catechist, lay reader and teacher were offered them. They responded warmly to the proposi-

tion, and when Mr. Williams appeared among them, they received him with great cordiality."

Eleazer Williams, who was sent to the Oneidas, was a man whose history was most remarkable. He was long supposed to be the son of a Mohawk woman, and born at St. Regis, New York, near Lake George. But we find many conflicting accounts as to his real lineage and birthplace. For a time he was thought to be a descendant of the Rev. Mr. Williams of Deerfield, Massachusetts. When surprised and burned during a terrible winter's night in 1704, by a sortie of French and Indians from Canada, the village was plundered, and the minister, with all his family, was, with other white settlers, carried off prisoner. After a long and painful captivity, Mr. Williams and his family returned to Massachusetts—all but one, a daughter, who had been adopted into a Mohawk family, and whom nothing could induce to leave her adopted people. She is said to have lived and died a Mohawk woman at heart, having married into the tribe.

Among her lineage, and bearing the maternal name of Williams, was found an intelligent lad whom friends in Massachusetts offered to educate. Their object seems to have been to fit him to become a missionary among the Mohawks, in connection with the Presbyterian Church. But though expressing a desire to serve his people as a missionary, he much preferred the English Church. His boyhood had been spent on the St. Lawrence among the Mohawks, and there he had become familiar with the Prayer Book in their language. Under these circumstances, we find he offered his services as a catechist and lay missionary to Bishop Hobart, who gladly accepted them as coinciding with the plans he already had at heart. Williams was acccordingly sent to the Oneidas in re-

sponse to their appeal, and entered on his duties in March, 1816.

He soon acquired much facility in speaking the Oneida dialect, which greatly resembles the Mohawk, though thought to be much softer and more musical. Large numbers of the people flocked every Sunday to the schoolhouse to take part in the services he held there. A number of the older Oneidas had thirty or forty years before been familiar with the solemn words of the Litany and were now again deeply affected by them. "From all we can learn," says Miss Cooper, "Mr. Williams proved a very faithful and capable teacher."

At the close of the first year of his services, a very important step was taken. Many of the Indians had lapsed into almost heathenism so that the Nation had divided into two parties. "The First Christian Party," as it was called, consisted of those who had been baptized. These had almost immediately joined Mr. Williams's flock. The other division of the tribe were avowed heathens, and were called "The Pagan Party," and so addressed by the Governor of the State. But under Mr. Williams's earnest and zealous teachings the following winter of 1817, Governor De Witt Clinton received at Albany a most striking letter declaring they no longer belonged to the Pagan Party. It is rather too long to give in full. After a few eloquent and gracious words, such as the Indians have been noted for in their speeches, they add:

"May it please your Excellency, we the Chiefs and principal men of that part of the Oneida Nation heretofore known and distinguished as the 'Pagan Party,' in the name of the said party beg leave to address your Excellency on a subject which we hope will be as pleasing to

you as it is to us. We no longer own the name of Pagans. We have abandoned our sacrifices and have fixed our hopes on our Blessed Redeemer. In evidence of this assertion we here tender to your Excellency, sincerely and unequivocally, our abjuration of Paganism and its rites, and take the Christian's God to be our God and our only hope of salvation."

They then give expression to their faith and trust in the Creator and Preserver of all things and in the Scriptures as the Word of God, containing all things necessary for man's salvation, and close by saying, "We trust through the mercy of God that we have abandoned the character of Pagans; let us also abandon the name. We therefore request your Excellency that in all future transactions with us we may be known as 'The Second Christian Party of the Oneida Indians.' And we pray that your Excellency will take such means as may be necessary and proper to cause us to be recognized in future by that name. And in the name of the Holy Trinity we do here sign ourselves your Excellency's most sincere friends."

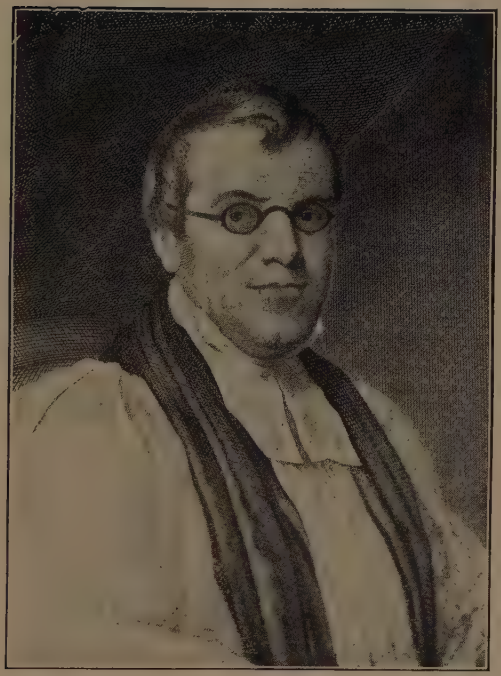
It is then signed by ten or twelve chiefs and prominent men, and dated, "Done in General Council at Oneida, New York this 25th day of January A. D. 1817." Had Mr. Williams done naught else than bring a whole tribe of pagan Indians to confess Christ as their Redeemer he would have accomplished a great deed.

We hear of him soon afterward as being sent to New York with the letter to Bishop Hobart. It was written by a young Oneida Chief, and a communicant. After an opening address he adds: "Right Reverend Father, we see now that the Christian religion is intended for the good of the Indians as well as the white people; we see

it and do feel that the religion of the Gospel will make us happy in this world and in the world to come. May it ever remain in our hearts, and we be enabled by the Spirit of the Eternal One to practice the great duties it points out to us." The Chief then alludes to Mr. Williams's faithful mission; of their efforts, though poor, to care for him, and of his patience in making no complaints; then he adds: "We pity him because we love him as one of ourselves. We wish we could do more for his support than we do at present but we are trying with his help to raise money to build a little chapel." After an earnest appeal to the Bishop not to forget them, or withdraw their brother from among them for fear the cause of religion might die and wickedness prevail among them the letter closes with these striking words:

"Right Reverend Father, as the head and father of the Holy Apostolic Church in this State, we entreat you to take an especial charge of us; we are ignorant, we are poor and need your assistance. Come, venerable father, and visit your children and warm their hearts by your presence in the things which belong to their everlasting peace. May the Great Head of the Church, whom you serve, be with you and His blessing ever remain with you. We, venerable father, remain your dutiful children." Then follow the names of thirteen prominent Oneidas and the date, January, 1818. In reply the Bishop kindly writes:

"My children, I have received your letter by your brother and teacher, Eleazer Williams, and return your affection and Christian salutation, praying that grace, mercy and peace from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ may be with you. My children, I rejoice to hear of your faith in the One living and true God and in



The Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D.

His Son Jesus Christ, whom He has sent and whom to know is life eternal. And I trust by the Holy Spirit of God you may be kept steady in this faith and may walk worthy of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." The Bishop in a kind, earnest manner then urges them to continue to be faithful, and closes by saying:

"My children, it is my purpose, if the Lord will, to come and see you next summer, and I hope to find you as good Christians, living righteously and soberly in this world. I shall have you in my heart and remember you in my prayers, for you are part of my charge of the flock for whom the Son of God gave Himself even unto death upon the cross. My children, may God be with you and bless you.

"Signed, John Henry Hobart, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York, in the year of our Lord, February 1st, 1818."

The promise which Bishop Hobart gave to his "Oneida children" was faithfully fulfilled. On Tuesday, September 13, 1818, he visited their village. The journey at that day we are told was not without difficulty. There was neither canal nor railroad, and the roads were of the rudest construction. The traveler was jolted over "corduroy" roads, or sunk deep in ruts or mud. Bishop Hobart, however, joyously met at some distance from their village by the Oneidas, reached his destination in due time, and became much interested in what he saw of the people and their country. Though no longer savage the condition of society was peculiar, and foreign to all his previous experience.

On the Reservation at that time there are said to have been about a thousand Indians, who held the land in com-

mon. A small portion was under cultivation for their tobacco, potatoes, maize, beans and pumpkins, a part for pasture land for their sheep and cows, but the greater portion was a forest wilderness. Through the woods there were no roads, but simply Indian trails. Their houses of logs, or wigwams of bark, were scattered about in wild irregularity on the hill-sides or near the cultivated fields. The Oneidas at this period, we find, busied themselves in the forests, gathering ginseng. This they sold to traders, by whom it was carried to New York and Philadelphia, and sold to merchants who sent it to China, where it was burned in the temples. Partly for their support and partly for their hoped-for Church the Oneidas are said to have gathered about a thousand bushels annually, which sold for $2,000.

When the Bishop appeared among them the chiefs gathered around him with their usual calm dignity when doing honor to a favored guest. One aged sachem, it is thought, Hendrick Schuyler, made a speech which was interpreted by Mr. Williams. He told his "father" the Bishop, that in his youth he had been instructed in the Holy Christian Faith by a missionary from beyond the sea when this State was an English colony, that he had been baptized, and had held fast the faith while the snows of fifty winters had fallen about him and, while many of his brethren were still heathen. He pointed out the spot where the missionary had long before preached the Gospel to his tribe. It was an open glade in the forest, with here and there a few oaks of noble growth throwing a grateful shade. Within sight of this spot, rose the little church which the Oneidas had recently built under the direction of their catechist, Eleazer Williams. It was a neat, rustic chapel, still unfinished, but in every way

creditable to the tribe, who had raised over $3,000 for the expenses. In this unfinished chapel Bishop Hobart confirmed 89 persons. In his after address to the Convention of the Diocese, the Bishop thus alluded to this interesting occasion:

"On my visit to the Oneidas several hundred Indians assembled for worship. Those who could read were furnished with books, and they uttered the confessions of the Liturgy, responded to its supplications, and chanted its hymns of praise with a reverence and fervor which powerfully affected the feelings of those who witnessed their solemnity.

"They listened to my address, interpreted to them by Mr. Williams, with so much solicitous attention, they received the Laying on of Hands with such grateful humility, and partook of the symbols of their Saviour's love with such tears of penitential devotion that the impression which the scene made on my mind will never be effaced. Nor was this the excitement of the moment, or the exhibition of enthusiasm; the 89 who were confirmed had been well instructed by Mr. Williams. And none were permitted to approach the Communion whose lives did not correspond with their Christian profession." Surely a higher meed of praise could not have been given to red or white man, or been better deserved.

Chapter XIII.

From Study to Warfare.

Previous to offering himself to Bishop Hobart for Church service, Eleazer Williams had taken active part in civil, or military service, and not without honor. Trouble had again arisen between England and America and so brought about the war of 1812, that Williams, under peculiar circumstances, was drawn into taking part.

We have alluded to a mystery as resting over his birth and parentage—of his being supposed to be in part of Indian extraction. It may not be amiss to give what little was known at that time of Eleazer Williams, or to recall here something of his early history, since he was to have supervision of the Oneidas for more than fifteen years. His whole heart and soul seem to have centered upon the Indians, their education and spiritual welfare. Very early these feelings influenced Eleazer Williams. His studies were pursued with this object in view; and though often suffering from ill health, he made such remarkable advancement in various studies, that it seemed to many as if it came as a recovery, a revival of much earlier instruction. And, too, he so readily adapted himself to social events, while there was nothing about him, in complexion, looks or manners to indicate Indian extraction, that many were puzzled and expressed strong doubts as to his really belonging by birth to the St. Regis Indians. Eleazer had no recollections of his earliest

childhood; his mind had been a blank until reason was restored by an accident when about twelve or thirteen years of age.

All he knew then, was what he had been told—that "for a long time he was in delicate health; that Indian remedies had been given him; that though his physical condition was much improved, he was long of unsound mind, yet took delight in playing with other children; and that one day, when at Lake George, he had a severe fall from a rock near Fort William Henry, at the head of the Lake. He was taken out of the water, with a deep gash on his head, cut by a rock beneath the surface. When restored to consciousness, he understood all that was said and going on about him."

Eleazer Williams had a distinct recollection that not long after this two gentlemen came to their encampment, who bore every indication of being Frenchmen. One of them wished to see him. He wore a ruffled shirt, his hair was powdered, and he presented to the lad a very splendid appearance. When Eleazer came near, the gentleman advanced several steps to meet him, embraced him tenderly, and when seated on a log had him stand between his knees and appeared quite overcome, as he exclaimed: "Pauvre garçon! pauvre garçon!" He continued to be deeply affected, kissed him and said a good deal in his foreign way that he seemed anxious the lad should understand, but that he could not. The gentlemen came the next day, stayed several hours, and were taken out on the lake in a canoe by Thomas Williams. Again one of them paid much attention to Eleazer, and he recalled that when seated on the same log, the Frenchman raised his bare feet and dusty legs and examined the scars on his knees and ankles very closely. Again the

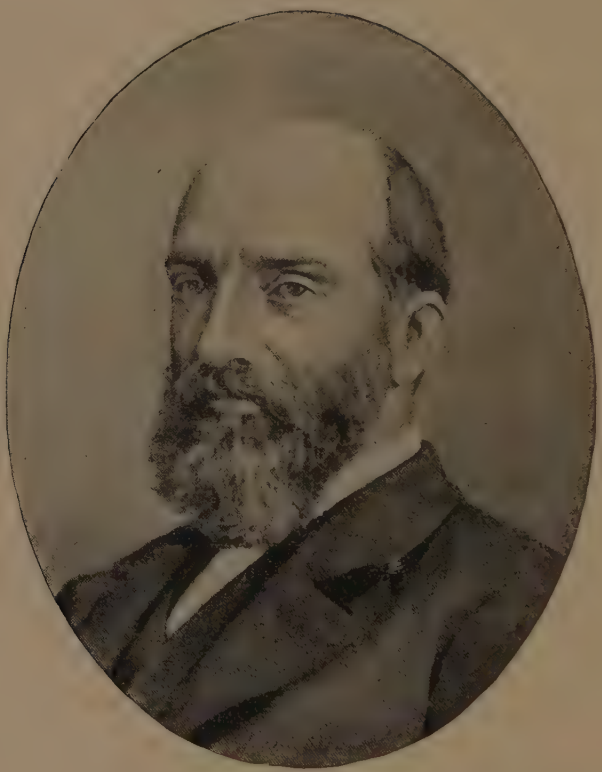
gentleman shed tears, and as he left him, gave him a gold piece.

After being away for a few days, supposedly to meet this gentleman, who by some is thought to have been Mr. Bellanger, Thomas Williams, on coming back, had them all return to Caughnawaga, their old home, contrary to his usual custom of remaining at Lake George for his fall hunt. A day or two afterward, Eleazer, who slept near distinctly heard him tell his wife that a request had been made to send two of their boys away to be educated, himself being one of the two. At first the wife seemed unwilling, but when her husband persisted, she replied: "If you will do it you may send away this strange boy; means have been put in your hands for his education, but with our John I cannot part." Her willingness to part with him and the whole tenor of the conversation excited suspicions in Eleazer's mind as to his belonging to them, but they soon passed away.

The boys, however, were both for a time at Long Meadow, Massachusetts, under Mr. Ely's kind care. While Eleazer took readily to study and made most rapid progress, John Williams was slow to learn, felt the restraints of school life and civilization, and before many months went back to his wigwam home, "feeling proud," as he said, "of Eleazer." The one seemed all Indian, the other, it was remarked, had not a trace of the Indian in looks or manners.

During his residence in Massachusetts, Eleazer took delight in all the refinements of social life. But the attentions shown him by all classes of persons never for a moment diverted his mind from the great purpose for which he conceived himself created—that of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. Says the Rev. Mr. Hanson:

ELEAZER WILLIAMS, 1806
Facsimile of pencil sketch by Chevalier Fagnani from original portrait by J. Stewart of Hartford in 1806 (from Lost Prince)



PRINCE DE JOINVILLE
Son of King Louis Philippe, sent to see Eleazer Williams
at Green Bay

"Providentially a painting of him at this period of life, when in the midst of his studies, has been preserved. The countenance is fair, with an expression of great sweetness and innocence combined with thoughtful and almost Quaker gravity. It strongly resembles, allowing for the necessary advances of age, the earlier pictures of the Dauphin in France, and exhibits in the most marked manner the lineaments of the Bourbons." We give a copy of this picture, a facsimile pencil sketch by Fagnani from the original portrait by J. Stewart, at Hartford, in 1806. The lad must at this time have been about nineteen; for earlier he very quaintly records in his journal: "I, Eleazer Williams, aged thirteen years, and John Williams my brother, both of us, came to Long Meadow Wednesday 23d of January, 1800. This being the day we began with Nathaniel Ely."

His total unlikeness at this time in his personal appearance to his reputed brother forbids at once the supposition of their being of the same origin. While John Williams was truly an Indian. with long black hair, his complexion and every feature corresponding, Eleazer is represented as having brown hair, hazel eyes, light complexion and European features. Although he was naturally cheerful, still a tinge of thoughtful sadness would steal over him when asked of his early history. He would say he could not remember much about it. And it gave him pain, apparently, that he could not.

Williams remained for some time at Mansfield and Long Meadow with the Elys and became very much attached to them, as they did to him. He was with them until December 28, 1809, when he was put under the teaching of the Rev. Enoch Hale of West Hampton, Massachusetts. In his journal, which he had kept for

some time, were found recorded many painful attacks of illness, with invocations for grace and patience to bear his sufferings—severe pains in the head and chest, at times bleeding at the chest, with most excruciating pain, when his life was despaired of. But the activity of his mind and body seemed to rise superior to indisposition.

In 1810, after a return of his old malady, and by the advice of friends and physician, he gave up study for a time, to travel southward. It was on this occasion that he first became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Hobart, later consecrated Bishop of New York and a warm personal friend. Even at that early day Dr. Hobart was attracted by Eleazer Williams's appearance and intelligence, and showed him marked attention.

After a time, and with great earnestness, Eleazer once more took up his studies, mostly theology, to fit him to become a missionary. Though apparently a robust youth, he had much to contend against with his frequent attacks of severe pain in head and chest. But he made as light of them as he could, and thus continued his studies at West Hampton, in part under supervision of the Congregational Board of Missions. About the beginning of the year 1812, he was sent, as a change from too close study, to Canada, to Sault St. Louis, near Montreal, and upon other expeditions, to see after the state of the Indians. He also revisited St. Regis, where a welcome awaited him among his supposed relatives.

But striking events were taking place, for again war was likely to break out at any moment between English and Americans, the field of action being the northern part of New York and Canada.

Mr. Williams now hastened back to West Hampton, to give report to the Congregational Board of Missions as

to the state of the Indians whom he had visited. When among them, he had in some instances urged the establishment of schools and given some religious instruction and advice. Once more he was deep in his studies, when in July he was sought for. His ability, reputation and influence among the Indians, as well as his familiarity with their language being known in the highest quarters, he was immediately selected by Government as the best person to prevent them from taking up arms against the United States. He was requested to repair at once to the headquarters of Gen. Dearborn, to receive instructions. The St. Regis Indians, among whom he had been brought up, and who occupied so central a position between the two belligerent forces, were undecided what course was best for their interest and safety and also applied to Eleazer for advice. Thus, a variety of influences, with scarce a moment's warning, led him to abandon the peaceful pursuit of religious study for the hot haste of military life. All immediate prospect of prosecuting his mission being thus cut off, and duty calling him to scenes of war, he set out for Greenbush, where Gen. Dearborn was then encamped, and arrived there on the 8th of August, but with his whole heart and soul, as we have been told, opposed to warfare. Although Williams was still young—not much more than twenty-four or twenty-five years old, on his arrival at the camp Gen. Dearborn treated him with much courtesy, and he remained for two days closeted with him and Gen. Tomkins, to learn what was required, and to express his own views as to the best method of carrying the objects into effect.

Though he had no idea of permanently entering into the service of the Government, or of being entrusted with

military power, he was forced by circumstances to enter upon its service; for he was at once appointed to the high position of Superintendent General of the Northern Indian department, with most ample power. Mr. Williams was to have under him the whole corps of Rangers or scouts of the northern army, whose duty it was to spread themselves everywhere and freely go in and out of the enemy's camp. This was a secret service of importance of which he was given charge. The body of men placed at his command are said to have been the most reckless, daring and unscrupulous in the army, and he frequently spoke of them as "the terrible corps," and trembled at the accountability he assumed in placing himself at their head. But he is said to have gained as perfect control over them as one born to command.

The Rangers were sent out in every direction, and reported to him every movement of the British forces. And the manœuvers of the American army were in a great measure governed by the information received through him as to the necessity of dispatching troops to occupy particular positions. He was thus the instrument in helping defeat the English by land and water, in the north and west.

General Dearborn when parting with him, gave him letters to General Bloomfield and Colonel Clarke of Burlington, New Jersey, and Major General Mooers of Plattsburg, New York.

We must here pass over events that kept Mr. Williams busy for some time. After the first excitement was over, he fell ill, and again conscientious scruples assailed him. He writes in his journal: "Oh, that God would make all men peaceful and live together in unity. I am in distress for my sins, they are great. Oh, most gracious God

for Christ's sake pardon and assist me to manage the affairs I am upon with integrity." At all times he seems to have been extremely sensitive as to preparing for the ministry and entering into civil war. His prayers and ejaculations were always earnest and touching for so young a man.

After forming acquaintance with General Bloomfield, and receiving orders from him, Williams again set out for the north, and reached Plattsburg on the 8th of September. The next day Gen. Bloomfield arrived and was saluted by the gunboats, and in the evening Mr. Williams laid before him the reports of his Rangers. He also had a long conference with him "in relation to the Indians, the force of the enemy, the state of defense, the movements of the troops, the strength of the navy and the condition of the roads from Champlain to La Arcadia plains." Both suggestions and report were approved of, as showing marked executive ability in Mr. Williams.

Under protection from Gen. Mooers, a letter of importance was given him to present to Major Young of Plattsburg. Having delivered this letter, Mr. Williams proceeded with a corresponding passport to Turner's Inn, where he met Captain Tilden, the commander of the station. He was carefully concealed from the sight of the Indians; but at French Mills he held a secret conference with the chiefs, distributed to them money, and obtained the promise of adherence to the American cause.

We would here state that the Oneidas still in the State of New York, were again loyal to the American side, and under some of their brave chiefs and warriors, direct descendants of Chief Hill, Skenandoah and others of Revolutionary note, did effective service in the War of 1812. And years later, when in Wisconsin and the Civil

War broke out, they needed no urging to show their patriotism. "Their tribe," we are now told by Mr. Merrill, "furnished 135 volunteers to the Union army." Death has since thinned their ranks, but about twenty of these loyal Indians are still living, and are among the leading men of the community. Should not history give space to their brave deeds as well as to those of other nations who may not have more faithfully served their country in its time of need?

Returning through the woods to Plattsburg, on the 16th, Williams sent by one of his Rangers a confidential message to the Sault St. Louis Indians, to join them. He then became greatly troubled with conscientious scruples as to the morality of attempting to withdraw the British Indians from allegiance to their Government. He writes in his journal of having had a conference with Gen. Bloomfield on this question, and adds with great simplicity: "We agreed that if we could bring them over to the American side it was proper and justifiable."

Soon afterward several chiefs arrived from Sault St. Louis, Canada, and were presented to Gen. Bloomfield, who with Col. Clarke held a conference with them. A messenger, or scout, was then sent to the St. Regis Indians and to those of the Lake of the Two Mountains to inform them that powder was ready for them. A portion of those of St. Regis being found unfriendly to the American cause, the Commander-in-chief thought best to send troops to St. Regis. But they were charged to have a care not to injure the friendly part of the tribe. The attack proved successful. St. Regis was carried, a number of prisoners were captured, and the first flag was taken from the British during the war.

Mr. Williams at both Plattsburg and Albany received

orders for his Rangers, and on the 5th of November, by invitation of General Bloomfield, attended a secret council of war and presented his report, which he had written while lying ill in bed. As winter was approaching, they had hoped for an armistice, but Mr. Williams heard through his Rangers that the British were preparing to attack them at Plattsburg. On November 7th he received an order from the Commander-in-chief to return to Albany, but before starting was able to communicate to Gen. Bloomfield intelligence that the enemy was preparing for an attack. In the evening Generals Bloomfield and Mooers discussed with him the plans of the ensuing campaign, after which Williams sent out orders in different directions to the Rangers and information to the Indians, and the next morning he was on his way to Albany with haste, issuing orders as he went, to some of the posts. "Arriving at Albany on the 18th, he dined with the Commander-in-chief, and received from the War Department a complimentary communication concerning the efficient services of his corps and further instructions in relation to his department.

Williams was to leave for the north the next day, but snatched a few moments to have conversation with the Rev. Mr. Clowes, a Church clergyman at Albany, and obtain some religious advice. There a rather singular incident deserving of record occurred. A brilliantly illuminated missal, of the character in use in Cathedral churches on the Continent, lay on the study table of Mr. Clowes; at the sight of it young Williams, who was remarkable for his usually quiet and self-possessed demeanor, became suddenly agitated, it is said, to an astoning degree, so as almost to give the impression of temporary insanity, and in the most earnest manner, as if

some mysterious chord of feeling was touched, besought that it might be given him. The request was refused, not so much on account of the value of the book, as because the act was looked upon as of unaccountable eccentricity. But the singular event was long afterward recalled by the Rev. Mr Clowes's brother as having had a deeper meaning than was at the time supposed.

Mr. Williams hastened his return to Plattsburg, and there received important information from his Rangers. It is thus noted in his journal: "My communications to the council yesterday were received with attention. Gen. Smith was highly gratified with and ordered something extra to the Rangers to encourage them in their fidelity to the Government. The extensive power invested in me I have endeavored constantly to exercise with the greatest moderation. The great and glorious principles of religion I trust have governed all my acts. Thus far the War Department has approved my acts and also the officers with whom I have been immediately connected in these frontiers. Major General Mooers and Mr. Sailly of the custom department have been very useful to me in my movements."

In the battle that took place at Plattsburg, September 11, 1814, the British were defeated, though they far outnumbered the American forces. Various skirmishes took place during the winter, the enemy repelled by the officers in charge; among them Generals Macomber, Mooers, Major General Dearborn, and other men of note. The corps of Rangers under Williams's command were doing effective service by keeping them informed of every movement of the British. They fearlessly penetrated into the neighborhood of the enemy, to bring back information to Mr. Williams. Now word came to him that

an attack was meditated upon some posts on Lake Ontario, either Oswego or Sacketts Harbor.

"I learn," says Williams, "by the scouts, that Sir George Prevost has passed Prescott for Kingston. I have sent speedy communication to proper officers at Ogdensburg and Sacketts Harbor and requested the latter to alarm the officers at Oswego."

Later he learned that an attack had been made on Sacketts Harbor. The British were defeated by General Brown, after considerable loss on his side. But it was said that the timely information they had received through Mr. Williams saved Sacketts Harbor.

Later, March 17th, Mr. Williams writes: "We have heard much of the movements of the enemy. Saw some of the Indian Chiefs. Their future course was explained to them. Plattsburg, March 19th. I made my report to Col. Pike. He appeared to be satisfied. He has himself received instructions to proceed with his regiment to Sacketts Harbor. I am informed that Gen. Dearborn has gone thither." Then showing the deep religious part of his nature, Eleazer adds: "I had a long conversation with one of the officers of artillery upon religion, who to all appearance is an infidel." Again he records: "Although I am in the midst of the din of war, yet I do not forget my duty to God, it has been a blessed day with me. What can be more happy to a sinful creature than a close communion with God."

From Plattsburg he records: "We have the melancholy intelligence to-day that on the attack upon York near Toronto, Upper Canada, Col. Pike was slain, but that the place was taken on the 27th of April. I lament the loss of the amiable and brave Col. Pike." All indeed mourned over the death of this brave and noted officer, after

whom, upon one of his earlier expeditions, Pike's Peak was named. One of the last, if not the very last of his official letters, is prophetic. It has been handed down in our family, and is now by me. He thus addresses General Bloomfield, his commanding officer:

Sacketts Harbor, April 13, 1813.

"Dear General:

"Mr. Davis, who will deliver you this, will inform you that we expect to sail for ——— the moment the ice is entirely out. I shall lead a column of 1,500 men of the 6th, 15th, and 16th with Artillery and Light Troops. Should we not be victorious you will not hear of me again, but I take this opportunity my dear General of assuring you of my eternal gratitude and high esteem.

"Z. M. PIKE.

"General Joseph Bloomfield.

"N. B.—Ogden is well."

The Ogden alluded to was Lieutenant Ogden Bloomfield, nephew of General Bloomfield, who accompanied Colonel Pike to Canada. Shortly after they landed at York, Colonel Pike was killed and Lieutenant Ogden Bloomfield was shot just as he had captured a British flag. It was wrapped around his body, and he was brought on board the vessel that returned with Colonel Pike's remains.

We have given but a few prominent events connected with the War of 1812, in part as found in Eleazer Williams's journal, and merely to show the military side of his character, his executive ability and recognition as commander among men of distinction. When more troops were needed for border defense. Williams was

pressed into active service and proved a brave soldier. In one of the battles in which he took part, he received a wound, from the effects of which he suffered severely at times throughout his life.

Says the Rev. J. H. Hanson, his biographer: "The military life of Mr. Williams closed with its most brilliant if not its most arduous and trying hour. Entering the service of the United States in the first instance merely from a sense of duty and without any desire for personal distinction, which allures so many, he had fulfilled the part of a noble minded commander and gallant soldier. The nature of his office, a secret service, though responsible in the extreme and demanding the highest responsibility mental and moral kept him necessarily in the background, though he had the full confidence and esteem of Government and high military officers, who rightly estimated his worth because they reaped the fruits of it in almost every important event of the war. The public at large, though, knew little of the wisdom, integrity, fortitude and moderation which he had displayed.

"No one," continues Hanson, "not deeply prejudiced, or lost to discernment, can read the simple war journal of Mr. Williams unostentatiously truthful as a dying confession, without feeling here, in all the elements that make a man, a manly man. There are few tests of character like that of military life. Whatever a man has of good or evil in him is called forth and no *preux chevalier* of olden times could more modestly and stainlessly, I say nothing of courage, for that apart from other qualities is animal, with more of the spirit of Christian moderation and self sacrifice, have played his part, than Eleazer Williams."

During the whole of the war he never relinquished the idea of becoming an Indian missionary. He retired at

every opportunity to his room for prayer, meditation and study, having kindly thoughts even for his national enemies, and in the spirit of one of the noblest hearts that bled during the civil wars of England supplicating God for peace even on the battle-field.

Chapter XIV.

Removal to Wisconsin.

The young soldier, Eleazer Williams, was for some time confined to his room, suffering severely from the wound received in battle. When able to be moved he was taken to his old home in Caughnawaga among the St. Regis Indians, and sedulously attended by Thomas Williams, his reputed father, who restored him to health and strength through use of well known Indian herbs.

While feebly reposing on his sick-bed Eleazer's thoughts and aspirations went back to their old channel. Military glory or advancement, which he could easily have secured, had no part in his mind. It was still his great and earnest desire to be a soldier of Christ and fight under His banner against sin and evil; and he determined, if spared, to spend the remainder of his days in preaching the Gospel to the Indians. Most of the St. Regis Indians, with whom he had been brought up in boyhood, and who had, with many of the Mohawks, Oneidas and Onondagas earlier become Protestant Christians through missionary teachings, were now so completely under Roman Catholic influences and so prejudiced against the Protestants, that Williams saw he could not work to advantage with them.

His New England friends among the Congregationalists had been, and were still exceedingly kind to him; but his thoughts dwelt most upon the Episcopal Church and services, toward which even during war-times he had

through conversation and study a strong leaning. Says Mr. Hanson: "To his predilections for the Episcopal Church was added the belief that her ritual and discipline would be more serviceable to the Indians than the extemporaneous worship of other denominations, and accordingly, after his recovery, or in May, 1816, he made a journey to New York to lay his plans before Bishop Hobart and receive his advice. In his journal we find written: "I wish to make known to the Bishop my feelings in regard to the Episcopal Church. Her ministry, doctrines, discipline and mode of worship. I am fully persuaded they are in accordance with the word of God. I have read much upon the claims of the Church and I now firmly believe she is the true and sound part of the Church Militant, or Church of Christ. Church history has been my companion for more than a year. Several authors I have read on the subject."

It will thus be seen that it was through his own strong convictions and close study that Mr. Williams decided upon the step he was about to take. Later and other interviews with the Rev. Mr. Butler confirmed him in these views. He speaks of Mr. Butler with much affection, and as giving him letters to Bishop Hobart, of New York, the Rev. Mr. Clowes and Lieutenant Governor Taylor, of Albany. The Bishop, whom he had before met, received him, he says, with great cordiality, and appeared to be much gratified at his decision. The Bishop, we find, acknowledged the duty of the Church to the Indians, and promised his hearty co-operation in the design of Mr. Williams to go among them.

While in New York, he was confirmed and made his first Communion. It was in St. John's Church on the 21st of May, 1815, and from the hands of Bishop Hobart

and the Rev. R. T. Onderdonk. Of the kindness of the latter, with whom he stayed while in New York, he speaks in terms of gratitude and affection. It was decided by the Bishop to send him to the Oneidas as a catechist, lay-reader and school-teacher. And in this humble capacity he continued for six years in the State, performing all the duties of the minister except the administration of the Sacraments.

Says one familiar with those times: "So unobtrusive was he in this respect that although his labors were crowned with remarkable success, a whole tribe of heathens brought to confess Christ, and he enjoyed the full confidence of the Bishop Hobart he did not apply for ordination until the year 1826. He had as little desire for self-aggrandizement in the Church as in the army. Provided he rightly did the work assigned him, he was satisfied." Another person with his youth, capabilities and endowments would have despised the wigwams of the Indians, and sought for popularity and station in cities and in the applause of the wealthy and the intellectual. But personal display was not in his nature.

Almost instinctively young Williams seems to have attached himself everywhere to the highest and most gifted minds. "And there are few men," says Hanson, "who have adorned the annals of the country from John Randolph to General Taylor, of his day, who have not enjoyed the society and esteem of Eleazer Williams." But through all vicissitudes his affections reverted to the Indian hut, and to preach to them the glad tidings of salvation was the one absorbing desire of his heart.

The acceptance of Eleazer Williams by Bishop Hobart and his appointment to the Oneidas as teacher, catechist and lay-reader has already been stated with some account

of his work among them. The Confirmation service, for which he had made preparation, is said to have been the first occasion on which the Oneidas had been visited by an American Bishop, or the rite administered by one among them. The service was described by one present as deeply impressive. The unfinished chapel was filled to overflowing and the touching reverence of the Indians both young and old, was very affecting. Some of the clergy present were moved to tears, and so deeply affected that they withdrew to offer up prayers of thankful praise before the service was completed.

Mr. Williams acted as interpreter for the Bishop. He had been most faithful in his instructions to the Indians and was soon afterward admitted as a candidate for Deacon's Orders on the recommendation of the Standing Committee.

The following year the little Church built by them through much self-denial, was completed, and September 21, 1819, it was consecrated under the name of St. Peter's Church. On this occasion the Bishop confirmed 56 persons, and baptized 2 adults and 46 infants, all Oneidas.

Mr. Williams continued faithful in his services, but since he was not an ordained priest other clergymen occasionally visited the mission for the purpose of administering the Sacraments. The devoted Father Nash, pioneer missionary of Otsego County, held services there in connection with the Rev. Mr. Orderson of the Island of Barbadoes in the spring of 1821. On this occasion 5 adults and 50 children were baptized. In speaking of this visit Father Nash says: "In the month of May last I visited the Church at Oneida and with pleasure can testify to the excellent order observed. In no congregation,

although I have seen many solemn assemblies, have I beheld such deep attention and such humble devotion."

But the poor tried Indians were not long to enjoy their settlement, or the church they had worked so hard to erect. Of this period Miss Cooper writes most graphically:

"Important changes were at hand. The rapid encroachment of the white race, the sudden rush of civilization, began to trouble the Oneidas grievously. They were amazed and bewildered at the extraordinary changes going on about them. In past generations the advance of civilization had been gradual. But they were now hearing every day of some fresh tracks in the old forest, of some new town springing up as if by magic among the stumps of ancient woods where they had hunted the deer and the bear only a few years earlier. The four winds of heaven, as they swept over the Oneida cabins, seemed to bring every hour the echoes of this new life rushing into the wilderness, and with every rising sun they seemed to hear the strides of civilization coming nearer and nearer.

"They were greatly disturbed. Many were the talks and councils held among the chiefs; the red people have strong local attachments, they dread leaving their old home-ground, and the graves of their fathers; but they felt the dangers of their position, the whites were very powerful, they were weak and helpless. At Kunawaloa, Utica, they were surrounded by evil minded traders, and speculators, who coveted their lands. 'They stand in the way of the whites; they must be swept out!' was the cry of these unprincipled men. Ere long the question was decided. The Oneidas resolved to move into the wilderness towards the setting sun, beyond the great lakes."

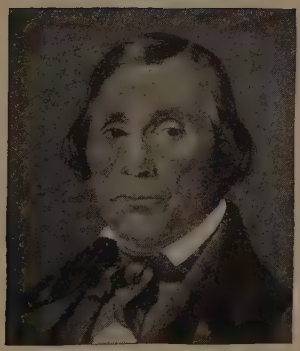
Mr. Williams, foreseeing this, had first, and with the

approval of some of their chiefs, gone to Wisconsin to look up lands for them. It was his great ambition and desire to found, if possible, a sort of Confederacy in the then wilderness territory somewhat upon the plan of their ancient League, though with church and schools, or a large college as their center. But he was falsely accused by some enemy, or jealous persons, of wishing to form an empire with himself as ruler, which indeed was furthest from his intentions. He had simply hoped to effect a favorable treaty between the Tuscaroras, Oneidas, and Stockbridge Indians with the Menominee and Winnebago tribes near Green Bay, who owned a large portion of that territory and who had felt willing to welcome the New York Indians among them. Arrangements were made for a great Council; but though a number of chiefs attended and a sort of treaty was effected, it did not, from the cause already stated, end favorably.

Mr. Williams, with the approval of Bishop Hobart, then went to Washington to urge upon the Hon. John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and others, to favor the Oneidas in a settlement in that part of Wisconsin, and this time, under Government patronage, he succeeded. And though "an Empire" as it had been derisively called, was not formed, the United States Government concluded a treaty with the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, giving them 65,000 acres of land in Wisconsin in consideration of yielding their lands in New York. Mr. Williams was not acting alone in this, but consulting with their chiefs, some of whom had examined the land and helped sign the treaty.

In alluding to that early time, the Rev. Mr. Merrill writes: "Foremost among the hereditary Oneida Chiefs was another Skenandoah, or 'Running Deer,' the last of

Chief Skenandoah



Chief Daniel Bread

the New York Chiefs and one of the most famous ones of the west. He was a descendant of the Skenandoah whom we have previously described. It was this later Skenandoah who in company with Eleazer Williams headed the Oneidas when they came from New York to Wisconsin. In his younger days he was of very striking appearance, being six feet tall and weighing about 200 pounds. A most noted orator of his tribe, he had much to do with its affairs. He was a delegate at Albany, N. Y., when the lands of the tribe in that State were sold, and also a representative to Washington when their removal to Wisconsin was being arranged with the Government. He was looked up to and had much authority as an adviser of his people not only at this important crisis in the removal of the tribe, but throughout his long life. Many and great were the changes that Skenandoah saw in his people from the time he brought them into what was then practically the great unknown Northwest until the close of his life in 1897.

"Another famous Chief of the Oneidas and the most noted of the Council Chiefs was the great orator Daniel Bread. He, too, was most prominent in the affairs of the Nation, both during their residence in New York, and after their establishment in the Wisconsin Home.

"Let us try and imagine the scene of one of the last famous Councils presided over by these great Chiefs of Oneida, Skenandoah and Bread. Picture the goodly array of Chiefs in coats, more, in blankets and decorated with feathers, wampum and vermilion. No one has brought his weapon of war, but all have come with the pipe, the sacred emblem of peace. They have been called to the Council to meet the Governor, and receive his proposition to sell this new country upon which they have

so recently settled, and move on again, this time beyond the Mississippi. This would involve the removal of all the Indians known as the New York Indians, the Brothertowns, the Stockbridges and the Oneidas. They are told they had already agreed in 1831, to sell their country whenever the President wished to purchase. This clause, however, had been fraudulently inserted after the treaty was signed at Washington.

"The Brothertown chiefs said their tribe had long since lost their own language, and had become so entirely identified with the whites in manners, habits and pursuits, that they were reluctant about moving and wished they might be permitted to remain as citizens of the United States. The Stockbridges wished first to examine the country which the President proposed to give them. It is said of the Stockbridges, that with their venerable Chief Metoxen at their head, they had for a long time professed Christianity, and every morning and evening during the session of the Council, they sung hymns to the Saviour and offered prayers. Their quiet behavior was also remarked upon as being in strong contrast with the noise and misconduct of some of the white men."

The Oneidas were totally averse to removal. The Chiefs of the "First Christian Party," as the Oneidas were called, did not come to the Council, until they were sent for the third time. And then their orator, Chief Daniel Bread came into prominence. His speech made at this Council, shows the dignity of his clear oratory.

"Father: What we have long feared has at last come to us. We have just settled in this country; have hardly laid down the packs from our shoulders and recovered from the fatigue of our journey here, when you wish us again to remove. It is discouraging. It discourages

those that have come out from New York, and those left behind.

"Father: The white men are powerful, and they are rich. You can turn the river of the water; you can dig away the mountain; why then do you want the little spot that we have? It is but a little time since, and we possessed the whole country; now you have gained all but a few spots. Why will you not permit us to remain?

"Father: We are thankful for the good example of the white man. They have taught us to cultivate our lands; we wish to follow that example still; we have felt the effects of removal. It is like a feather blown about by the wind; we wish to be like those heavy substances which stay in the ground. If we are like the feather, we may soon be blown beyond the Rocky Mountains.

"Father: We are in great distress. We go to our work, and while cutting down the trees, it seems as if a whip were held over us. Something tells us, 'This is not yours.'

"Father: You promise us a good country beyond the Mississippi. We are satisfied with the soil and climate where we now are, and besides, how can we live in peace with the natives there? In former years, they have had war with our people; we killed many of them; blood is yet on the knife. How can we meet them in peace?

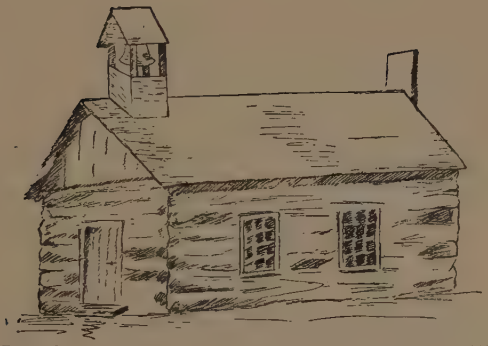
"Father: We have long shown our good feeling to the white man, by giving them room. We have given them lands, until they have a greater country than Great Britain. It is not yet full. Why then will you not suffer us to remain? The white people in our neighborhood do not disturb us; we wish to live with them still; we want to remain where we are."

It was in the year 1823, that their removal from New York seemed inevitable and was decided upon, when a

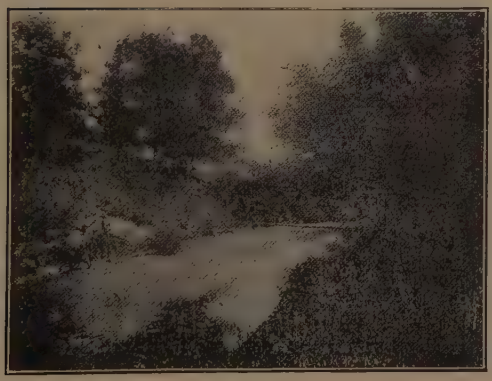
large portion of the Oneidas, preceded by Eleazer Williams and their Chief Skenandoah, left New York for their new home. The position chosen by their chiefs was a valley, or strip of land, 8 or 9 miles wide and 12 long, a few miles west of Green Bay, Wisconsin. A small stream ran through it, where the Indians could fish; and here were wild fowl in abundance. The little river they named Ta-lon-ga-wa-nay, "the place of the many ducks"; and their Reservation was long known as the Duck Creek Mission. The great arm of Lake Michigan known to us as Green Bay, became in their speech Haw-ha-La-lik-ong-gay, "the home of many men."

The land they had purchased was an unbroken forest, and the streams which threaded this wilderness had worn for themselves deep channels, from which the timber land rose in easy elevation on either bank, assuming here and there the dignity of hills. The forest was chiefly composed of pine, oak, chestnut and maple. The Oneidas were busy people in getting settled on their Reservation. The first step of the red people was to build wigwams of bark along the banks of the streams; then came the clearing of a small space in the forest for the little fields of maize, beans and potatoes.

The toil of the first year was severe, and it fell chiefly upon the women. The Oneida men, at heart, still despised field labor. However they supplied the families well with game, venison, wild turkeys, duck and fish. Matters went on quietly and steadily in the new country. The bark wigwams disappeared; cabins of unhewn logs took their place. The size of the little fields was enlarged. The number of cattle and sheep increased. After a time, the men went to work more in earnest; cows, and oxen, and swine were purchased; the plough was set in motion;



Log Church Built by Eleazer Williams about 1825
The Original Hobart Church



Duck Creek

a few horses appeared on the largest farms. Still the people were very poor and had many hardships to contend with. They mourned for the old gardens and orchards, and fruit trees they had left behind them. But with help from their faithful missionary, Eleazer Williams, they were encouraged to plant fruit trees, cultivate their grounds, and send their children to him for instruction. Though slowly, they were steadily making more hopeful advancements on their Reservation.

Every Sunday the little flock gathered for public worship beneath the shade of the old trees. Other small bands arrived, from time to time, from the old home. A little church was built, of hewn logs. The task was undertaken with a good will; men and women all were ready to lend a helping hand. The timber was chosen standing; in the old forest these trees were felled, the bark was removed, and the logs were neatly squared.

When the little building was completed, a name had to be chosen. The Oneidas wished to know if their little rude church of logs, so far away in the wilderness, might bear the name of their "Father," Bishop Hobart. Their wish was complied with, and their church still bears today the name of "Hobart Church." The accompanying sketch of the little log church was made from a description of it, given by one of the very old women of the tribe, who could just remember how the building looked.

Bishop Hobart was not unmindful of them, though removed from his State and jurisdiction. He visited them in their new home and gave them much helpful advice. Although small bands were arriving at the new reservation, a considerable number of the Oneidas were still upon their old grounds in New York. Through Mr. Williams's efforts, with approval from Bishop Hobart

and the Board of Missions, Mr Solomon Davis was sent as missionary catechist and teacher among them. Mr. Williams kindly had him installed in his own quarters, and gave him the use of his books, as well as much helpful advice. A salary of $500 from the Government and the Missionary Board was also secured for Mr. Davis, though Mr. Williams, of retiring disposition, had not asked for such help for himself. He had worked patiently with his own hands towards his support, receiving only a small annual stipend of $150 from the Mission Society and what little help the Indians could give him.

In the meantime, Mr. Williams was working hard for them all at the West, to secure as favorable a treaty from the Menominees and Winnebagoes, as also some help and influence from Government. There, however, seemed to be some influence at work against him; his acts and motives were misjudged. While the First Christian Party were as one with him, the Second Christian Party, evidently instigated by some one, were misrepresenting his acts and motives, and unexpectedly showed unwillingness to leave their old ground. They declared it was Mr. Williams who was the sole cause of their removal, to aid his own ambitious designs. And yet many of them had approved of it, felt the encroachments of the whites, and knew that a portion of their lands was in jeopardy through some previous boundary line pre-emption claims.

These Indians, it was thought, had been influenced through a spirit of jealousy; and, let us hope, without knowledge of the lasting effect of scattering such evil seeds. For some time Mr. Williams could not understand these insidious reports or see that they were creating difficulties in securing as generous a treaty from the Menominees as at first had been expected, indeed, pro-

posed by them. Yet undoubtedly it created, and was the cause of added trouble, then and later, in a right adjustment and agreement to some parts of the treaty made at that time. But these wrongs and difficulties we would not now enter into. They are among the complicated and unpleasant events of the past.

Much time and money, out of Mr. Williams's own limited means, were expended by him in going back and forth to Washington to settle these affairs. An effort made to ascertain who were his detractors, resulted in finding that they were instigated, possibly through jealousy, by a young person whom he had befriended. With a Christian spirit almost beyond compare, Mr. Williams quietly bore his trials, and to the one who had been inciting a system of calumny against him he wrote, informing him of what he had learned, and at the same time giving him some friendly advice as to the pursuit of his studies.

Happily these false reports had no influence whatever against Mr. Williams with the Bishop and other men of note, who encouraged him in all his efforts at the West for the removal of the Oneidas. And later, on the eve of his ordination, we hear that the person, whose name we refrain from mentioning, went with a few chiefs of the Second Christian Party to the Bishop and withdrew all the charges that had been made against Mr. Williams. But could he recall the evil seeds sown that, like thistle-down, had been blown broadcast, and had taken root in the hearts of many?

Chapter XV.

Ordination and Retirement.

On first going to Green Bay, the Rev. Mr. Williams had found Colonel Pinkney, his old friend and comrade in the War of 1812, in command of the garrison there. And he, together with his officers, received Mr. Williams with great cordiality. While delayed at the Bay for some time, to effect a treaty, he regularly held church services in the garrison, except administering the Sacrament. They are said to have been the very first services of our Church ever held west of Lake Michigan. These services were so well attended, often by more than 300 persons, that a neat chapel was fitted up. With conscientious zeal, beloved by many, Mr. Williams thus labored for Christ's sake. He received no missionary stipend or other remuneration than occasional gratuities from the officers.

Says a writer familiar with those times: "Mr. Williams might have gained wealth and position had money been his object; he might have acquired military, or political importance had ambition been his ruling passion. He was simply an enthusiast for the welfare of others." While with the garrison at Green Bay, Mr. Williams became acquainted with a young lady of French and Indian extraction, named Magdeline Hobart Jourdan. The father is said to have been a near relative of Marshall Jourdan, one of Bonaparte's officers. The mother

was a Menominee Indian, and through her parents Magdeline was put in possession of 4,000 or 5,000 acres of land on the borders of the Fox River, a few miles distant from Green Bay. The land in question was one of those tracts that had long been known as the hunting-ground of the Jourdans.

The young lady is said to have been very beautiful and of great personal attraction. She was educated, accomplished, and possessed rare sweetness of disposition. Mr. Williams was united to her in marriage at Green Bay, March 3, 1823. The Rev. J. H. Hanson, who writes very interestingly of those times, says: "To avoid all future trouble concerning the title of the property, it was on the 22nd of August, 1825, made over to Mrs. Williams by deed from the Chiefs, Warriors and head men of the Menominee Nation in which they say: 'For and in consideration of their love and friendship for Magdeline Williams and her heirs of the Menominee Nations, and in consideration of the sum of $50, they gave, bargained, sold and quit-claimed the said property to her and her heirs forever.' "

To make it more sure, as property was then held by the husband only, we find that, "In article 9 of the treaty of 1838, between R. H. Gillet, Commissioner on the part of the United States, and the Chiefs of the New York Indians, this property was guaranteed to Mr. Williams in fee simple by patent from the President." This was a mere form, and understood to have no connection whatever with remuneration by Government for services rendered by Mr. Williams to the Indians, since it was his wife's estate, and owned by her at the time of her marriage. And yet later it was unjustly so considered; for on account of these lands belonging to his wife, Mr.

Williams was not remunerated by Congress, as he should have been.

The property became involved through financial trouble, until only a few acres and the farmhouse were finally left to Mrs. Williams; these she occupied at the time of her death. In a similar way, Mr. Williams was not only later defrauded, through unjust appeals made to the St. Regis Indians, out of what was justly his due, but even in after life was accused of defrauding those for whom he had cheerfully sacrificed time, means and all he possessed.

In justice to him, we would recall one instance of the world's misjudgments. Government acknowledged the provision made in a treaty to remunerate the chiefs, warriors and agent of the Oneidas, and for $5,000 to be appropriated to Mr. Williams, acting as such for them. Though his claim, and admitted by the Commissioner to be just, for services and expenses met by him, should have been $8,000, he did not receive even the smaller sum during his stay at Duck Creek. And most singularly this effort became mixed up with a later claim by the St. Regis Indians for Mr. Williams.

They were petitioning Government for $5,000, $4,000 of which they wished and fully intended should go to Mr. Williams as his due. And to this fact W. L. Grey the interpreter gave his affidavit. "They refused," he said, "to receive the whole $5,000, because they knew that $4,000 of that money had been promised Mr. Williams." After this statement they received the $1,000, but the rest of the money due, as with the Green Bay treaty, remained unpaid.

Some years later, in June, 1850, the chiefs of the American part of the St. Regis Indians addressed a peti-

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tion to the President on behalf of Mr. Williams, stating that they had no claim whatever to this money, and that some unauthorized person was trying to obtain it for them with the expectation of fee; that it was due to Mr. Williams as their agent; that he had expended a large sum on their behalf; and that the Commissioner, Mr. Schermerhorn, had certified his right to it. "Mr. Williams," they said, "is entitled to receive the $4,000 as he has honorably fulfilled the stipulation of the treaty. We have been remunerated for the money expended by the tribe, but not so with our agent, and we hope the money as before stated, will no longer be withheld from him."

One would suppose that Congress would at once have acted upon this appeal. But another delay occurred, and the same wily lawyer, Hon. R. H. Gillet, who had drawn up the papers connected with Mrs. Williams's lands, and knew they were hers alone, in some way convinced members of Congress that Mr. Williams had already received sufficient lands to remunerate him for his services to the Oneidas, and the St. Regis Indians also.

Says the Rev. Mr. Hanson: "The facts in the case, and I shall confine myself to evident facts, are these, that after the St. Regis Indians had repeated and solemnly renounced all rights and title to the $4,000 in favor of Mr. Williams, Mr. Gillet although being aware of his claims, made efforts to induce some of the St. Regis Indians to apply for the money, through him, for themselves which they finally did. I do not say a word to impugn his perfectly *honorable* disinterestedness. That is a question I will not touch upon. My only aim is to vindicate the character of Mr. Williams. You can judge, though of the necessity for this when you hear that Mr. Gillet stated in Congress, as before; 'I cannot

see that Mr. Williams has especial claims upon the fund after receiving his valuable lands, which certainly are equal to the value of any services rendered by him.' "

Could there be anything more unjust? And we would add, can any prejudiced mind now believe that the Indians were defrauded by Mr. Williams? On the contrary, we see that he was defrauded twice over, and not only of money his due, but of what was a thousand times of more value to him and his family, a just and honorable name. Says one who knew him well: "The pen almost grows weary with recording even in the briefest manner, the troubles, disappointments, injuries and insults heaped on this suffering man. From first to last it is impossible to discover any instance in which he departed from the strict course of duty and honor. All who had aided to increase the burdens of his life, at some period bore witness to his worth. But the complicated web of injustice and wrong goes on steadily increasing to the end."

Solomon, the wise, tells us "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." And surely Mr. Williams realized this to a more remarkable degree than falls to the lot of many. From his earliest childhood he certainly had a large share of trials, sufferings and sorrows. Says one, "The result of all exertions from boyhood of Mr. Williams for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Indians was the loss of everything. Every event in his life had gone against him, health, property, home sacrificed and reputation endangered, and simply because he was in a way unfortunate and unable to cope with the various difficulties that surrounded him."

While among the Oneidas in the State of New York, Mr. Williams had rearranged Brant's Mohawk Prayer

Book, and with help from Bishop Hobart, had had it republished. A few years later he made an entire translation of his own, and also prepared a spelling-book for them. When their removal from New York was thought best, it was with reluctance he gave up his mission for a time, to go forth, as others advised, to seek a new country for them. Long years after, he pointed out to a friend a most beautiful spot near the Fox River, and said: "It is here I would have reared a great school and also a University for the Oneidas, Menominees, and all the Indians of this Territory."

But from the first, as we have already shown, he was misunderstood, and his motives and desires for them were so misjudged that deep clouds rested over him, apparently small in the beginning, but increasing in size, darkness and oppressive weight. However, bearing the Indians in his daily thoughts and prayers, Mr. Williams left the easier position he was gaining at Green Bay for the Reservation at Duck Creek, to teach and help them give a more cultivated and home-like look to their new settlement. At times he suffered severely from ill-health.

Says one familiar with that period: "While Mr. Williams's mental powers were vigorous, and his exertions intense, every season of exertion was followed by a prostration of health. It was so in the present instance. He continued, however, laboring unweariedly, for his duties were such as scarcely to admit of cessation. At length, in the midst of his favorite Christmas solemnities, his voice failed while chanting, and bleeding of the lungs ensued. This attack was followed by a long and severe illness.

Mr. Williams's ordination had long been postponed, in

part from his being a supposed Indian, though, as all admitted, he did not bear the slightest resemblance to one, and in part from his own retiring disposition. But in the spring of 1826, and in the hopes of bringing the detractions injuring him at the East to an immediate issue, he decided that it was best for him to be ordained. When Bishop Hobart was appealed to, he approved, and as he knew of some of Eleazer's trials, he appointed St. Peter's Church, Oneida County, the scene of his former labors and home of his detractors, as the place where the rite should be performed.

The signatures to the canonical recommendation were of the most gratifying kind. As already shown, the false charges made against Mr. Williams were formally withdrawn the evening before the ordination, "and," says Mr. Hanson, "by one who had not ceased to blacken the reputation of a man every way his superior, and whose literary labors he even had no hesitation to pass for his own."

But all seemed bright now to Eleazer Williams. The Bishop, accompanied by eight prominent clergymen from the city of New York and elsewhere, were met at a distance by a delegation of chiefs and others, and in their usual manner escorted to the church. After morning prayer and the confirmation of a large number of Indians, the Bishop, it is said, made an address of apostolic simplicity, which was interpreted to the Indians. At its conclusion several of the chiefs who had accompanied Mr. Williams from Wisconsin stood by, and one after another each placed his hand as token of assent on the right shoulder of the one next before him, the foremost one, placing his hand upon the shoulder of the candidate for ordination.

Mr. Williams, as the representative of them all, then

addressed the Bishop on behalf of those who had adhered to and followed him to the West, praying him still to extend his paternal care over them in spiritual things after their departure to their distant and new home. The Bishop is said to have affectionately responded with the zealous fervor so characteristic of him. We cannot here give his address in full, but he closed with these words:

"You go forth the first Indian vested by our Church with the commission without which no man can rightly minister in holy things. Duties and difficulties you will have of no ordinary kind. To discharge these duties and overcome these difficulties exert all your powers and call forth that grace of God's Spirit which you must constantly implore. Great your labor, great your difficulties, but great also may be your reward—what a transcendent reward is the prospect of the fulfilment to you of the gracious promise: 'They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.' "

With these words ringing in his ears, Mr. Williams knelt at the feet of his friend and Bishop and received in ordination the Apostolic Laying on of Hands. The prospect seemed once more bright before him, and surrounded with the fruits and evidences of past labors, and with a heart beating high with the hope of converting into a smiling garden the western wilderness which was to be the scene of his future toils, he rose to carry thither the cross and preach the Gospel to the Indians.

After his return to Duck Creek, he was reappointed missionary to the Oneidas, glad to spend his life among the people he loved, and who were now in larger numbers coming to their new home in the west. His position, however, was peculiar. Says one: "He was not only spiritual pastor over the Indians, but their secular cham-

pion, for he could not cease to defend the disputed title to their newly acquired possessions."

We find that not only was it Mr. Williams's desire, but that a stipulation was made in the treaty to establish two large schools for the Menominees and the Oneidas. This treaty was not ratified at once, as it should have been by Government, neither could Mr. Williams get assistance in building the schools as promised. When after much trouble and anxiety, and expensive journeys to Washington, he failed, the Menominees on this account backed out of their compact and refused the number of acres promised. All the blame was then thrown upon Mr. Williams.

After persistent efforts, however, Government was finally roused to ratify them in a grant of 65,000 acres in the upper part of Wisconsin. Mr. Williams had felt bound in honor and duty to fight for them; for he could not tamely permit them to be altogether despoiled by a few unprincipled Indians and politicians of what was designed to be the magnificent heritage of their children. How some of his measures on their behalf were defeated, or how many of his best endeavors for them fell through, we cannot now enter upon. But to the Rev. Eleazer Williams, more than any other man, is due the credit for the Oneidas' finally faring as well as they did.

There were those who better understood business affairs, and knew how to take advantage of the least loophole they could find and so turn things to suit themselves, and it was this Mr. Williams had to contend against. He had one great fault, or failing. He was no financier. The most he seems to have cared for in acquiring lands, or money, was for his "Oneida children," as he often termed them. He was long in receiving what was due

him by the Government for services during the War of 1812, and this, we find, was nearly all spent in their interest and in defending their rights. To his own interests he seems to have paid little attention. From the Board of Missions for his church work he received, after his reappointment, a salary of $62.50 per quarter year. For this small sum he was expected not only "to perform the ordinary duties of a clergyman, but to keep, or cause to be kept without additional charge to the Society, a permanent school for the instruction of the children of the Oneida Indians and such others as may desire it."

Amid his many and arduous duties, and in order that the children might be better cared for, we hear of his hiring a teacher at a salary of $150 or $200 a year, while the surplus constituted his only remuneration for looking after the spiritual and temporal welfare of them all. And at this very time, and for years afterward, he was forced to defend their rights, at his own expense. Trial upon trial seems to have followed him, and all borne with a meek Christian spirit, while his journal is full of devout expressions of prayer and praise for the least mercy received. He was gifted, too; wrote music and poetry, and is said to have preached excellent sermons with great earnestness.

At one time, when taking his wife to New York, where she was confirmed by Bishop Hobart, they received marked attention, and everywhere he was thought by his looks and manners to be a Frenchman with a decidedly marked bearing of the Bourbons. Miss Susan F. Cooper, who had travelled abroad, and had met members of the Orleans family, as well as seen portraits of Louis XVI., was struck by the likeness to them seen in the Rev.

Eleazer Williams. She met him in society in Washington, in 1856, and says: "He had the Bourbon cast of features familiar to us, and his face was remarkably like that of Louis XVI. A sermon preached by him in the Church of the Epiphany at this time was very impressive."

Whenever Mr. Williams was questioned as to his childhood he could give no definite reply more than to say, "all is a blank to me." He had no conception, when so questioned, of its being supposed by some that he might be the lost Dauphin. He was simply mystified by hints given him by a priest and others that "he was, perhaps, of higher birth than of the St. Regis Indians," and thought it possible that he might have been left among them by some distinguished Frenchman.

After the accident in childhood, and his return to consciousness, he had at times a vague and indefinite remembrance of a hideous face to which he could attach neither name nor place; of being once in a room where there were persons magnificently dressed, and lying on the carpet with his head resting against the silk dress of a lady; of splendid architecture; of troops exercising in a garden, and things of a similar character, all, however, in chaotic confusion, indistinct and unconnected, like a dream, a phantom of the night; so he paid little attention to these things. His duty and life-work for the Indians he felt was of the most importance.

But, says the Rev. Mr. Hanson, his contemporary: "The misconceptions of his best endeavors were enough to appal any one. Human nature can only endure a certain amount of hardship, disappointment and trouble, and the energies of the strongest will relax. His health was bad, his prospects clouded, and his difficulties of all kinds daily increasing. If he succumbed in severe depression under

the accumulated burden it is only what another would have done." But once more Mr. Williams rallied his energies. An appeal was made to the benevolence of the Church through Bishop Onderdonk to help sustain the mission at Duck Creek. He at once kindly summoned a missionary meeting at Christ Church, New York, and much was promised, but it is said, like most affairs of the kind, there was more sound than substance about it, and the small collection made on the occasion and the few dollars Mr. Williams obtained in Connecticut and Western New York were of little permanent benefit to the mission.

Now feeling his physical inability for exertion he was anxious to retire from the mission but agreed to continue it for another year at the request of the Bishop. At this time he was to have been admitted to Priest's Orders, from which out of diffidence he had abstained. But the approach of cholera hastened his return to the West, that he might be at his post if the pestilence attacked his people. This year's labors and its added trials we cannot now recount. In September, 1830, or 1831, Mr. Williams, finding that dissensions among his congregation growing out of an act of discipline could not be allayed, and having neither heart nor strength to contend with those for whose services he had devoted his life, resigned his charge, after preaching a most earnest and touching sermon.

Says one who knew him well: "If ever there was a man who had proved he had at heart the temporal and spiritual welfare of his people, and desired to spend and be spent for them, it was the Rev. Eleazer Williams." After six years among the Indians in New York, and eight or more years on the Reservation at Duck Creek, he felt unfitted for service elsewhere, and thought it best to

retire to his farm on Fox River, and in peace and retirement with his family recruit his health, worn down by fatigue, anxiety and sorrow.

He is said to have celebrated Christmas with a few friendly Indians at his farm. And his journal for that year closes with devout aspirations to God: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in him, and grant us to enjoy the day which the Patriarch foresaw and the Prophets foretold and the righteous men of the earth desired, Hosanna to the Son of David who comes in the name of the Lord!"

Mr. Williams never showed resentment against his enemies, but in the same sweet and humble Christian spirit he seems to have bowed to whatever befell him. The winter, spring and summer passed rapidly to him, and we find his thoughts once more turned toward the Indians and what he could do for them. The family at St. Regis were nearly all gone, and mostly through consumption, except the mother, whom he had not seen in a long time and towards whom he had always paid a dutiful respect, though he had ceased to believe himself her son; so he turned his steps thither.

As his own family, and all his means of subsistence were at Fox River, he did not propose a permanent residence in the State of New York, but thought he might be instrumental in founding an Indian Protestant school which another could conduct. He seems to have grieved that they were so completely under Romish influences. He worked hard among them for some time at Caughnawaga and Hogansburg, trying to establish schools, going back and forth to his family in Wisconsin as often as his limited means would permit.

Chapter XVI.

The Lost Prince.

It was while Mr. Williams was engaged in his work at Hogansburg that publicity was given to the claim that in this humble Indian missionary might be found a solution to the mystery connected with the lost Dauphin of France. Mr. Williams had received word that the Prince de Joinville was in this country and was intending to go to Green Bay to see him. At that time he does not seem to have had the slightest idea why the Prince should wish to see him, for in speaking of it afterward he said: "I was surprised with the communication but supposed however that as I had resided for a long time in the west and had been Chaplain to General Taylor he might desire some local information he was told I could give him as readily as most men."

Mr. Williams at once hastened his return to the Bay when quite unexpectedly he boarded the same boat from Mackinac to Green Bay on which the Prince de Joinville and some of his suite already were. When well under way the captain informed him that the Prince wished to speak to him. Mr. Williams in reply sent back his compliments with the word that he would be at his service at any time. When brought to Mr. Williams the Prince started visibly, and is reported to have been much agitated. The Captain and members of his suite noticed it, as also the great deference shown Mr. Williams by the

Prince. Their conversation was upon ordinary subjects concerning the West and his work among the Indians. But every look and gesture the Prince noted and seemed affected by. He wished Mr. Williams to be placed beside him at dinner, but this the missionary declined.

When they reached the Bay the Prince was anxious to have Mr. Williams stop with him at the Astor House, but he refused, promising to meet him in the evening.

In the meantime he hastened to his family at Fox River. It was in the evening, on his return to Green Bay, and at the Astor House, that the Prince de Joinville is said to have informed him that he was the Dauphin, or rather the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. It was a startling and painful interview to Mr. Williams, and he was so overcome that the Prince left him for a time, after placing a parchment in French and English before him to read and sign.

Over and over again he read it. It was a formal abdication of the throne of France in favor of Louis Philippe, by himself, Louis XVII., King of France and Navarre, with all the accompanying names and titles of honor, according to the customs of the old French monarchy. In consideration of this abdication, a princely establishment should be secured to him either in America, or France; and Louis Philippe would see to the restoration of the private property of Louis XVI., destroyed by the French Revolution. After much deliberation, Mr. Williams decided against signing the document.

Afterward, in speaking of it he said: "It was a deeply painful and harrowing time, and I cannot tell you, and you cannot imagine, how I felt when trying to decide the question; but I finally told the Prince that whatever might be the personal consequences to myself, I felt that

I could not be the instrument of bartering away with my own hand the right pertaining to me by birth, and sacrificing the interests of my family, and that I could only give him the answer which De Provence gave to another ambassador of Napoleon at Warsaw: 'Though I am in poverty and exile I will not sacrifice my honor.'"

We cannot dwell upon this interview or the effects of this singular communication to Mr. Williams. It was with no elation but more of a shock, with deep depression, and at times with almost horror, as he recalled the treatment of his parents and his own exile. Again, a rebellious questioning as to why it should have been; then a humble confession to his Heavenly Father as to the sinfulness of such thoughts, when he dismissed them.

To many letters of enquiry he made no reply, saying, "the subject is a very afflictive one to me. It has been, and is, a very great annoyance from which I would gladly be delivered." To his friend, the Rev. Mr. Hanson, he once wrote: "You cannot be surprised, reverend Sir, when I say that my feelings have been such at times as no person could describe, nor tongue express. I am in a state of exile among the Indians, and although connected with a Christian Church with means in abundance to sustain her humble, and self-denying missionaries, I am often in need. It is true I am allowed a small salary, but scarcely sufficient to clothe me. But I still continue to labor in the cause of my Divine Master; I seek not an earthly crown but a heavenly, where we shall be made kings and priests unto God. To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Gracious is the promise of my Blessed Saviour; 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'" At times, it is true, Mr. Williams's ambition was roused, and he very deeply felt, as

he said, the strangeness of his position and the news imparted to him. But as a general thing, he not only fully realized the futility of seeking for restoration in France, but at heart he was a truly humble Christian, loving God and seeking to serve Him as King of Kings through his appointed work to teach the heathens. It has been very oddly stated, that among other things which caused him to abandon all thoughts of going to France to claim his rights, was a game of chess with its many intricate moves.

In a letter to his father, Jacques D'Arminville of France, the son writes: "I reached this Settlement in June (referring to Green Bay). I found ready employment with the Hudson Bay Company. I was directed for learning Indian words to Lazarre Williams, who understood both the French and Indian languages. Never was I more surprised than when that man stood before me. Tall, impressive, commanding, his eyes deep-set and dark, and a keen fearless look that brought back the time that I was privileged to look upon the features of my Monarch. When I told him of my purpose in seeking him out, he readily promised to teach me the language of his children, as he called them. He was a missionary, absorbed in his work among the Indians, and found little time for recreation, but I, who loved the game, instructed him in chess.

"Often he spoke to me of his high origin, declaring a purpose of returning to his native land and claiming his heritage. This, I believe, he would have done had I not shown him the game of chess. One evening we sat over a game. I taught him more moves; the game fell to me. For a time he sat musing, then he raised his head and said determinedly: 'I see now the futility of vain ambition and hope of glory. Better am I to be here as a

servant of God among savages than to be seated on the throne of my fathers. A man who is a true subject of the highest of kings, is greater than earthly potentates.' Though I saw him often after this, he never again mentioned his ambition."

At parting Mr. Williams gave his friend a few choice relics of the Bourbons in his possession, which are said now to be owned by a grandson, Francis D'Arminville.

Some have wondered that the Prince de Joinville should have made such a disclosure to the Rev. Mr. Williams, living in comparative obscurity. Others, on this account, and with doubt as to any one's rejecting such a splendid offer as the Prince's are said to have scouted at the whole story as utterly improbable. The fact, however, of his coming to this country and seeking out Mr. Williams cannot be controverted; it was too generally known. The reason for this disclosure was undoubtedly the fear that his father, Louis Philippe, who is said to have sent him, felt that some one in America might reveal to Mr. Williams his birth and heritage and influence him to come to claim it.

His cruel uncle, as Louis XVIII., had after ten years' reign died, and his brother the Duke d'Artois had become Charles X. Fears had, as we know, been entertained by both Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. as to the loyalty of either of these two brothers towards their son, the Dauphin. Each took part in the stirring conflicts of France, first one party, then the other, the Bonapartist, having ascendency. At the time of the revelation, Eleazer's relative Louis Philippe was in possession of the throne. But his reign was not popular, and he was driven into exile a few years later. No doubt a constant fear was felt by these usurpers, and perhaps some compunctions of conscience.

Eleazer Williams seems to have been closely watched over from the time he was placed among the Indians. Priests among the St. Regis, or at Montreal, were evidently in possession of a secret of some kind, from the hints they threw out and the efforts made to convert him to Romanism. The Williams family, staunch Catholics, held tight whatever secret they had, partly under the influence of their priest, who hated Lazarre, as he was often called, for being a Protestant, and therefore did not wish for his advancement; so it was long before he suspected that he was merely adopted by Williams, neither his name nor his Baptism was found recorded among those of the other 11 children. Mrs. Williams, the last of the family, if questioned, would neither deny nor confess to his being her son.

It was well known during Eleazer's childhood that Thomas Williams, the reputed father, went to Albany at stated times and returned with money, without any ostensible ways of getting it, and that Lazarre's education and clothing were well seen after. The Prince de Joinville, as well as others in France, must have known of some of these facts, and also that there was a man of the name of Bellanger in some part of America who might before his death betray the whole well guarded secret. So it seemed best to disclose it themselves, with what they thought would prove, with secrecy, a magnificent offer to the poor missionary.

Prince de Joinville soon saw his mistake, and that he had to deal not only with a humble missionary but with a proud Bourbon, a noble man, not willing to sell for a mess of pottage his birthright and heritage, though nothing might ever come of it to his family or to himself. And this was all perfectly characteristic of the man—"a name-

less something," says one, "that at all times gave credence to the story of his being of far higher birth than in the wigwam of the Indian."

The scope of our book will not allow us to give a full biographical sketch of this remarkable man, this supposed "Lost Prince." Whole books have been devoted to the almost exhaustless subject of trying to prove that Eleazer Williams was the true Dauphin, only, on account of a missing link, to leave it still clouded in mystery. As with the "Man of the Iron Mask," so long a puzzle to Europeans, it can only be conjecture and probably will never be known with certainty until all earthly mysteries are made plain.

After the Prince de Joinville's visit to America an article appeared in "Putnam's Magazine," New York, that created some sensation and was the means afterwards of calling forth numerous known facts in connection with the missing Dauphin, and of his having been brought to this country and supposedly placed among the Indians. A few of these we will present in a brief and condensed form. But first it may be best to give some account of the child's early life. We must pass over the French Revolution and its horrors, the outcome of long years of oppression on the part of the privileged nobility; of poverty and suffering on the part of the peasant and the artisan; of heavy taxation and mismanagement of national resources. During the resulting strife thousands of French citizens were killed, the monarchy was overthrown, and a republic established. King Louis XVI., his beautiful Queen, Marie Antoinette, and their two children were confined in the Tower of the Temple, so called because it was a part of the former establishment of the Knights-Templars. Here they were closely guarded, and

subjected to many cruel indignities. Soon there were voices clamoring for the death of the King. He was sent to the guillotine, and his last words to his "unhappy people" were drowned by the roll of drums.

The Queen was left with her children; but not long afterwards the Dauphin, a bright and beautiful boy, whose education his parents had been trying to carry on in prison, was taken from his mother and placed in lower rooms of the Tower, in charge of a rough and cruel man, the cobbler Simon, with the derisive assertion that he "could see to his education."

This last act of cruelty is supposed to have been instigated by the King's brother, who was looking to the throne if the royalists should once more gain the ascendency. In that case, the Dauphin must be removed from his path. The republicans, to whom this crowning infamy was secretly suggested, carried it into effect by placing the child of eight years under confinement, in the power of a merciless jailor. History tells us that he was constantly cuffed and beaten, and was forced to deaden his senses with liquor, and to sing songs in which coarse allusions were made to the beautiful mother whom he had idolized and treated with courtly attention. He was too young to understand the nature of the songs he sang. He only knew that he would be made to suffer if he did not implicitly obey his cruel jailor. If things went wrong with Simon, he wreaked his anger on the Dauphin. We read that once the cobbler tore down a coarse hanging towel so roughly that the nail came with it, and struck the child with such force on his head as to make great bleeding cuts that scarred him for life. Another time, for not answering some one calling at the Tower as he was expected to answer, Simon gave his victim a blow that rendered him

senseless. He was so long in returning to consciousness that the cobbler was alarmed. These blows, together with other rigors of his confinement, made him for a time a mental wreck.

To toss and play with a ball had been a favorite amusement of the Prince in happier days; and this ball he was often forced to play with when visitors came to the Temple, that he might appear to be well and happy. Occasionally he was taken to the top of the Tower, not for his pleasure, but because his jailor wished to take the air and have a look over the surrounding country. At these times, the mother imprisoned above and hearing them come up the stairs, would try, it is said, to get a glimpse of her boy through the chinks of her door. His sad, pinched face told her of his sufferings. His sister, too, would listen for sounds of him in the room below. After her son was taken from her, the Queen fell into a state of apathy from which nothing but the chance hope of seeing him could rouse her. Neither her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, nor her daughter, the royal Princess, could awaken in her any interest. And when she too, with other lofty spirits, was condemned to death, she rejoiced that she was to meet her husband. With uplifted head, looking every inch a queen as well as one of the most beautiful women of France, she ascended the steps of the scaffold and laid her stately head upon the block. With the cruelty born of a fiendish nature, Simon, wishing to see the procession of armed men, took the Dauphin to the top of the Tower, and made him play ball while his beloved mother was going to her death. Happily, the child, too sad to look over the wall, or to care to watch the people moving below, did not know what was going on, but carelessly tossed his ball as he was bidden to do, in fear of a blow if he ceased to play.

The accompanying picture is from one taken by Greuze, a French painter, shortly after the Dauphin was confined in the Temple. The contour of the face, the upper lip, "the Austrian lip," as it is called, and the mouth, though slightly parted, all resemble as nearly as possible, in a young child, the features seen again in the young student, and later in Eleazer, the supposed Lost Dauphin.

The close confinement of his dark and unventilated sleeping-room, his wretched food, taunts and blows, fear and grief, all wore upon the hapless Prince. When his beautiful curls were gone, when his face was pinched with hunger and suffering, and his body covered with ulcers, he was so transformed as to be almost unrecognizable to the few persons who visited the Temple. He languished, and an eminent physician was called to see him. "If the child was sent to the country, he could be helped," was the opinion of the physician, who soon afterward died very suddenly, poisoned, it was suspected. This would go to show that the child was doomed to die in his prison.

But he was transferred from the care of Simon to that of a humane jailor, who, it is thought, connived at, if he did not assist in, a plot for the escape of the Dauphin. So changed was the royal boy, that it would not be difficult, in that darkened room, to substitute for him, without detection, another child nearer death.

While Simon had been allowed to go all lengths with his prisoner to deaden his senses so that he might appear almost idiotic, the instigators of that cruelty may not have intended that he should be killed outright, though they certainly wished him out of the way, and wished that the republicans should have the credit of getting rid of him. It was whispered that Marat and Robespierre had erred in not stipulating that Simon should leave his wife behind

The Dauphin, Louis XVII.

him when he undertook the "tutorship" of the Prince. Though she was not remarkable for sweetness of disposition, she had womanly compassion, and when she could, she softened the rigor of her husband's treatment of his young prisoner. It was probably owing to this that he did not die in the Temple, as many were made to believe he did, though not for long. Peculiar circumstances connected with the burial of the dead child caused doubts and suppressed rumors. And later events strengthened these doubts, among them the fact that after the restoration of the royalists, with Louis XVIII. on the throne, there was an ostentatious, mock reburial with magnificent ceremonies, of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, with prayers for the repose of their eldest son, who had died young of scrofula, while no allusion was made to the death of Louis XVII. The sister, however, and others in the secret were thus spared further mockery.

A monument to his memory was talked of by the plausible uncle, Louis XVIII., but it was not erected, and this fact added to the doubt in regard to the Dauphin's death. Though some historians assert that he died in the Temple and was buried in France, a very large number of persons were confident that he had been removed alive from prison and taken to America. But when or how the removal was accomplished is the missing link between the Dauphin and the earnest Missionary to the Oneidas.

The first mention of such a child in this country is given us in the account of the appearance in Albany of a French lady of evident distinction, said to have been once "a lady in waiting to Queen Antoinette." She had with her two children, one a lad of eight or ten years, and evidently mentally defective. He took little notice of those about him, or of any words addressed to him. The lady,

however, appeared to pay him great deference. "Out of delicacy," says the writer, "we refrained from asking any questions." "The other child, a daughter of her own, seemed to be a very bright, intelligent child. They had about them a great many costly things, "gifts of royalty," the lady said. With them was another person, since supposed to have been Bellanger. "They disappeared almost as suddenly as they had appeared among us," says the same writer, a lady of note.

Next we hear of a lady of New Orleans, who, for some years before the Prince de Joinville's visit to this country, had been in the habit of telling her most intimate friends of the Dauphin's being brought here and placed among the Indians. The story was listened to with incredulity by some. Later she was found living in the old French part of the town, and the interview with her is thus described by the Rev. Mr. Hanson:

"It seemed strange to make inquiries in such a spot, of events which had happened in Europe more than half a century ago. Mrs. Brown had resided in New Orleans since 1820. She bore the marks of extreme age, though only 70 years old, and gave me the impression of one who had seen great vicissitudes. Her health was very infirm, her life drawing to a close through sufferings from a cancer. She knew nothing whatever about Eleazer Williams. When told of some events concerning him, his appearance, and manners, and of his being a Missionary among the Oneidas, she replied, 'I only wish I was as sure of my salvation as I am that he must be the Prince.' "

Her own story was a remarkable one. She had been living in France during the most stirring times. Her first husband was Joseph Debois, secretary to the Count

d'Artois. This brought her much among Court people, as her husband is said to have occupied a confidential position in the royal family. She became acquainted with the Count de Lisle, as Louis XVIII. was then called, and with the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulème, and was especially intimate with the Duchess. There was much conversation among them respecting the Dauphin; when she said her husband, Joseph Debois, told her he was not dead, but carried away for safety. "Being alone one day with the Duchess," said she to Mr. Hanson, "I mentioned what my husband had said, and asked her if it was true, and if she knew what had become of her brother? The Duchess replied without hesitation and with an expression of pleasure that she had been assured her brother was safe in America. Later I heard that a royalist named Bellanger was the chief agent in removing him. As all that was told was confidential, I spoke to no one then but my husband of what had been told me. All the members of the royal family," she added, "were well acquainted with the facts of the Dauphin's preservation. They all knew it, sir. They all knew it."

Her husband, Joseph Debois, died in 1810; but after his decease she still continued her intimacy with the Bourbon family, and was among them until the Restoration. Later she married an American gentleman named George Brown, a seafaring merchantman. From a portrait shown of him, he was a very handsome man.

When asked why the sister, the Duchess d'Angoulème, did not make an effort for her brother's return at this time, Mrs. Brown replied: "She could not, though she had long hoped to have him restored. Many difficulties were in the way. It was long before she knew he was still living, and then she had been told of his mental con-

dition and knew he had long been lost, as it were, in the wilds of America, among the Indians. France had undergone so much terrible strife and bloodshed, she did not think best to stir up more. And, too, her husband and her uncle striving to be placed on the throne as Louis XVIII., would have opposed it, if he had not denied all knowledge of him. But she became sad, very sad; was seldom seen to smile during the last years of her life," concluded Mrs. Brown.

The Bellanger mentioned, also living in New Orleans, or Helena near there, before dying made a similar statement in an affidavit that was enclosed in a letter to Mr. Williams, and by him in part recorded in his journal. It states that in 1848 an aged and respectable French gentleman of the name of Bellanger made a disclosure at the last hour of his life; that he was the person who had aided in the escape of the Dauphin or son of Louis XVI., King of France, from the Temple in 1795, in his transportation to North America, and his adoption among the Indians. He stated further that he had been strictly bound by the sacramental oath of the Roman Catholic Church never to disclose, particularly in Europe, the descent or family of the royal youth whom he was about to convey to North America.

It was not until he saw himself drawing near the close of his earthly career, with other reasons given to release him from his oath, Bellanger saw best to make this disclosure. His whole form was agitated, and tears were in his eyes as he spoke in terms of endearment of the young Dauphin as he remembered him. And one of his last exclamations was: "Oh! the Dauphin! May he be happy and restored!" We hear of different French gentlemen, who, on coming to this country said that a Bour-

bon was among us. The Ambassador Genet even said, in the presence of a number of persons, that the Dauphin was alive and was known to be in the State of New York in 1817. Another, meeting Mr. Williams in the city, and being forcibly struck with his resemblance to the Bourbons, and having heard in France of his early life, on being introduced to him asked permission to examine his scars; when he is said to have exclaimed, "Mon dieu! what proof do I want more?"

Le Ray de Chaumont, whom Mr. Williams met on the St. Lawrence, seemed to have some secret knowledge of him. And Col. Ferrier, once a body-guard of Louis XVI., who had suffered much with the King in perilous times, and who afterwards had some dealings with the Oneidas in connection with the fur trade, was thought to share in LeRay's secret, whatever it might be. Not only the Abbé des Colonnes of Trois Rivières near Caughnawaga, but also Bishop Chevreuse, believed the Dauphin to be alive in America; and both declared that the Rev. Mr. Williams bore so striking a likeness to Louis XVIII. and others of the Bourbons, he must be the child grown to maturity. This was before the Prince de Joinville's visit to this country, and his interview with Eleazer Williams.

At another time, a gentleman, Prof. Day, on his return from Europe, after an interview with Mr. Williams laid some lithographs on the table before him. At the sight of one, and without seeing the name, he became greatly excited and exclaimed: "This is the face that has haunted me through life." It proved to be a likeness of Simon the jailor. Previously Mr. Williams had spoken of a hideous face that caused him pain to recall, but he could not tell whose it was. This cruel man met with his just

punishment, it was thought, when guillotined with Robespierre.

From the Williams family it was learned that two boxes of clothing and other articles had been left with Eleazer. One of these had been taken away by a daughter of theirs and could not be recovered. The other was supposed to be in Montreal, but efforts were made to conceal it. From one of the boxes had been taken three coins, or medals, one of gold, one of silver, and one of copper. They were facsimiles of each other, and the medals struck off at the coronation of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The gold and silver medals of value were said to have been sold by the Indians in Montreal. The copper one was retained, and long afterwards was given to the Rev. Mr. Hanson, while the gold medal was seen in the possession of a Roman Catholic Bishop at Montreal or Quebec.

The probability that these and other things left with the Dauphin for his identification, might be found in Montreal, says Mr. Hanson, is increased by the proximity of Caughnawaga to that city. It is an Indian village on the St. Lawrence opposite Lachine, and almost within sight of Montreal. Considering the loneliness of the spot in former years, before railroads and steamboats had brought it in connection with the busy world, one cannot help feeling how secure a hiding-place for the scion of royalty this village presented. And the same remarks apply more strongly still to St. Regis, which lies on the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

Among relics in Mr. Williams's possession, and greatly valued, was the Cross of St. Louis, said to have been attached to a sash left with him when a child. Another thing of value, and occasionally shown, was a silk dress

of Queen Marie Antoinette's. Of it he said: "It was given me by a lady, Mrs. Edward Clarke of Northampton, who bought it in France of one of the ladies of the Court, and who, on hearing my strange story and considering me the rightful owner, made me a present of it." It was a magnificent brocaded silk, slightly marred by time. It had been partly taken to pieces, and consisted of a back-piece, stomacher, and train over ten feet long. The waist was very slender, and "there was pleasure," says one in describing it, "in believing that the dress had once contained the queenly form of one of the loveliest in the halls of Versailles." A friend of the present writer, the Rev. Edward de Zeng, was shown this dress, and said: "In conversing with the Rev. Mr. Williams, I felt assured from his conversation and courtly manner, as well as his striking likeness to Louis XVIII., that he was undoubtedly the missing Prince."

Mr. Williams also kept among his treasures, and took pleasure in showing to friends, some miniatures and a daguerreotype. "There," said he "is a picture of a very beautiful young lady. And that was how I looked when I married her," he added, handing the daguerreotype to which he still bore a striking likeness.

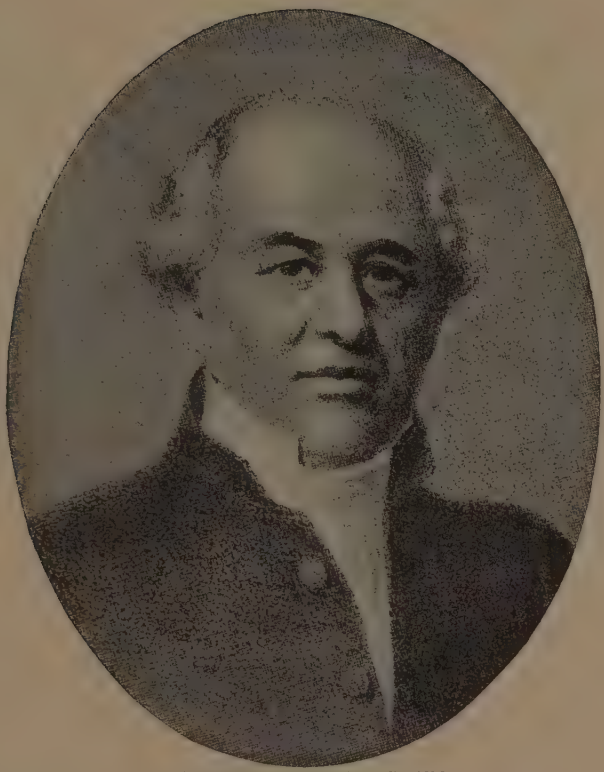
In describing his appearance, the Rev. Mr. Hanson, who knew him well, says: "He is an intelligent, noble-looking man, with no trace whatever of the Indian about him. His manner of talking reminds you of a Frenchman. He shrugs his shoulders and gesticulates like one. He has a fair, high, intellectual, but receding forehead; a slightly aquiline nose; a long Austrian lip, the expression of which is of exceeding sweetness when in repose; dark, bright, merry eyes of hazel hue; dark hair sprinkled with gray, as fine in texture as silk. I should never for

an instant take him for an Indian." Says another: "His temperament is genial, with a dash of vivacity in his manner. He is fond of good living, and inclines to embonpoint, which is the characteristic of the Bourbons."

A distinguished artist, Chevalier Fagnani, who had lived from childhood in intimacy with the families of the Sicilian and Spanish Bourbons, of whom he had painted several of their reigning Kings and Queens, and whose skillful artist eyes were not likely to deceive him, met Mr. Williams, for the first time, in a crowded room. Standing some little distance at the side of the group, he eyed Mr. Williams from head to foot, dwelt upon the contour of his face, the play of his features, and the manner of his address in conversation. Then, as if satisfied, he turned quietly away. A friend standing near said: "Well, Fagnani, what do you think as to his being a Bourbon?" "I do not think at all; I know," was his reply. Later, in painting his portrait from which our engraving is taken, Mr. Fagnani said: "the upper part of the face is decidedly of the Bourbon cast, while the mouth and lower part resembles the Hapsburgs. I also observed, to my surprise, that many of his gestures were similar to those peculiar to the Bourbon race."

We have mentioned numerous facts to prove almost conclusively that the Rev. Mr. Williams was indeed the Lost Prince. Men of note, his colaborers in the Episcopal Church, such men as the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the Rev. J. H. Hanson, Bishop Benjamin B. Griswold, and others were of this opinion. In refutation of a remark made by some one as to "false claims," Bishop Griswold comes out strongly. We give his letter in part:

"The accomplished writer fails to say the claim rested on the disclosure made by the Prince de Joinville directly



ELEAZER WILLIAMS, 1852
From a painting by Chevalier Fagnani, a portrait painter in New York City (from Lost Prince)

to the Rev. Mr. Williams himself, accompanied by the offer from King Louis Philippe of a princely estate if the humble Missionary would sign away forever his royal birthright. The antiquated journal kept by Mr. Williams is, in its record, made on the very night of the day so full of the strongly conflicting emotions so suddenly called forth. It is full also of prayerful ejaculations, and the language of sanctified submission, *Nemo repente turpissimus fuit.* The journal was closely scanned by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the Rev. John H. Hanson, and other scholars about thirty or forty years ago. It is certain, from sworn evidence, that the Prince de Joinville inquired for Mr. Williams through all the journey from his landing in America to his arrival in Michigan, and the meeting him there, on board of the boat, for Green Bay. It is equally certain that Louis Philippe personally corresponded with Mr. Williams after the return of his son to Paris. And the unquestioned evidence of this fact was known to Dr. Hawks, and lay before the Rev. Mr. Hanson when he wrote his unanswered book, 'The Lost Prince.'

"The first affidavit of the supposed Indian mother referred to by — was made under false representations of what she was signing. On learning her error she made a later affidavit in her own language, copied down, in which the real truth was told that the Missionary was not her son. My interest in the whole matter grew largely out of having seen and heard in early childhood the prince-like laborer himself. But the evidences of his claim are not only numerous, but they are derived from wholly different and widely separate sources."

"Benj. B. Griswold.

"Carroll, Baltimore Co., Md."

We have dwelt somewhat upon these events in the life of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Missionary to the Oneidas, as they help us better to understand the true character of the man and his many peculiar trials. We have indeed felt it a more sacred privilege to prove, if possible, Mr. Williams the faithful Christian missionary, the guileless, humble man to whom false aspersions have clung for years, than to try with others to prove that he may have been the Lost Prince. And yet the one helps us the better to understand the other—the gentle, refined, and intellectual man, evidently born in some higher sphere, and yet humbly continuing his labors among the Indians, and amid many trials, as one sent of God to minister to them.

Although Mr. Williams had practically given up the work at Oneida, yet he did not entirely relinquish his ministerial care of his Oneida children. When at his home on Fox River, he was often called upon by his old friends to baptize a child or visit some sick person. In his journal are found a few simple records of that time:

"Green Bay, Feb. 4, 1841—I came down in haste this morning to visit a sick man. He is in a dangerous state, both in soul and body. I have administered to him all the consolation which the Christian religion affords and the prayers of the Church.

"Feb. 5, Friday—Called again upon the sick man. He is somewhat better. I again exhorted him to have a lively faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Feb. 15—Our son, who has been very ill, is much better to-day, and I hope he will continue to amend.

"The weather is fine. I went to the Sugar Camp. The Indian boy knocked the snow off the shelters and I arranged the sap dishes. The Oneidas have been with us and communicated to me some unpleasant news in rela-

tion to their missionary. I exhorted them to live in peace with him and adhere to his instructions.

"Feb. 16—I have been to Duck Creek and administered baptism to a sick child. I believe it is now sick unto death. May God receive it to eternal glory! I saw many of my Oneida friends, and they wished me to come back to them.

"April 10—Mrs. Williams returned from the Sugar Camp where she has been superintending for three or four weeks past the making of sugar. I have been back and forth to see the men do their duty. We have made at least a thousand pounds of fine sugar. I have been left nearly four weeks alone. I cooked for myself and took care of 'the cattle.'"

Mr. Williams, when not at home, was at Fox River, still looking after the schools he had established among the St. Regis Indians, as well as to the spiritual welfare of those not so entirely under the influences of the Roman Catholic priests there.

At all times, he suffered very severely; had long and painful attacks of illness. With less strength, and with but little means to travel back and forth, Mr. Williams could go less frequently to his home on Fox River.

His last illness and death occurred in comparative obscurity among the St. Regis Indians. There were no signs of royalty about the humble, yet faithful missionary. He had not sought earthly distinction, but bravely bore a heavy cross that was laid down for the Heavenly crown, which at the last great day, he will doubtless receive in a far more glorious kingdom. He entered into rest August, 1858, aged 70. He left a wife and one son. Two little girls had died in childhood. The son, John Lowe Williams, had married and at the time of his

father's death, was living in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He has since passed away, but his widow is said to be still living. They had three children. The eldest son, George, is the only one living. This grandson of Eleazer Williams now resides in St. Louis. He was married in 1884. They have no children; so the line of the Bourbons may end with him. When the last one passes away, who can tell but what the long hidden secret may be revealed by someone to more certainty, or ever remain a mystery.

It is a pleasure to record that, as time passes, the work of Eleazer Williams for the Indians is more and more appreciated. Says an Indian writer of note some few years ago, with eloquent scorn when some disparaging remark had been made of Williams:

"He was no supplanter, but a true minister of God, lawfully called and sent. He grounded our tribe in the principles of the Christian faith, and we owe much, under God, to Mr. Williams as the first missionary who really taught us as a people the doctrines of Christ and His Church, and though Mr. Williams is now dead, the influence of his teachings still pervades the First Christian Party; his works do live in our hearts."

"The Second Christian Party were led some time after they were converted by Mr. Williams, to embrace the Methodist faith. The First Christian Party still held the faith once delivered to the saints, as taught by the Protestant Episcopal Church, which they firmly believe to be a branch of the Church of Christ, and they are resolved to hold this faith till the last gasp unless God Himself shall hereafter reveal a better.

"As to the Rev. Mr. Williams, we say that he deserves great praise and honor for his zeal in our behalf. He translated into our language books of Scripture and piety;

preached to us the unsearchable riches of Christ; and assisted to secure our present home by his influence with Bishop Hobart and others. And we take this opportunity to express our heartfelt gratitude to that devoted servant of God, for we believe he was a true Christian man and zealous minister of Jesus Christ, and he has done very much more than we can now relate for the lasting benefit of the whole Oneida tribe."

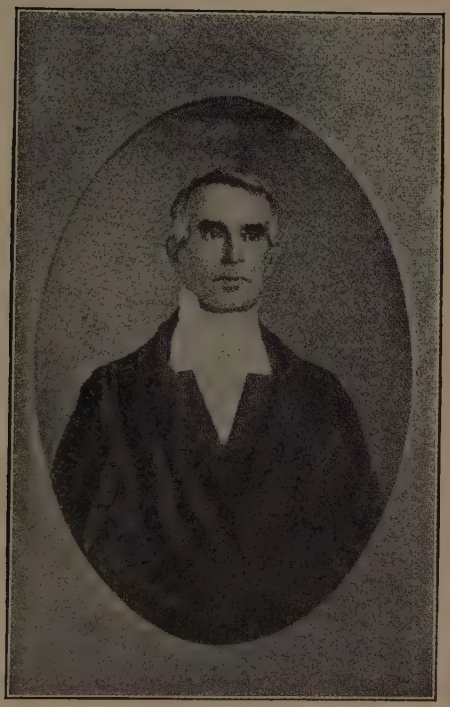
Chapter XVII.

Pioneer Missionaries.

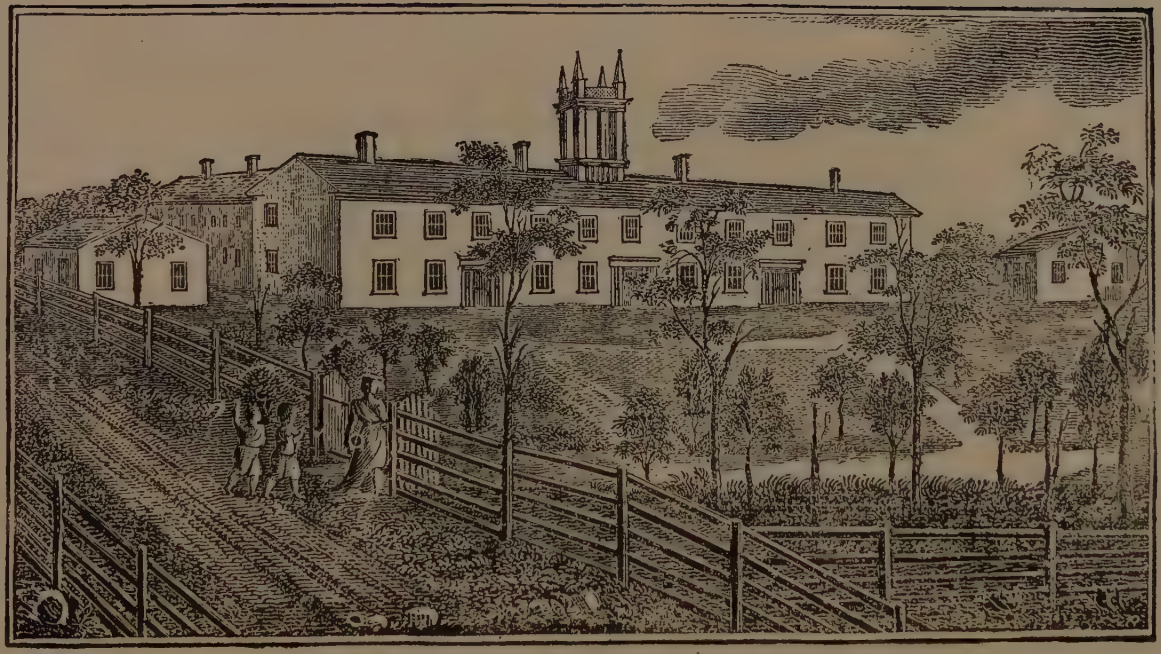
In 1830 Rev. Mr. Williams was succeeded by the Rev. Richard F. Cadle, a very earnest missionary. Unfortunately there is little recorded of his work during the five or six years of his residence among the Oneidas. Miss Cooper, in her papers on "Missions to the Oneidas" tells us:

"The Rev. Mr. Williams's place at Duck Creek was supplied by a very worthy clergyman, the Rev. Richard F. Cadle, who labored faithfully on the same ground from 1830 to 1836."

In 1829 the Oneida Mission had been transferred from the Foreign to the Domestic Board of Missions, where it more naturally belonged. When Mr. Cadle entered on his duties, there had been for some time but few confirmations, as there was no Bishop in that region. Bishop Hobart of New York, and Bishop Onderdonk of Philadelphia, had, as we know, very kindly, though at long intervals, visited them; so it had required great Christian patience and courage on Mr. Williams's part to keep the little band of Church members together. Says Miss Cooper: "During Mr. Cadle's ministry some of the men of Green Bay tried from selfish motives to throw obstacles in the way of religious instruction of the people. They believed they could control the tribe more entirely and purchase their lands, if there was no Missionary, on the grounds."



The Rev. Richard Fish Cadle, Missionary 1830-1836



PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MISSION BUILDINGS AT GREEN BAY.

We find that before coming to Duck Creek, Mr. Cadle had established a boarding-school at Green Bay in connection with the Domestic Church Mission Society. His sister, Miss Sarah Cadle, cared for his home and assisted him as superintendent of the female department of the school. For awhile, a few Oneida lads from Duck Creek attended the school. After leaving the Mission at Duck Creek, Mr. Cadle became Chaplain of Fort Winnepeg and Crawford. In 1841 he was Superior of Nashotah. He died at Medford, Delaware, in 1857, aged 60 years. He was of a family of 10 children, not one of whom married. All have now passed away. His sister, Mary, the last of the family, died in New York, Oct., 1896, aged 88 years.

After the Rev. Mr. Cadle left Oneida, the Rev. Solomon Davis obtained the appointment, and went to the Reservation with one of the latest parties to leave New York. They were mostly of the Second Christian Party, and it is said were dissuaded by him from going there sooner. By this last emigration but few Christian Indians were left on the old grounds. The little Church built there through much self denial was now left for a time bare and empty. A few years later, we are told, it was taken to pieces and removed to the village of Vernon, in Oneida County, where it was rebuilt for some other denomination.

The Methodists had previously formed a church society among the Indians, and later, in 1841, they erected a church building for their mutual use. At the present day, the few Indians found at Oneida Castle are mostly Methodists, and attend to agricultural pursuits. The Onondaga Indians living not far from them are well looked after by the Rev. Mr. Hayward, a clergyman of our Church.

"A year or two previous to the removal of the last band

of the Oneidas to Wisconsin," says Miss Cooper, "an agreement, or treaty, was made by which each settler should receive a hundred acres of land. The land was held in common, each individual, or family, taking up as much of his hundred acres as he could cultivate, while their improved houses were scattered at irregular distances apart, the entire length of the Reservation, for 12 miles on either side of Duck Creek.

"The Indians soon built for themselves strong, wide bridges over this stream. These bridges were mostly solidly constructed. The little clearings were in sight of each other, but there was at that time no regular village or hamlet, but near the center of the Reservation stood a small school-house and on the opposite side of the road was the little chapel of squared logs." Hobart Church, as the Indians had named their first church in the wilderness, had become entirely too small for the congregation that gathered there every Sunday, so it was decided to build a frame church on or near the same site. The people had recently sold another portion of their New York lands to the Government. In solemn Council it was then resolved to devote $7,000 of the money accruing from this sale, to the building of a new church. A little cottage a story and a half high was also built for a parsonage not far from the Church. Could any so-called civilized people have shown a more liberal and Christian spirit?

The Rev. F. W. Merrill gives us the following interesting account of the laying of the corner-stone and the consecration of the new church. He says: "In August, 1838, Bishop Kemper paid his first visit to Oneida, the occasion being the Laying of the Corner-Stone of a new Church soon to be built. This was the first ceremony of

the kind that the Indians had ever seen, and no small interest was manifested by them. A large number of chiefs and warriors went on horseback, and met the Bishop about 5 miles from the Mission. When they met, the Indians were told by Chief Daniel Bread that 'they were now in the presence of their spiritual father, who had no doubt been sent by the Good Spirit to see his red children, the Oneidas, and do them good.'

"The Indians, at this presentation, uncovered their heads and bowed most respectfully. They then opened ranks, and the Bishop and Clergy passed through and were escorted to the Church. The Services began by chanting the Te Deum in the Indian language. At the close of the Service the congregation formed in procession, and with the Bishop and Clergy went to the site of the new Church, which was on an elevation overlooking the settlement.

"The Services at this place were solemn and impressive. The deposits were placed in a tin box under the stone, by the chief orator of the tribe. A memorandum was placed with other documents, as follows: 'This Corner-Stone was laid on the seventh day of August, A. D., 1836, by the Rt. Rev. Father in God, Jackson Kemper, Bishop of Wisconsin, Missouri and Indiana, the first Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.' Four of the chiefs then took hold of the stone at each corner, and placed it in position. The Gloria in Excelsis was sung, and after an address by the Rev. Richard Cadle, the Service closed with the Bishop's Benediction."

In the following year Bishop Kemper again visited Oneida for the purpose of consecrating the first Episcopal Church in the Territory of Wisconsin. This consecra-

tion took place on September 2, 1839. The service was indeed most interesting. The Bishop, accompanied by the Missionary, Rev. Solomon Davis, was received at the door of the church by the chiefs of the nation. After being seated within the chancel, the instrument of donation was presented to him by four of the oldest chiefs in the tribe, each taking hold of it by the corner, and in this manner placing it in the hands of their chief spiritual Father. After being read by the Missionary, it was returned to the Bishop and placed by him upon the Altar.

The Bishop then performed the usual consecration service, certain portions of which were interpreted to the Indians. At the close of the service the chiefs and head men of the nation came in front of the chancel, each placing his hands, as he came up, upon the shoulder of the other, and in this way forming a half circle in the presence of the Bishop. The Missionary stood in the center, and the Chief nearest to him on each side placed a hand upon his shoulder, while he read in their behalf the following address:

"To the Right Reverend Father in God, Jackson Kemper, D. D.:

"Right Reverend Father: The chiefs of the Oneidas cannot suffer you to depart from their nation without expressing their sincere thanks for your kindness in visiting them at this time. The journey of our father has been long. His children are thankful that the Great Spirit has brought him through it in safety. His presence has made our hearts glad. We will long remember the solemn services of this day. Our house is now 'holy place.' It is duly prepared. It is made sacred to the worship of the Great and Eternal Spirit.

"Right Reverend Father: It is a matter of joy to us

Hobart Church, Oneida, Built in 1839.

that the good work is done. But your children will not stop here. It shall be our endeavor to go on and do as you have told us to do. Here, from time to time, we will come. We will bring our families with us. We will try to worship the God of Christians with sincere hearts. By hearing the good words of the Gospel we may learn how to live well, and how thus we may finally be prepared to die well—our days may end in peace.

"Right Reverend Father: Your children now feel that they are brought very near to you. The Great Council of the Church has granted our heart's desire. It was our choice that as God's chief minister, you should preside over us. Our wishes are gratified. The decision of the Great Council was good news to our ears. Could we sit near their council-fire when it is lighted up again, we would thank them with one heart and one voice for what they have done.

"Right Reverend Father: You will be there. Thank them for your children.

"Right Reverend Father: We are now about to do what we could not do when last you visited us. A chain of friendship is to be formed, which we trust will never be broken. We now extend to you the hand of the nation. We acknowledge you, and will hereafter hold on to you as our lawful Bishop. Our eyes will turn to you, and to you alone, for counsel and advice in all our spiritual affairs. May the chain now thrown around us, never become dim. May it bind us together in peace and friendship, as long as life shall last. Father, your children will take care to keep it bright. This is all they have to say."

The Bishop then took the Missionary by the hand (the chiefs still keeping their position), and replied as follows:

"My children: I deeply feel the solemnities and respon-

sibilities of this moment. It has afforded me much pleasure to visit you and to consecrate your neat and handsome Church to the worship of Almighty God.

"My children: I have beheld with pleasure your dwellings, barns, and farms, and am convinced that if you persevere in your honest, temperate and industrious habits, your earthly comforts, under the blessing of our Heavenly Father, will constantly increase.

"My children: I cordially unite myself to you as your Father in the Lord, and fervently pray that the blessing of the Great Spirit may ever rest upon this nation. I will always endeavor to keep bright the chain of friendship now formed. Here may we often worship God together as brothers in sincerity and truth, and hereafter, where there will be no more sin, or pain or death, may we unite in praises and thanksgiving which will never end. May God bless you, my children. Farewell."

The congregation gathered for worship in the new church, with great regularity. The progress of Christian civilization was slow, but encouraging. There were now left but few avowed heathens among them. One old man, who had continued obdurate and for a long time kept aloof from the church, was considered to be in a semi-pagan condition. But at length there was a change. His heart opened to religious instruction, the scales fell from his eyes. He became a believing and penitent Christian. The Missionary proposed to baptize him, when he replied: "My father, that is not necessary. I have been baptized already. It was when I was a little child by a Missionary of your Church from beyond the salt water when the country was a Colony of the King of England."

He named two very old women, still living, who had been present at his baptism. They were called as wit-

nesses, and testified to the truth of the assertion. In this instance, as in many others, the baptismal prayers offered over the infant, were now answered to the peace and joy of an aged Indian near the close of a no doubt dark and stormy life.

Very different was the scene that took place in a cottage a few years earlier. The life of an aged Christian woman, from a distance was drawing to a close. One who came to administer the Holy Communion to her, thus describes the service at the cottage.

"Our visit was to the home of old Margaret Skenandoah, the daughter of the Oneida Chief Skenandoah, who was known as the friend of Washington. She lives by herself in a little cottage, attended by some of her children and grandchildren, who provide for her necessities. About thirty of her neighbors had gathered to receive with her the Blessed Sacrament.

"The little congregation was seated, some on chairs, or chests ranged about the side of the room, and others upon a bed in the corner. A table stood in the center of the room covered with a white cloth, and had upon it the sacred vessels. Old Margaret, with her hair of silvery beauty, sat in a chair, wrapped in a snow-white blanket. The rest of her costume consisted of the general apparel worn by the Oneida women, with leggings and beaded moccasins. On either side of her, in picturesque solemnity, were seated a group of women enveloped in white blankets. The floor was scoured to utmost cleanness, and a faggot fire in the open fireplace added warmth to the chilly day.

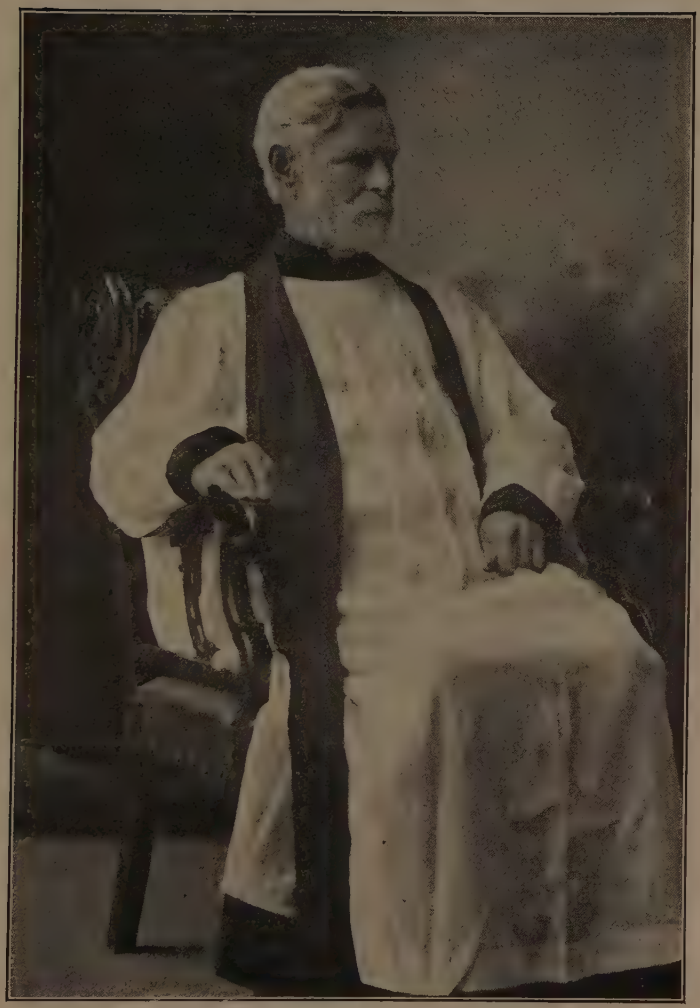
"The Service began with a hymn sung in the Indian language; a prayer was offered in Oneida; a short address followed which was interpreted. The Communion Ser-

vice was in English, and after another hymn, the communicants present knelt around the little Altar and received with great reverence the Sacrament. After which the concluding prayers were said, the Gloria in Excelsis sung, and the Benediction pronounced. The meek and quiet spirit which pervaded this Oneida cottage service was a blessed evidence of its sincere Christian devotion."

"Dec. 9, 1837: While at Green Bay yesterday," writes Mr. Davis, "with a view of forwarding my missionary report by the Chicago mail, I received the unwelcome intelligence of the destruction of my dwelling house by fire. On my return to the Mission I find that not only the house but nearly all it contained is reduced to ashes. My library, of about 500 volumes is entirely destroyed, as is even our wearing apparel, etc. The property (though of little value) which we regard as belonging to your committee, is safe, viz., the Missionary, his wife and daughter, and, by the blessing of God, are in good health and spirits."

A few years later the Rev. Mr. Davis, seized with illness at Oneida, was taken to Green Bay for medical treatment, where he died.

In 1847 the Rev. Franklin Haff succeeded Solomon Davis as Missionary to the Oneidas, and was in charge of the Mission until 1852, when he received a call to Indiana. Mr. Haff was indeed a pioneer missionary. As student at Nashotah in its earliest days he endured many hardships, and later as Deacon, with others of his faithful, self-denying companions, spread the Gospel in the then almost wilderness that surrounded them. On Feb. 28, 1847, with a class of 6, the Rev. Mr. Haff was ordained Priest, and the following month received an appointment to Oneida and held his first service as resident missionary among the Indians.



The Rev. F. R. Haff, Missionary 1847-1852

The Church at Oneida was in a disturbed state, and the people were less in harmony than at any time before. But amid many trials among the then divided and somewhat contentious people, Mr. Haff is said to have done much good. During his ministry of 5, or nearly 6, years on the Reservation, there was a great increase to the Church from among the First Christian Party. Many were baptized and confirmed, and remained consistent Christians. By his earnest, gentle ways he endeared himself to the Indians and was beloved and revered by all who knew him.

Of the Rev. Mr. Haff's subsequent history we cannot here give a full account. While at Oneida he had officiated at the first service of the Church ever held in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Later, he received a call there, and remained there in active service for many years up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1906, at the advanced age of 84 years. Throughout his long ministry of over 60 years, he is said to have ever practiced what he preached and to have won lasting friends. As they gathered from all ranks in life to pay a last tribute to his silent form, there was seen in death the faint, sweet smile that had illumined his face up to the very end of life. As one remarked: "Only a good and holy man could show such a beautiful face in death."

When called to receive his reward, not the least of the Rev. Franklin Haff's works for the Master, so long and so faithfully rendered, will be found the few years spent among the Oneidas.

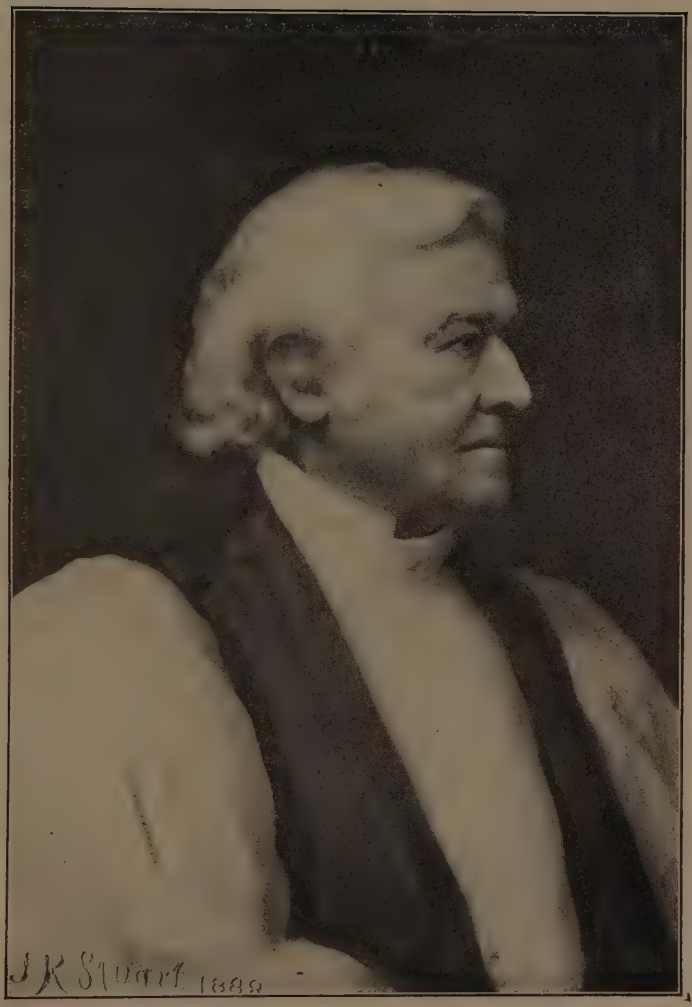
Chapter XVIIII.

Bishop Kemper and Nashotah.

In the year 1836, only a few months before the final migration of the last large party of the Oneidas to Wisconsin, the Rev. Jackson Kemper was consecrated the first Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. Says Miss S. Fenimore Cooper: "His diocese was a vast region. Missouri, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa were included within its limits. The Bishop threw himself into his duties with great devotion of heart and life. During the first 11 years he had no home. He had not even a study. His books were not unpacked. He travelled hundreds of miles on horseback and hundreds of miles on foot over the rudest roads and the wildest paths, swimming many a river in his constant journeys.

"During the thirty-five years of his Episcopate the good Bishop never allowed himself but one day in each year that he called his own. Christmas he always passed with his motherless children. He seemed indefatigable in his holy duties; there was no work too humble, no hamlet too remote or too small, for his visitations. And all his duties were performed so lovingly, he was so kind, so fatherly in his manners."

Very early in his Episcopate he turned his eyes towards the Oneidas. At his first visitation, in 1838, to lay their corner-stone and hold confirmation, 54 were confirmed.



The Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, D.D., First Bishop of Wisconsin,

He held these visitations among the red people almost yearly, and entirely won their hearts by his sympathy and fatherly interest in them. The Oneidas gave him the name of Ha-re-ro-wa-gon, "He who has the power over all words." At his second visitation to Oneida, their new frame church was consecrated. He is said to have been in constant communication with their Missionary, and on many occasions his kind hand was stretched out to help them. Though relatively a poor man, the Bishop is said to have been by far the largest giver in his diocese, giving more to missions than half the parishes in it. This great generosity in giving was brought about by rigid economy, denial of self-indulgence, and freedom from debt. He had a great horror of debt.

For the Oneidas Bishop Kemper seems to have had a tender sympathy. He felt strongly the obligation of the Church and the Nation to render a just and faithful Christian service to those whose places on earth we have taken. And this feeling was increased as he looked upon them as Christian brothers, although still in need of fostering care. One of his latest visitations to the Indians is thus described:

"As he sat in the chancel of their little Church, his eyes would wander with fatherly sympathy over those dusky faces and wild figures, all of whom were personally known by name and features, while he himself unconsciously presented a beautiful picture of Apostolic dignity, his reverend, kindly face, beaming with holy feeling, his white hair making a halo about his venerable head."

After the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Haff, in 1852, the Bishop was greatly troubled to find a clergyman willing to take charge of Oneida. Matters had reached a crisis; there had been dissension among themselves, as we

already know, and things were growing darker at every week's close. This Mission seemed under a cloud. Some had become lukewarm. Intemperance and immorality were on the increase, as never before. The evil-minded among the white traders and speculators were doing all they could to encourage it with, no doubt, the hope that evil ways would be the means of driving the Indians still further into the wilderness.

Good Bishop Kemper was sorely grieved. He looked about the length and breadth of his vast diocese, but no clergyman was unemployed. After a vacancy of several months, the Bishop published an appeal in "The Church Journal," in the summer of 1853. Happily an answer was received, and from his own diocese. It was a son of Nashotah, the Rev. Edward A. Goodnough, who in this extremity offered himself for service among the Oneidas. The Rev. Mr. Haff had also been a Nashotah graduate.

We would here linger and give some account of Nashotah and its pioneer students. It is in part taken from "Missions to the Oneidas." The writer says: "In 1841 the Rev. James Lloyd Breck, the Rev. William Adams, and the Rev. John Henry Hobart, a son of the Bishop, all students from the Theological Seminary of New York, and all recently ordained deacons, went to the wild region on the shores of Lake Michigan for the purpose of founding an associate Mission, to preach the Gospel in what was then a forest wilderness. They entered on the work under the auspices of the Board of Domestic Missions. Their plan included a common home, itinerant preaching and teaching, with a daily life of prayer, study, and manual labor.

"Some twenty miles westward from the pretty hamlet

of Milwaukee there lay two lovely little lakes of limpid water in the heart of the wilderness, the twin lakes of Nashotah. A rude shanty had been loosely put together by some frontiersman. The tract of land was for sale. The young missionaries were poor, as most missionaries are, but Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. Minturn of New York, and others, purchased 365 acres surrounding the twin lakes, in behalf of the Mission. A solemn consecration of the ground became the first step of the young deacons. They moved onward, a staff in each hand, 'faith and prayer.'

"Many were their hardships. A small house, 16x18 feet square, was built and painted blue. Plain was the fare, and strange were the cooks. Salt pork, potatoes, and rutabagas were mostly the fare month in and month out. The young deacons cooked their food, washed their own clothes, and mended them, too, after a fashion. They slept on the floor. During the first month's of the Mission 10 different parishes were founded, all still existing. The young men often walked through the forests, 40 miles along rough cart-tracks, or Indian trails, to preach at some small cluster of log houses, now among English immigrants, now among Welsh, or it might be Swedes, or Norwegians, and frequently among the rude frontiersmen of our own people. Everywhere they were kindly received. Everywhere some impression for good would appear to have been made."

At one time a confirmation was held at the English colony of St. Albans. The service took place in a barn, the devout Missionary, Bishop Kemper, officiating. So great was the crowd that a number of young men climbed up into the hay-loft above. Among these was one so deeply impressed by the service that the following week

he knocked at the door of the "Blue House," and expressed his wish to enter the Mission as a student of divinity. In later years he became the respected Rector of St. John's Church, Milwaukee, where he officiated for more than a quarter of a century.

Many of these services in the forest were followed by the appearance of students at the "Blue House." It soon became necessary to enlarge the buildings. A dining-room 12x18 feet was added to the kitchen. In addition a 14 foot square building was divided between a store-room and a tailoring-room, while the students slept in the half story above. The library, 14x18 feet contained 2 recitation-rooms, while its shelves held nearly all the theological tomes to be found in that region 50 or 60 years ago. Another addition called "Lazarus Row," from its rough, poverty-stricken appearance, was 12 feet wide and 50 feet long. It was divided into 8 rooms, each opening into a neat little yard fenced in for flowers and shrubbery, with a wicket-gate to the open grounds beyond.

The chapel, 18x24 feet, was afterwards doubled in length, and still later provided with a chancel. The young deacons and students rose at 5. There was a short religious service at a quarter to six. Then came breakfast. At 9 the bell rang from the belfry of an old oak-tree, for the daily Morning Prayer. Then came work and study. In winter the young men worked two hours in the morning, and the same in the afternoon, studying in the interval. In summer they worked eight hours and studied four. At noon they dined. At 6 there was Evening Prayer. At 9 there was also a short service.

One day after the bell had been hung in the old oak-tree, the sound, as it rang for Morning Prayer, was borne

on the breeze to a distant part of the forest where a young lad was cutting wood for his father, who lived not far away. The sound was unusual—it was startling. Few indeed were the bells then heard in Wisconsin. The lad paused and listened. Again at noon, and again in the evening, he heard the same unusual sound from the same direction. This continued for some days. At length the youth resolved to look into this new mystery of the forest. He set out, and by taking the direction of the sound, gradually drew nearer and nearer, until he found it came from the banks of the Nashotah Lakes.

Taking courage, he went boldly on until he reached the "Blue House," and saw the bell enshrined in the old oak-tree. Not long afterwards this lad, Edward A. Goodnough, became a student of divinity at the Mission. Some ten years later he answered Bishop Kemper's appeal for a Missionary to the Oneidas, and entered on his duties at a moment of sore trial to the tribe. For thirty-six years he continued to serve them with great fidelity.

A few years earlier the young deacons in charge of the associate mission were anxious to be ordained to the Priesthood. As soon as the youngest one had reached the canonical age they applied to Bishop Kemper for examination and ordination. There were then but two consecrated Church buildings in Wisconsin, one at Green Bay, the other at Oneida. Bishop Kemper appointed the Indian Church at Oneida for the ordination. The journey from Nashotah was made in a lumber-wagon. It was 150 miles to Oneida, and several days were passed on the road. It ran first through a belt of timber 20 miles broad, then over high, rolling prairies to Fond-du-Lac, at the foot of Lake Winnebago; and again through the heaviest forest of the whole region, along the entire

eastern shore of the lake until they reached the Neenah River at Green Bay. Here crossing the river, they drove to Oneida.

The Rev. Solomon Davis was then Missionary in charge of Oneida. Sixty Oneidas rode out as usual on horseback to greet their Bishop and escort him to the Mission House. On Sunday the whole Reservation were in motion at the call of their church bell. Men, women, and children came flocking from all directions to Hobart Church. Many of the people were in wild garb, wrapped in blankets, the infants hanging in their bark cradles from their mothers' backs. Soon the solemn service began, partly from the Mohawk Prayer Book and partly in English. The Oneidas sang very sweetly the familiar chants in their liquid dialect. There were on this occasion 160 Indian communicants besides others gathered in the little church to witness the Laying on of Hands on the faithful young deacons.

As a memorial of their ordination the Indians gave them the old bell "Michael" which for many years hung in the oaken belfry at Nashotah. On their return to Nashotah the Rev. Mr. Adams and the Rev. Mr. Breck took with them 3 Oneida lads, one, Daniel Nimham the first boy born on the Reservation, and still living at Oneida, and now affectionately known to all as "Uncle Daniel," another, Cornelius Hill, now Chief and Priest among his own people.

The chapel at Nashotah had been for some time in a ruinous condition; but absolute poverty prevented the building of a more appropriate place of worship. Books were needed, food and clothing were needed, and when these more pressing wants were supplied there was nothing left in the treasury. The little chapel was

patched up as well as possible, here a plank or two, there a few shingles; but gradually the weak spots enlarged so much that a winter thaw or a summer shower would send the water dripping through the old roof, upon the congregation praying beneath it. But there was no break in the service on account of this state of things. Morning, noon, and evening, every day in the year, the chapel was filled with devout worshippers. Among them were three Indian lads from Oneida.

We would here relate a rather amusing incident as occurring in the old leaking chapel. It will serve to show the reverent staunchness of the men of those pioneer days when nothing deterred them in their worship of their Heavenly Father.

"In the year 1857 Bishop Kemper held an ordination in the chapel, under circumstances somewhat trying. A severe storm of wind and rain was raging without. The congregation collected; the Bishop and clergy took their places in the chancel. The candidates for ordination were at the chancel rail; the solemn service began. Drip, drip, the water began to fall through the old roof. This was nothing new to some of them. But presently still heavier clouds swept over the building, and the rain began literally to pour down through the leaks. Still the solemn service went on. The garments of the Bishop and clergy were wet, little pools formed on the floor. Water was dripping over the whole body of the chapel; but in the chancel it was falling more freely.

"The service went on unbroken; prayer and praise, chant and hymn, arose as though the storm was unheeded in the solemn purpose of the hour. At length umbrellas were raised in the body of the chapel, and before the close of the service, were held also over the

heads of the Bishop and officiating clergy, whose garments had become heavy with water falling upon them through the roof."

The young clergy and divinity students were zealously employed in rendering faithful missionary services within a wide circuit. Scarce a log cabin within many miles which they did not visit on some pious errand. They carried the Holy Bible and Prayer Book into many a pioneer home, where these eventually became the bread of life to parents and children. They were too poor for wagons and horses, and walked regularly to different stations 12 miles distant. Occasionally these journeys on foot extended to a distance of 60 miles.

At that date a forest 20 miles in depth and 200 in length covered the western shore of Lake Michigan. On one occasion the services of one of the missionaries were needed by an individual 120 miles from Nashotah. The Rev. J. Lloyd Breck set out, knapsack at his back, and the first day walked 40 miles through the forest and over wild prairies, the second day he also walked 40 miles. He had hoped to complete the remaining 40 on the third day, Saturday, but tangled tracks amid the Winnebago forests led him astray. Night surprised him. He heard the cry of the wild beasts roaming through the wilderness. Happily he came to the door of a rude cabin where an Indian family received him kindly. Sunday at 9 o'clock he arrived at his destination and began the day with Morning Service as well as visiting the one sick unto death.

Early in the history of Nashotah two Indian Missions were intrusted to its graduates. Of these the most important was Oneida, to which we must now return.

NASHOTA AS IN 1843-44 Dining Room Old Library Old Chapel
Boat House, Rooms Blue House, Lazarus Row, Carpenter Shop, Frame House.

The Rev. Edward A. Goodnough, for thirty-five years Missionary to the Oneidas

Chapter XIX.

The Rev. Edward A. Goodnough.

On the second Sunday in October, 1853, the Rev. Edward A. Goodnough, recently ordained by Bishop Kemper, having resigned the parish at Portage for the purpose, entered on his arduous duties at Oneida. The Mission had been vacant more than a year. The people had lost ground sadly. Says Miss Cooper: "A half-wild tribe are in the mental condition of children; they may have made promising beginning, even decided progress in the right direction, but if abandoned by their guides they must inevitably fall back."

When the brave young Minister came among the Oneidas everything was looking very dreary. He was a stranger among a wild race whose language he could neither speak nor understand. The majority of the people were very shy and suspicious. A few of the better men and women, however, received him kindly. He was living alone in the Mission House; they brought him bread, game, and fish; washed his clothes and provided him with firewood. But there were others who hoped to drive him away, as they had already driven two Missionaries off the field. At night they would come about the house, making hideous cries and savage yells. The Saturday nights were fearfully disorderly. They would go to Green Bay to trade, and come back dreadfully intoxicated, shouting, fighting, and yelling like so many fiends.

There were at that time white men at Green Bay whose object it was to debase the Indians by all the means in their power, in order to render them odious to the whites, and thus bring about their expulsion from the Reservation. They coveted the fertile lands and fine timber of the Oneidas, and to obtain possession of these were eager to drive the red man farther into the wilderness.

It was surprising how little English was spoken by the people after two centuries or more of intercourse with an English-speaking race. There were few men who spoke the language with any ease, and among the women, with one or two exceptions, there were none who could say more than a word or two. It was at first difficult to find an interpreter, but at last Mr. Goodnough secured an earnest, good young man to fill the part of interpreter at the Church services.

The Church building was in a very bad condition, needing many repairs, while the white paint had worn off or been almost entirely washed off by the rain. The congregation was at first very small. At the first celebration of Holy Communion there were only 30 present. A few years earlier there had been 150 communicants. At the first confirmation there were only 5 to receive the rite. The school-house was an old tumbled-down building with a door at each end, and for chimney an old stove-pipe running up through the roof. There were often heavy drifts of snow on the floor during the winter months. The average attendance was found to be only 15 or 20. The Mission House about 300 yards from the Church was small, a story and a half high. There were out-houses about it, and a glebe of 80 acres. Everything was out of order.

To this desolate Mission House, in April 1854, came a brave young girl not yet 17 years old, the newly married wife of the Missionary, to whom she had been betrothed for some time previous. "Blessed was the day," says one, "when Ellen Saxton Goodnough came among the Oneidas with her brave spirit, her warm, generous heart, her cheerful, vigorous, healthy nature, and her good judgment." From the day she first crossed the threshold of the Mission House it is said she scarcely left the Reservation, even for a few hours during her busy Christian life of more than 16 years. A true helpmeet to her husband she gave heart and strength to the work among the red men.

The cheerful, untiring zeal, the affectionate sympathy, the wise, untiring guidance with which Ellen Goodnough moved about, day by day, during all those years among the Oneidas, could scarcely be surpassed. "She gave her life," said one who knew her intimately, "through self-denial, and many hardships, and some reproach, to the task of elevating the Oneidas, and they loved her warmly in return. Her influence became almost unbounded, and her words were law to a great many of the women and girls."

When the young missionaries entered hand in hand upon their duties in 1853-4 the aspect of things was somewhat wild, and not a little discouraging. But at the end of a few months, matters improved very perceptibly, and many people learned once more to look upon their Minister as their best friend. They resumed former habits. Large numbers came to church and gathered at the Mission House. The parsonage was made more comfortable. The Church was improved by repainting and the repairs most needed were attended to. But there

was neither chancel nor vestry-room; the roof was leaky, and the floor was paved.

There was a good bell, the gift of a chief, and the people at a distance attended to the call and came more regularly. The sun poured upon the dusky flock through unshaded and unstained windows, the men sitting together on one side, the women on the other side. The men were roughly clothed, generally in coarse blue cloth very carelessly put together. The women came in with their invariably noiseless, gliding step, in very peculiar garb; they were shrouded in blankets, their heads closely covered with various wrappings. Occasionally handsome bead-work, or porcupine-work appeared as trimming on their cloth leggings and moccasins. Mothers brought their babies in bark cradles hanging at their backs, suspended by the regular burden strap passing around the forehead.

The congregation was attentive and some of the older members were very devout, making all the responses with much feeling and reverence. There was an organ of good tone well played by the regular organist, one of the chiefs. The singing was always very sweet. Never indeed were the services carried on without the sweet plaintive voices of the women being heard in the chants and hymns in their own language. Not a few men also had good voices. The people seem to have a natural taste for music. The sermon, though, was translated by the regular interpreter.

The library of Oneida books at that time, if not large, was of very great value to them. There was a translation of the New Testament, complete with the exception of the Second Corinthians; there were also portions of the Old Testament in Oneida; a Hymn Book, compiled

chiefly from our own; and 3 editions of the Prayer Book, one by Eleazer Williams. The Rev. John Henry Hobart, son of the revered Bishop Hobart, who had been ordained in the little church at Oneida, and who inherited his father's interest in the people, gave them an improved translation of the Prayer Book, published at his own expense. The translation was prepared for him by the skilful interpreter. The people valued this translation greatly, and often read it in their homes with much pleasure.

The school was taught by the Missionary, who considered this task one of his most important duties. After his marriage his young wife assisted with much zeal in the good work, and during those first months laid the foundation of her deep affectionate interest in the children. Says Miss Cooper: "The little dark-eyed, red-skinned creatures were wild and shy as the chipmunks and fawns of the forests. The girls were gentle, low-voiced and timid. They generally came with their heads closely covered with a wrap of some kind. Boys and girls kept carefully apart, it was impossible to coax them to recite in the same classes. But they soon became attached to the bright-faced, kindly, pleasant-mannered teacher, and ere long she acquired a very great influence over them, and over their mothers also." Later we hear of the shabby old school-house being replaced by a good building, one that also served the Indians as Council Hall for their especial pow-wows.

Mrs. Goodnough, though so young, not yet 17 when she married, so completely identified herself with her young husband in the work going on for the Mission, that it seems natural to write of them as colaborers. And surely there was never a more brave, sweet, winning

assistant in any parish. The first year of the Rev. Mr. Goodnough's services brought with them an event to which the people attached no little importance. It was giving their friend the Minister an Indian name. And it is by no means considered an empty compliment. Every Oneida has a name in his own language. Some of them are beautiful, others most peculiar. They never fail to give Indian names to their white friends, names chosen from some personal trait, or some quality characteristic of the individual. They are very close, shrewd observers. Says one:

"When the time came for giving the name to the Missionary, a feast was first prepared. This is a compliment conferred only on an individual whom they wish especially to honor. A regular feast having been duly prepared, and the people assembled, the Chief, Sa-no-sio, arose and made a speech. In the course of the speech the Oneida name of the Missionary, which had already been settled upon among the men, was publicly announced. It was "Ka-yen-retta," "Bright blue sky." This was received with applause followed by a very warm handshaking. Speech-making, feasting, and hand-shaking never fail to give satisfaction to the Oneidas.

The Minister having been named, the same compliment was paid later to his wife. At the Fourth of July feast her Oneida name was announced as "Ky-yon-to-sa," "She is planting." The Missionary, however, was generally spoken of as "my father," "our father." Their own word for Minister is "Ka-tsi-hen-sta-lis."

Years passed on bringing with them steady growth among the Oneidas. "There is nothing brilliant, nothing startling to record," says the writer of the "Missions to the Oneidas," "but quiet, healthful progress is shown as

the blessed result of loving charity and patient perseverance in sound Christian training. There was often hardness to be endured in that field and peculiar trials to be met. But every effort was made with a cheerful, Christian spirit. The hearts of both husband and wife were deeply interested in their duties among the tribe to whose service they had given themselves. 'I love the people,' exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Goodnough with great earnestness, at a time of peculiar trial and great danger to the Oneidas. 'I dearly love to teach these children,' said Ellen Goodnough within a few hours of her death." And the affection so generously given was warmly returned by the Oneidas.

"Among other of the Missionary's trials was the coming from Canada to the Reservation of some Methodist exhorters. They were ignorant, scarce able to read or write, and it was doubtful if they belonged to any Methodist organization. They came as intruders, stirring up strife among the flock, and were much given to abuse of the Church and to praise of their own superior piety. The course of one individual of this class was long unpleasantly remembered. He called himself the Rev. Mr. Sundown, and came especially to convert the people of Hobart Church. He stirred up no little trouble; had a small fanatic following; proposed building a meeting-house for his adherents, and actually began the work; but ere long was compelled to leave the Reservation in disgrace from his own misconduct. He could neither read nor write, but was very abusive of the Church. He probably was not a regular Methodist Minister."

The present Methodist settlement owes its origin to what is called the Orchard party. It occupies the western end of the Reservation. In 1846 their regular Mis-

sion built a place of worship and had a small portion of the Indian population in attendance. There is now, it is said, a kindly feeling existing between the two Missions, each doing its own work quietly, without interfering with the other. They have used the Oneida Hymn Book and other translations of the Church services.

Very decided changes and improvements were to be seen at the end of 10 years of faithful labor at Oneida. The school, which had almost dwindled away after Mr. Williams left, was once more prosperous, many of the children coming from a distance. The church was filled to its utmost capacity; baptisms were of frequent occurrence. The Bishop confirmed large classes; the communicants increased to 146. During Lent the little church would be well filled for prayers, the men leaving their work for the services, and returning again to their labor afterwards.

The general appearance of the country is said to have borne witness to the improvement. The people became more industrious and orderly. Heathen practices and superstitions were dying out. The general aspect of the Lord's Day was very striking. The farms increased in size and in the manner of cultivation. Sawmills, a grist-mill, and blacksmith's shop were all worked by the Indians. They also did a good share of carpenter's work. The women helped now only in the lighter outdoor work. There was one task, however, that wives and mothers would not give up; they always worked in the corn-fields with the men, planting, hoeing, and harvesting the maize. This they considered their privilege of birthright, a holiday task bequeathed to them by their Konoshioni mothers of bygone days. The maize, that beautiful plant and sweet grain, had always held a very important place with

the red man, and the Iroquois are said to have 12 different ways of preparing it for food.

The first invitation to Ellen Goodnough as bride, was often recalled by her in later years. And what an effort it must have cost her not to give offense we can readily imagine. A worthy old woman of the congregation invited her to supper, and with true hospitality gave the Minister's wife the best she had to offer—a kindly greeting, and succotash made of fresh young corn and beans. It was eaten out of an iron kettle placed on the earthen floor, with a wooden spoon. No bread was served.

The untidy way of living in the Oneida cabins greatly distressed Mrs. Goodnough. They had no regular hours for meals. Their bedsteads were rude bunks; the beds in many houses were left unmade all day. The washing was irregularly done; the ironing often entirely neglected. Tins and woodenware—scant in number—were never properly scoured. Their bread was cakes of maize, usually baked in the ashes.

Ere long, almost unconsciously, instinctively, as it were, Ellen Goodnough took the first steps in a course she afterwards pursued steadily until the last day of her life. Naturally bright and cheerful, she attracted the Oneida women as visitors to the Mission House, giving them kindly welcome and often entertaining them with a practical lesson in housekeeping, the making of bread, the scouring of a tin, the ironing of a garment—so many object-lessons to the shy, but closely observant visitors. Kindly example and friendly teaching in these first steps of civilization gradually produced good results. There was no lack of intelligence in her observers; the women were generally quick-witted and their slender fingers became skilled in any task that interested them. They

could speak little English, but kindly feeling has a language of its own; a pleasant smile, a friendly gesture, a bit of fun helped on the instructions. The Oneidas enjoy little jokes very decidedly, in spite of their quiet, shy ways.

After these first practical lessons in useful work, gentle guidance and teaching in more important matters followed. To raise the moral and religious tone of the women and girls became the great object of Mrs. Goodnough. And her loving efforts on their behalf were greatly blessed for good. She neglected no opportunity of instructing them by precept and example, and her influence became almost unbounded. She impressed upon them her own strong, noble principles, which influenced the character of many for life.

Mr. Goodnough was in the meantime using his utmost endeavor to instruct the men and boys in the right way of living. Says one who visited the Reservation about that time:

"The farms seem to be well cultivated. The houses, though small, are well built. I was pleased to see so many little gardens and flower-borders, too. We went into some of the houses, where they received us very kindly, with smiling faces and pleasant ways. At one house a young woman was ironing. The clothes were beautifully washed and starched, and the sewing seemed very good. I never saw a neater house than that I was in; you might have eaten your dinner from the floor. There were books lying about. They offered me cake here. I liked the way the women were dressed, with a short calico gown over a long skirt. It is peculiar and pleasing, and what nice shoes and stockings they wore, fitting so neatly on their small feet! But we met several

Oneida Farmers

old women with shawls over their heads this warm day. "We saw many men at work in the barnyards and fields in their white shirt-sleeves. Several times the farmers we passed invited us to take seats in their wagon, while all whom we passed greeted us kindly. We saw several sowing and reaping-machines in the fields, with tall, dark-haired farmers working them. The people seem generally more slow in their movements than the Yankees. We walked behind two young men who had rakes on their shoulders. They walked along at a slow pace, talking in Oneida. It seems strange that the people should be so very slow to learn English and cling so to their own language.

"The Indians are very hospitable, and as a rule, not mercenary. Since the people have lived in houses away from the smoke of the wigwams and have learned to use soap, they have become much lighter in complexion, not darker than the Mexicans. They are very kind in sickness, very gentle in all their relations of life. The men are tall, plain farmers, simple in their ways The women are smaller than the men. Nothing but the rather coarse, straight hair and strange speech recalls the Indian."

Dark and threatening clouds were now gathering about the Oneidas, and deeply felt by the young missionaries. Instead of rejoicing over their prosperity, their well cultivated farms, rich valley, and well-to-do homes scattered about the Reservation, there were those who coveted their possessions and determined, if possible, to wrest them away, and have the inoffensive people all driven off further to some unknown western wilderness. False representations were sent on to Washington, making it appear that the Oneidas were a scourge to the white people, and a nuisance to their neighbors at Green Bay,

and that they must be removed. As troubles were increasing, the chiefs and prominent men of the tribe are said to have met almost daily in Council. The Agent of the Government came to them full of threats to intimidate them; occasionally he resorted to bribery.

The Missionary, though much distressed for them, kept aloof from their councils, but his opinions were well known, and his advice always faithfully given to the people when asked. The great majority of them were strongly opposed to removal. A direct appeal to the Government at Washington was resolved upon. The Green Bay and Chicago newspapers, active in the conflict, roused great indignation among the Oneidas. Finally, Onangwatgo—Cornelius Hill—who had been educated at Nashotah, and it is said, "would do credit to any community," wrote an answer to the fulminations of the Agent. It was eloquent, at times quietly sarcastic, as he defended his race and compared them with the whites and some of their riotous ways of living at the Bay. He clearly proved that the Agent was acting on purely selfish motives to gain their lands for speculation; that his people were doing their best to cultivate them and improve themselves in every way possible, and that every right-thinking person felt they had been ill-used. The Government assured them that they were not to be removed; so the Agent was silenced for a time.

There had been at one time a Pagan chief with a small fanatical following, whose one idea was for them to remain Indians, as he expressed it, for all time, and who, to keep up his influence, had encouraged his followers in their various lawless deeds, among others to drive away all missionaries from among them. But even he had come under the Rev. Mr. Goodnough's influence, and had

ceased to annoy. Says Miss Cooper, in writing of those times: "When the Agent again decided to drive the people into selling their lands, he turned to the Chief referred to and made an ally of him. This Chief was finally induced to approve of the sale and to persuade some others to adopt his views."

The following summer the crops failed, especially the Indian corn on which the Oneidas depended in a great measure for food. The people, therefore, had no other means of subsistence than cutting wood from the forest for sale. They made shingles, cut firewood, square timber, and railroad ties. The women made baskets and brooms. By these means they lived comfortably, although the crops had failed. Suddenly the Agent called a general Council. Here he read what he declared to be an order from the Government forbidding the people to cut a single stick of timber, except for their own firewood, or building-purposes, and threatening them with prison if they disobeyed. In dismay the Indians again applied to their Missionary, telling him that they must starve or beg if they could not cut their timber and sell it. The forest at that time was very dense. He advised prudence in cutting the wood, and told them he thought the order was written by the Agent himself to frighten them into selling their lands.

Says one describing this sad and anxious time: "Again the Agent called a general Council, reading the same order and threatening to march soldiers on the Reservation if the people disobeyed. He also forbade their consulting the Missionary, or asking him to write letters for them. 'The Agent,' he said, 'must alone write all their letters to the Government.' He warned them that if the Missionary gave them advice, or wrote letters for them,

he would drive him from the Reservation. Here the young Chief, Cornelius Hill, said: 'We have always consulted our Minister about our affairs, why not continue to do so now?'

" 'If he writes a word for you or gives advice about temporal business I will drive him off the Reservation at once,' was the answer. Here the old heathen ally of the Agent exclaimed; 'We must cut the Minister's head off,' meaning the threat in a figurative sense. Onangwatgo then exclaimed with great indignation: 'I put my arms around the Minister. You must cut my head off first, before you can cut the Minister's head off.' Loud applause followed this speech, the building resounded with 'Toh! Toh! Toh!' 'hear! hear!' and 'Yoh! Yoh! Yoh!' 'right! right!' "

Some days passed, when with a singular perseverance the Agent wrote to the Missionary himself, saying he had received an order from the Department forbidding the Indians to cut their timber, and if the Missionary advised the people to disregard this order he would be removed from the Reservation. The Rev. Mr. Goodnough wrote in reply, asking for a copy of the order. The Agent answered he was not bound to show the orders of the Department. The Missionary then wrote to the Indian Commissioner at Washington, enclosing copies of the Agent's threatening letters and his own replies and asked for a copy of the one forbidding the cutting of timber. The Commissioner immediately forwarded copies of the whole correspondence with the Agent relating to the subject, showing clearly that the Agent had urged the Department to forbid the Indians to cut their timber, but the Department had refused to do so.

The plot was discovered, yet it seemed only to increase

Chief Hill

the Agent s hatred against the faithful Missionary. Suddenly he left for Washington. His object at first was a secret, but soon it was learned that he had gone to make arrangements for selling the Reservation. Without delay their young Chief Onongwatgo called a Council at the Mission school house. The Chief then dictated a letter to the Rev. Mr. Goodnough for the authorities at Washington, protesting in the strongest manner against the sale of their lands. Seven chiefs and all the men present signed the letter.

The Agent reached Washington, and while telling the Commissioner that "A large *majority* of the Indians *desired* to sell" was met by this letter containing their strong protest. The Agent again returned a defeated man, and was more abusive and violent in his threats than ever. But the joy of the Indians was unbounded.

Various and new devices were formed to get possession of the rich and well cultivated lands. Among others, false reports, all easily disproved, were made against the Missionary, to get him removed. The Agent's schemes were too numerous for us to describe. But he did not succeed in any of them, and to the great joy of the Indians, was himself removed from the Agency. These trials, now happily over, had caused constant and deep anxiety to the Indians and their faithful Missionary.

Others in charge of the Oneidas have doubtless withstood similar efforts to dislodge them, though not so persistently or treacherously kept up. Government, too, has since been roused to a more just policy towards the Indians, and unworthy agents are no longer allowed to scheme and use threats to obtain their Reservation. Still these trials have never wholly ceased, for there are always some white men near to covet the Indians' lands.

Not only these public disturbances, but all private troubles, were brought with confidence to the Mission House, for either Mr. or Mrs. Goodnough to settle. And their influence could be seen through the good work steadily going on among them. Frequently there were as many as 200 communicants in good standing in attendance at church.

The church was becoming much too small for them. Mr. Goodnough wrote that "frequently it was so overcrowded many had to stand outside. And this, too, on cold days and after coming from a great distance, and yet with the reverence and deep attention they would have shown if inside the church." There was talk now going on among them of building a larger and more suitable stone church. They were very poor, however, and knew it would be a work of time to accomplish, but they could at least begin by drawing stones for it at spare times. Frequent repairs were also needed to their wooden church, built, not very substantially, in 1839. There had never been a proper Altar at Hobart Church. What they used as such until 1868 was a common wooden table covered at ordinary times with a square cloth, once red but long since faded to a dingy gray. We are told:

"The Indians decided it was a duty to provide a much better Altar for the Holy Communion, and with earnest zeal both men and women entered upon the task of providing means for it. The women picked and sold berries, made baskets and mats, and through much self denial gave all their earnings for the Altar, while the men gave freely and cheerfully from their small earnings. They all felt anxious that the Altar should be in place for the next visitation, now near at hand, of their venerable and beloved Bishop. And they were not disappointed. The

$80 required was raised in time, with but little outside help. Mr. Goodnough had prepared a design, and the Altar was made at Green Bay and placed in Hobart Church a day or two before Bishop Kemper came to them. He was now aged, nearly fourscore years, and becoming feeble, but he still filled his appointments with regularity. Our Bishop never disappoints us, was a common saying among the people."

As years passed on, steady progress in civilization continued to be made among the Oneidas, and it was remarked upon by all who visited the Mission. The moral and religious tone was also very encouraging. The Rev. Mr. Goodnough wrote me in 1869, "The people are doing well. When we look back 15 years to our first coming here and compare the condition of things then with the present we can hardly restrain our expression of wonder and deep thankfulness. God has wrought wonders. We have enemies now, as we have always had and must expect to have, but they have not seriously injured us."

The venerable Bishop Kemper has always been received by the Oneidas with the utmost respect and affection. They thronged as usual out on the road to meet him, men, women and children, in every way striving to manifest their pleasure at seeing him; for he was indeed to them as a beloved and venerated father. He was also very kind to the Mission family, and, in connection with the Rev. Dr. Adams, was then assisting to educate their eldest son at Nashotah.

A few years earlier, when he had made an appointment to visit the Mission in the autumn. a worthy old woman, on hearing of it, gathered a very large basket of blackberries in August. This she slung to her back by the burden strap passing around her forehead, and

walked 20 miles to Appleton, where she sold the berries for 8 cents a quart. With this money she bought a very handsome cup and saucer that cost $1.75. This she brought to Mrs. Goodnough, and said: "These are for our father, the Bishop, to drink tea out of." They were set before the Bishop when he came, and he was greatly pleased. After that, whenever he came they were placed on the table for his use.

In 1869 they were not on the supper-table. "Where is my cup? Is it broken?" asked the good Bishop. It had only been forgotten and was soon placed before him.

"Now I can drink my tea in comfort," he said with a pleased look at the cup and saucer given him by a poor Indian woman, whose gift and self-denial he so well appreciated.

This was the last visitation of the dear old Bishop to the Oneidas, towards whom he had ever shown love and interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. His diocesan work was drawing to a close. The following spring, May 24, 1870, aged 81 years, he fell asleep, beloved and deeply mourned by all who had come under the influence of his sweet, amiable disposition and rare self-denial in giving up all the comforts of home to become a pioneer Missionary Bishop, literally "enduring hardships as a brave soldier and servant of Christ."

A few months later, or in the autumn of 1871, occurred the terrible forest fires which destroyed many small hamlets in Wisconsin and in which not a few lives were lost. These fires were raging with great fury at no great distance from the Oneida Reservation. Small settlements and farms were destroyed, and broad reaches of forests entirely burned. The air was thick and oppressive with smoke. A constant watch was kept up on the Reserva-

tion night and day. Finally the flames reached the Oneida forests and destroyed much of their valuable timber, but no buildings of importance were injured. The fences of the Mission House were burned. The fire came so close to them that the building as well as the school-house was for a time in much danger; but they were saved through vigilant watchfulness, day and night.

In some parts of Wisconsin the waters were so greatly impregnated with lye from the burnt district, that for several months they could not be used. In the timber country streams 100 feet in width became useless. And during some months of the following winter, the men at work in the forests were compelled to use snow for cooking and drinking.

Chapter XX.

Records of a Busy Life.

During these latter busy years of the colaborers Mrs. Goodnough began a diary to record some of the events in the mission life among the Oneidas. It was written for the information and pleasure of two friends living at a distance, who were much interested in the Indian Mission. It proved very interesting, from its truthful records giving an accurate idea of the missionary work among a peculiar people, as seen from within. The diary, as it came to us shortly after the death of Ellen Goodnough, appeared of such general interest that our friend, Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, daughter of the distinguished author and niece of Bishop DeLancy, a writer of some note herself, was induced to prepare a portion of it for the press with gleanings from letters previously received from the Missionary and placed at her disposal.

They, with other valuable information connected with the Oneidas' earlier history, appeared several years ago in continued chapters in the "Living Church" of Chicago. We are now prevailed upon to reproduce some extracts from this interesting diary, as originally written for us by one who literally laid down her life in serving the dusky Indian. One of the first entries, simply given, shows the courage, Christian faith, and trust that supported Ellen Goodnough under many a trying difficulty.

"June 2nd, 1866—We closed the school to-day on account of the small-pox which has raged fearfully about

us through the winter and spring. Our nearest neighbor has it now and we are quite surrounded by it. When it first broke out the people were very careless indeed, many thinking it was the measles. Nearly 20 families had it before it was known what it really was. My husband sent to Green Bay for a physician and had all the school children vaccinated before he dismissed them. People say that the Indians always have this disease worse than the whites. Among the Prairie tribes in 1837, 10,000 are known to have died in one year. The families of one thousand lodges among the Blackfeet, Chikarees, and Mandans were swept away. It broke out among the Mandans, July 15th, and in a few weeks it is said out of 1,600 people only 30 were left.

"June 5th—Prepared a basket of food this morning for a large family who are all ill. Arthur, my oldest boy, carried the basket near the house, shouted, and the man taking care of the family came out. Arthur set the basket down and ran home. This is the way we have adopted to help the sufferers. Provisions and medicines are furnished by the chiefs and friends and carried near the houses, when the nurses come out and take what is left for them, but they do not leave the sick ones until all danger of spreading the disease is over. A woman and her babe died last night and were buried in the woods. Thirteen near us have died lately. I look around upon my own five children with dread, yet trust they may be spared.

"June 22nd—To day has been set apart by the Missionary as a day of prayer and fasting on account of the small-pox, which has not yet left the Reservation, though it is hoped the worst is over. Vaccination, and the care now taken to prevent the disease from spreading, is having a very good effect.

"June 23d—The interpreter was here to-day. He lives on his farm about five miles away. He is a most excellent man, a truly devout Christian. He had just come from Green Bay, where a white man, a lawyer, tried hard to make him swear a false oath as witness. At last the lawyer offered him a bribe of $3 to induce him to take the oath. He little knew the true uprightness of our Christian brother, who was quite amazed at this conduct of a man he had looked up to as learned in the law and a gentleman. 'He ought to know what is right a great deal better than an Indian' was the comment of the Indian.

Although the Missionary understands Oneida, can speak it, and reads it well, and conducts the Services with ease, he never preaches in it, fearing to make some mistake. The interpreter always translates the sermon. The language, though soft and musical in many of its sounds, is harsh in others and is very hard to learn to speak perfectly. Children acquire it easily. Our little ones speak it better than English, but the Oneidas say no grown person, scarcely speaks it without mistakes.

"June 24th. Sunday—The Church was full to-day. Three children were baptized. Indian babies seem to take pleasure in being christened. They really behave remarkably well, often looking up intently in the Minister's face and smiling sweetly. They seldom cry. After the Baptism a hymn was sung. Then a young couple came forward to be married. The bride is about 14. Probably these young people have spoken but little to one another previous to the ceremony which united them for life. The relatives generally settle the marriages in their families, but the consent of both parties is of course always obtained before the ceremony. The young bride was very pleasing and modest in appearance. The

Oneida girls are generally very pleasing and modest in look and manner.

"Monday—When we rose this morning we found a number of our people outside the house waiting to see their "father" in order to get some money. They often bring him their money for safe keeping and draw it out as they need it. Sometimes they lend little sums to each other, Mr. Goodnough keeping the account and casting up the interest, which is never usurious.

"There is a death feast to-day. This is one of the old heathen customs they will keep up and cling to. They believe when a person dies the spirit stays in the house 10 days. On the tenth the relatives of the deceased make a feast in the house of mourning, and all partake of it in profound silence. Not a word is spoken excepting by the one appointed to speak of the departed and call to remembrance any little incident of the individual's life, dwelling on the good qualities. They say if this ceremony is omitted the departed one is sad and hungry.

"Tuesday—Six women came to spend the afternoon with me, bringing their sewing. We had a very pleasant visit indeed. They were nicely dressed, and very neat. My visitors could not speak much English, and I cannot converse freely in Oneida, though I understand it pretty well. We talked about a new Altar for our Church. It is greatly needed. I am very hopeful this improvement may be brought about.

"Saturday—This morning I called some of the girls into my kitchen to teach them the art of making yeast and bread. Many of the Indian families now use wheat flour. Ten years ago they only used it on great occasions and at their feasts. Their own common bread is very hard to make and indigestible for those who are not ac-

customed to it. It is made of white maize. The corn is shelled, boiled for a few moments in strong lye, then washed thoroughly in cold water until the hulls all come off. They have a wooden mortar in each house made by burning a hollow in a hardwood log, which is about 3 feet long and stands on the floor. The maize, freed from its hulls, is then pounded into flour by a wooden or stone pestle. It is afterwards sifted through a sieve made of very fine strands of bark. It is then mixed with boiling water and kneaded into round flat cakes, which are baked in the ashes of the fireplace, or boiled like dumplings for an hour or more. Whole beans, or dried berries, in it are considered an improvement. The Indians declare this bread of theirs will sustain life longer than any other article of food.

"Saturday evening—This is mail day. Mr. Goodnough being Postmaster and postman, too, brings the mail himself from Green Bay. Twelve years ago the Saturday evenings and nights were times of terror to me, owing to the riotous conduct of the people returning from trading at the Bay. But the people are now quiet and orderly, they make their little purchases and come home sober. There is only an occasional case of drunkenness and no general sprees.

"September 1st—Old Mother Margaret Skenandoah came to spend the afternoon with me. She told me that a few days since a wild Indian had died at the Chippawa camp and some of our Oneidas went to see the burial, then added: 'We could hardly help crying when we saw how foolish and ignorant those Chippawas are. It don't seem as if our people were ever so ignorant but I suppose they must have been so, for I remember when I was a little girl they used to do a great many things that would seem awful foolish and wicked now.'

"These Chippawas are indeed a very wild, destitute and miserable appearing set of Indians who came here and asked permission to camp in the woods of the Reservation for the summer. The Oneidas, always generous, readily granted their request. The Missionary has been to see them and tried to persuade them to come to Church, but they are violently opposed to Christianity. One or two who can speak a little English, exclaimed with excitement, 'We no want white man's God. We no want to be Christian. We stay Indians and keep Indian ways.' Poor creatures! Some of the Chippawas, however, are partly civilized, and good Christians, but this band is very wild.

"September 13th—At an early hour this morning the Indians began to gather at the Mission. They came to clear some new land for a mission pasture. The first to appear was Johnny Wys-to-te, 'Snowbird.' The children are all glad to see him. He is a good fellow, has been baptized, but not confirmed, because occasionally he will go on a spree. He is over 40, but has neither wife nor child. Johnny is very lazy or slow; it even seems an effort to him to speak. Strange to say he is one of the swiftest runners of the tribe. There are three runners, public officials. They are employed by the Chiefs in case of a council or for accidents, or any matter requiring immediate public attention. If a person is killed, drowned, or frozen to death, these runners go through the settlement shouting the 'Death Whoop,' a peculiar, unearthly sound familiar to every Indian, and once heard by a white person, never forgotten. These runners start from one end of the settlement in a line, one behind another, about 6 or 8 paces apart. The first gives the 'Death Whoop,' then after a moment the next one, then the

third. Thus they run at the swiftest pace through the whole settlement. It is a sound that makes one shudder. However distant, this fearful cry is immediately recognized by the people. They run to the roadside with anxious hearts fearing that the dead one may be a relative or friend. I have heard this 'Death Whoop' a few times, but hope never to hear it again.

"September 14th—There were 80 Indians here at dinner yesterday after their work on the pasture land. Several of the women came to assist me in preparing their late dinner. Many of the women are fine cooks, but not very economical; they like to use all they have at once, invite their friends to a feast, and then live on as little as possible for a long time. It is the delight of the Oneida heart to make a feast, big or little, as the case may be. They are very hospitable. They will often work hard, pinch and scrimp in every way in order to treat their friends to a good dinner. The Indians cleared about seven acres of heavily timbered land.

"After dinner they sat under the trees in the yard, to smoke their pipes and make speeches in Oneida. Jacob Hill, a leading warrior, and a Church officer spoke first. He said, 'It must be pleasant to our father and mother to see so many of us here to-day. We have surprised them. They did not expect us to do this work for them.' The people answered, 'Yo! Yo! Yo!' which means approbation. Several other speeches were also made. Cornelius Hill, the young chief, is a fine speaker. He thanked all his brothers then present in the name of their father and mother, the Missionaries for what they had done. He also spoke of the repairs and improvements needed for the Church. He urged every one old and young to do all they could for their Church. 'Yo! Yo! Yo!' 'Well, well, well!' was the answer from the men.

"There were several strangers at dinner, 2 or 3 Oneidas and 2 Onondagas from the Castle in New York. Paul Powles, a chief, brought them in and seated them at the first table. They sat with their hats on, spitting right and left. Our people were evidently mortified at their want of manners. Old Margaret said to me, 'they don't know any better. All our folks that come from down below are a great deal more *Ingeny* than we are. It is strange too, for here we are away off alone, and they are mixed with white people and have white folks all around them.'

" 'Yes,' replied Hannah Powless, 'but it is the low kind of white folks, Irish and Dutch, and such like. They don't know any more than Indians do.' The Oneidas have a great contempt for the degraded class of foreigners. They do not consider them white folks at all.' "

We would here state that the surroundings of the Indians at Oneida Castle and Onondaga have greatly changed since that remark of Old Margaret. The Oneidas at the Castle have become a more civilized, industrious, and agricultural people. And the Onondagas, on their Reservation, are well looked after and prosperous under charge for some time of the Rev. Mr. Hayward, one of the Church's missionaries.

"I was amused this evening by one of the chiefs' saying to me, 'What kind of a woman is Mrs. Smith?' (a visitor at the Reservation). I replied: 'I should think she is a very nice lady.' 'We did not think so,' replied the chief, 'cause she laughs and talks so loud. I guess she did not have good bringing up.' The Indians consider it a decided mark of ill breeding for women to talk or laugh in a loud tone. All the Oneida women seem to have sweet low voices.

"Sunday, Sept. 16th—There was Baptism to-day; two

babies and a little boy of 8. He came from Canada lately, behaved very nicely and seemed to understand the solemn Service. The babies smiled up at the Minister as usual. One baby about three months old wore a long white dress and a red flannel skirt two inches longer; the other wore a pink calico with a long white underskirt trimmed with broad lace edging around the bottom. When we first came here all the babies were christened on the cradle-board, which was ornamented with feathers and beads and other gewgaws. These babies, no doubt, have Indian names besides the American or Christian names given in Baptism.

"Our own children all received Indian names from their Oneida friends soon after they were born. Arthur was named 'Ta-ko-wa-gon,' 'holds the people.' One of the young men not liking this gave him another name, 'Ga-ron-sa' 'bright morning.' Willie was 'Ra-na-ta-non,' 'watchman.' After we lost him the Oneidas wished this name put upon his tombstone, which was done. Edwy's name is 'Ah-re-we-ost-oni,' 'a good word.' When about 6 years old, from his active movements it was changed into 'This-ta-rak,' 'grasshopper.' Lilly's name is 'Ka-sin-na-wan,' 'our lady.' Johnny's name is 'To-ta-wa-sah,' 'all glass.' Alice is 'Ogu-gu-ha,' 'flower,' while her god-mother, was called 'Gu-gu-ha,' 'full flower,' or 'open flower.'

"Wednesday, Oct. 7th—I saw a 'witch-light' last night. I have not seen one before in some years. In old times, the Oneidas say witchcraft held a great place among their people, but since they have become Christians the superstition has almost died out. Not entirely, however. There are some people here who believe they are witches, and must practice witchcraft. I do not know as they do

much harm, but they annoy the people. The 'witch-light' rises high up in the air, then suddenly goes out. In a few minutes it rises again, perhaps at some distance from the first light. At times it rises like a ball of fire, and when high in the air explodes.

"A few years ago Adam Peters had a sick child; every night the watchers were frightened by the 'witch-light.' It appeared regularly every night at certain hours. The child died, and the 'witch-light' still appeared, a sign, it was thought, that another one of the family was to be taken away. Adam became very brave and made a silver bullet. It must be made of silver coin to have any effect on a real witch. He loaded his gun and lay in wait for the light. It appeared as usual at some distance from the house; he bravely fired towards where the light arose, and then rushed for safety into the house. He said he heard a scream. The next morning a harmless old woman was said to be sick. Her disease proved to be a silver bullet. It was taken from her side. She had a long illness, but recovered, and has been a devoted Christian since then."

An intelligent Oneida once made the remark: "Why do the papers always tell the bad things the Indians do, but never the good?" Recalling this, we would here say that the Indian was not alone in his superstitious belief in the efficacy of a silver bullet, for very recently we find this item in print:

"In witchcraft-lore silver seems to have been credited with great power to disperse evil spirits." In an old book upon the subject one reads of a "valiant soldier who has skill in Necromancy and who always used silver bullets to shoot away the witches."

A gentleman interested in curios recently purchased an old musket of a Pennsylvania farmer. From its ap-

pearance the weapon antedates the Revolution. It was in a deplorable state of rust and in cleaning it the new owner discovered that it was loaded. He carefully withdrew the charge, and to his surprise found, instead of bullets, two bent silver shillings dated 1781, tightly wadded with leaves of a Bible of ancient print. Beneath the coins were a small lock of hair and a piece of paper containing an illegible quotation. The gunpowder was coarse, and undoubtedly of colonial manufacture. The whole is said to look very much like a charmed charge calculated to demolish some weird lady of the broomstick.

To return to Mrs. Goodnough's diary:

"Before the Oneidas moved to Wisconsin, some 45 years ago, 4 women were tried at Oneida Castle, N. Y., by the Chiefs for being witches. They were declared guilty and condemned to death unless they should solemnly promise they would give up witchcraft. But the wretched creatures said they were witches and could not help it. They were killed in the Council House with tomahawks. Old Henry, one of the executioners, was a singular man, and never after spoke of these women if he could help it. His neighbors said he was haunted by the dead witches. No doubt the memory of the dead troubled him at times.

"Thursday—Mary Ann Bread, Mary and Rachel Hill were here to drink tea with me. They asked for some sewing. I gave them a calico dress to make for Lilly. 'I will tell you something,' said Mary Ann, 'but you must not tell the Minister.' 'If it is anything he ought to know I must tell him.' 'Oh! it isn't much. But you know how he scolded us the other Sunday about tattling. I thought he meant me all the time; Rachel says for sure he meant her, and my Kate says he meant her. I guess he meant us all,' she added with a laugh.

A Typical Oneida of the Past

Oneida Women

Members of the Hobart Guild

"Monday—I have quite a large knitting-class now; three married women among them. Lilly went to school this morning with a pair of red mittens I had just finished for her; so they all wanted to knit mittens. I told them to finish their stockings first. Some of them wanted to knit gloves, too, as gloves they said, were more fashionable. They love finery, yet many of them still come to me with their heads so wrapped up I have to ask them to take off their wraps. They often wear 3 or 4 handkerchiefs, or small shawls or green veils one over another, on their heads. It seems to be a sort of modesty or shyness which leads them to do this. You seldom see an Oneida woman out of her own house bareheaded. Some of them have good shawls but they wear them wrapped around them blanket fashion.

" 'Garrentha,' 'falling bark,' happened in while we were knitting. She is an excellent girl and a great favorite with me. She sings in the choir, and very nicely too. She is a good sewer, and dresses neatly, wearing the usual long skirt and over this the shorter gown, generally bordered with ribbon or velvet and sometimes embroidered. Her dress is always pleasing. She wears her shawl 'white folks' way, instead of blanket fashion. You seldom see a real blanket now; they were very common when we first came here. She also wears a gipsy hat instead of three wraps. People say: 'Oh! Garrentha will never marry now, she is too old!' She is in fact 19. But the Oneida girls are married so early—at 14 or 15—that 19 is considered an advanced age.

"Oct. 10th—Several women called on us to-day to talk about the much needed repairs of our Church. First we must have a new Altar. We have never had a Communion Table worthy of the Holy Service. A miserable

old table covered with a crimson cloth now faded to gray, is the present Altar. Then we must have a new pulpit-cover. The roof leaks badly, and we must have a new one. The women are much interested in the repairs, as they always are. Last fall the women alone raised $92 to buy lamps and shades for the windows, but that was a good year for berries. They gathered the berries, carried them on their backs to the nearest town, sold them, and brought the money to me for the lamps and shades. Quite a number of women called to-day bringing their money offerings for the Altar; $18 was the amount. One little boy brought 3 cents, another 2 cents. My friends asked what would be the cost of an Altar. I told them we might have a respectable one for $25. A handsome one would cost from $50 to $100. 'You must decide yourselves whether it shall be cheap or expensive.' They talked together awhile in Oneida, and then said, 'We must have the best we can get. We cannot get anything too good for the Church, which is the Lord's House.'

" 'I never cared much about making this Church nice' said Rachel Hill, 'for I've always thought we should have to leave it some day. In our old home in York State we had a nice Church and nice homes, too, orchards and all we wanted. But we had to leave all and come off here in the thick woods and suffer everything. Now we are beginning to be comfortable, but see how our Great Father wants to get our lands, see how the white folks want to get our homes.' 'We were rich once,' said Mary Ann Bread,' 'we had large annuities, and ever so much land, and now this little piece is all we have left. I should think white folks would be ashamed to take this little land away too.' 'Why are there so many bad white folks when they

have Bibles and Ministers and Prayer Books and Churches and schools? Yet they are so wicked!' exclaimed Margaret Skenandoah. 'It is because the wicked ones do not take to heart what the Bible and Prayer Book teaches them,' was my answer.

"October 15th—John Baird came this morning bringing me $5 for the Altar. This is very generous. It is as much from John as $300 would be from many white men. John is a fine specimen of an Indian, manly, honest, straightforward, and upright in all his dealings. He is proud of his good name, and of his many friends. He is really a good farmer, mechanic, and blacksmith. His farm is small, but well worked, and stocked with cows, horses, and sheep. He works in his blacksmith-shop in winter. Though a young man of only 28, he has quite a family to support. A wife, three children of his own, an orphan niece and two poor orphan boys. John has done well by those poor children, providing them with a comfortable home, plenty of food and clothing, and sending them regularly to school. His orphan niece, Rachel, is one of our most advanced scholars.

"John Baird is one of the temporal officers of the Mission. There are three of these officers. It is their duty to look after the poor and sick, and attend to all the temporal matters of the Church. John often comes to the Missionary for medicines for the sick. My husband studied medicine in his early youth with his own father, who was a physician, and he had a good deal of practice among our Oneidas in all ordinary cases. He keeps a supply of medicines for them, giving it to whoever needs it.

Saturday, 18th—Freddie Cornelius, a little 9 year old boy, brought a quarter of a dollar for the new Altar, all

in pennies; he must have been saving them a long time. Five women came a little later, each with her dollar. Two old women brought 50 cents each. Rachel Hill brought $1.25 by the sale of her beautiful butter. She is a fine housekeeper, very neat and industrious. She has many cows and often sends us a nice roll of butter. She is a good mother, and sends her children to the mission school very regularly through all weathers. Her daughter Margaret is called the best singer in the choir.

"In keeping the account of the money received for the Altar, I write the names of the contributors with the amount given by each. The women are much interested in this account. 'Will our father, the Bishop see this book when he comes?' they ask eagerly. They are very fond of their aged Bishop, and well they may be; he has been indeed a father to the Oneidas. Their name for him is 'Ha-re-ro-wah-gon,' 'He has power over all words.'

"It is a busy time with the women now; they gather and husk the corn, having planted and hoed it in the spring and summer. They also dig the potatoes. They do not, however, work in the fields nearly so much as a few years ago. Many of them are depending on the corn-husks for their contribution towards the new Altar. They are carefully stored away in the house, and winter evenings are braided into mats which sell for 8 or 10 cents apiece. Some of the husks are very nicely prepared for mattresses. They are carefully dried and split in fine strands with a wire, then carried in bundles on the backs of the women to the Bay, a distance of 10 miles, where they sell from 4 to 6 cents a pound, according to their quality.

"Some of the merchants have tried to beat them down

to a smaller sum. Old Margaret came in to-day with a piteous story, wishing her 'father' to help her. She had hired a horse and wagon and gone to the Bay with 70 pounds of well prepared husks to sell. The merchant, a rich man, took them, and she was hoping for a buyer. He offered her $2 in store pay. He had not the articles she needed in his store and wanted some money for the Church and Altar. She told him she wanted money or her husks back. She had to come home leaving her husks, and without a mouthful to eat all day. Some traders seem to have no conscience where the Indian is concerned."

Chapter XXI.

Diary of Ellen Goodnough, Continued.

In the midst of her many duties and pressing cares Ellen Goodnough continued, at intervals, the diary that gives us some interesting facts concerning early events and customs among the Oneidas, which otherwise might have been lost to us. She writes:

"November 1st—Ball playing is the delight of the Oneidas. On the 4th of July and other great occasions they make up grand games. Each player has a bat made by bending one end of a hickory stick in the form of an ox-bow and weaving across the bow strings of deerskin. The ball must not be touched once by hand or foot, but only with the bat while trying to get it within the wicket. There are two sides to the game, one composed of all the married men disposed to enter into the sport, the other of an equal number of young men. The game is very exciting even to the lookers on, for it calls out all the strength, skill, activity, and endurance of the players.

"The Indians have a mystery or medicine for many things, among others for ball playing. Old Peter used to make this particular mess, and it was said that the party who bought and used the medicine could not be beaten. One summer when the excitement among the ball players ran very high, the young men hired old

Peter to make the medicine for them, paying him a very high price for it. But when the game was played they were defeated, and that evening they caught Peter, he was on the playground, and poured all the medicine that was left down his throat. He lived only a short time after the dose, an hour or so, dying by the roadside. It is said this horrible mess must be mixed in a human skull. Such was their superstition, but happily it is dying out.

"One old woman makes medicine to guard against witches. Old John House was famous for this. One summer about ten years ago, a witch appeared in the form of a large black hog. It appeared only at night, running after people and making awful noises. One night it chased a party of young men, who turned upon it with stones and clubs, pounding it soundly, when to their great astonishment old John House cried for mercy. He was ill for some time after this pounding, and had hardly recovered when a new witch appeared in the form of a wildcat. It was always in some tree and made the most hideous noises imaginable.

"The same party of more civilized young men were walking along the road one evening and heard the wild-cat. Instead of running away with superstitious fear, they again armed themselves with clubs and stones, and looked about for the creature, which they soon found perched on the limb of a tree. They stoned it furiously until it tumbled down, and again old John House cried out for mercy. Their stoning, this time had been too severe, for the foolish old man died after a few days' illness.

"Sunday, 22nd—There was a very large congregation at church to-day. During the service two little red

babies were baptized. They both looked as sweet and clean as any white babies. We do not often nowadays see babies on their Indian cradle-board. When we first came here we never saw them on anything else. They were then baptized so. We used to see them hanging up in the log houses, or perhaps suspended from the branch of a tree, while the mother would be hoeing corn or digging potatoes near by.

"This cradle is a thin board about two feet long, split from a maple log, and made smooth and gaily painted with various colors and all sorts of designs. A wooden bow is bent over the place where the child's head lies, the ends being firmly fastened to the sides of the board. On this wooden arch, or bow, little bells and trinkets are fastened to amuse the child; it also serves as a handle to the cradle. Down each side of the board are fastened strong straps of deerskin or bark, between which and the cradle is passed a broad bandage which binds the child closely to the frame so that it cannot move hand or foot. It can only move its eyes and mouth, otherwise it is bound as close as a mummy. Yet the little creature makes no complaint, and thus learns one virtue, patience common to all Indians.

"The little ones baptized to-day smiled as usual as they were held in the Missionary's arms and looked up into his face. I cannot at this moment remember seeing any Oneida baby baptized who did not smile as the Clergyman baptized it, as if it would thank him for admitting it into Christ's Church." (And too, perhaps, we may be allowed to add, Mr. Goodnough had a very gentle, winning way with children.)

"After the Baptism this morning there was a marriage. The bride but 15 and looked modest and childlike. As

a rule the young people have not had a word to say in regard to their own marriages. The mother of the young man picks out a wife for him and makes a bargain with the girl's mother. Then the young man sends the girl a present of cloth, etc., through his mother, in value according to his circumstances. In case the girl breaks off the match she must send back the presents, but if the young man breaks off the match the presents are kept by the girl. When we first came here the young people were sometimes forced by their parents to marry. As soon as my husband understood the matter he refused to perform the service unless the parties gave their full consent.

"Sunday evening—The Church was full this morning, as it generally is. The congregation looks very different from what it did when we first came here. Then, in the warmest weather, the women were wrapped in white blankets, or else squares of black or blue broadcloth, some of the latter richly embroidered. Now we never see a blanket in Church. They wear shawls of the brightest and gayest colors pinned at the throat. A veil or handkerchief, or occasionally now a hat, is worn on the head. The young people sometimes wear gorgeously trimmed hats. A lady visiting me, told me that walking behind a young girl she counted seven different kinds of ribbons on her hat!

"Monday—A great many people have been to the study to-day. Mr. Goodnough has hardly had time to eat his meals. He keeps their accounts, writes their letters, is their Doctor, and general adviser, besides his duties as School-Master, Justice of the Peace, and Minister. Sometimes in winter when they have little to do they really crowd the room and take up much of our

time. But as they grow more industrious they find work in their own houses. We always make them welcome, and are really pleased to see them when we can be helpful to them. They are very kind and friendly with us, and the Missionary puts in a good word here and there about work, or about Christian duties.

"Friday—I went out to call this afternoon at the Widow Nimhams, but the door was closed and the mortar pestle turned up against it. A sign that no one is at home. I found Elizabeth Doxtater and her daughter Belinda in. They were busy sewing. Elizabeth is a remarkably young looking woman for a great-grandmother. Her hair is as black as jet. The hair of the full-blooded Indians seldom turns gray. Old Mary Cooper, who is very old, near a hundred she thinks herself, has hair as black as jet. Indian women, at least among the Oneidas, do not show their age as white women do, but keep their youthful looks remarkably well to an advanced age.

"Saturday—The Chiefs of the First Christian Party are in the study counselling with the Missionary. The agent has been making trouble. He is a very harsh arbitrary man, and determined to get these lands from the Indians and drive them further West. There has indeed been much trouble during the past five years caused by this agent. At first he seemed to be a nice plausible man. He came among the people and made friends with them. But he now proves anything but a friend. These agents have it in their power to do much evil or much good to a tribe. But few of them seem to take a right view of their duties. They oftener aim at making money out of the timber and lands of the Indians.

"Sunday, Nov. 11th—After service Mr. Goodnough

went to see a sick woman and baptize her child. The family live about four miles away in the woods. It is dark now, and he has not come home. At 4 o'clock a large wedding-party came and are here waiting for him. I entertained them as well as I could with books of pictures. At last Cornelius Hill grew uneasy; he was afraid the minister would lose his way among the cross-roads in those woods. I said, 'He is on horseback and the pony will know his way if my husband does not.'

"The instinct of these Indian ponies is really remarkable. I gave my friends some supper. Still the minister came not. At 10 o'clock the bride and her friends prepared to go home, and the men said they would go and look after 'their father.' But just then the pony's hoofs were heard close at hand. My husband came in safe, but cold and tired, having wandered about in the woods for five hours. He met no one, but trusted to the pony to find his way, as they so often do. After wandering about for three hours under a dark, cloudy sky, suddenly pony stopped and would not move. They were on the bank of a stream. He had completely lost his way, and evidently made up his mind to pass the night in the woods.

"Mr. Goodnough, however, moved on and at length saw a faint light far away. After some difficulty he reached a shanty where he found a family of kind Indians, only too glad to show their Minister the way home. He said to the people waiting for him: 'I did not know that an Indian could lose his way.' At this they all laughed heartily. As soon as he was warmed, the company sobered down and prepared for the marriage service. The bride wore a crimson cloth petticoat, long and very full, trimmed around the bottom with black velvet. She

wore above this two short gowns—one bright yellow, scalloped around the bottom and bound with green braid; over this she wore one of white muslin. Her shawl was a bright plaid wrapped about her blanket fashion. On her head she wore a very pretty white cloud, and over it a green veil.

"Monday, 27th—Our dear Bishop came to us last Saturday. On Sunday he confirmed 26. He is now very feeble, and has grown old very fast during the past year. The Altar was finished just before the Bishop came. The Indians almost idolize him, they are so much attached to him. Whenever he comes they do everything they can to show their love and respect for him. They *all* go to meet him, men, women, and children, some on foot, some in wagons, or on horseback. Meeting him, they all gather about him with affectionate greetings, and then follow him to the Mission House.

"Thursday—I have just been out to drink tea with a kind neighbor. About twelve years ago my young sister and myself were invited to the same house. We went and had corn soup without salt for supper, that was all; it was the best they had. Each one ate alone with a plate and a wooden ladle or spoon. To-night the table at the same house was in every way as nice as our own. I could not have set it more neatly myself, and it was loaded with good things all nicely cooked. When we first came here I do not think there was one family who sat down at table to eat as a regular habit. Now they all eat like white people, and very many families ask a blessing too.

"Not long ago, after my last baby was born, a party of women came to take tea. Mr. Goodnough was away, so at the first table a young lady staying with me pre-

sided, at the next an Oneida woman. My young friend told me afterwards she was much mortified when the Indian woman asked a blessing very reverently and she had neglected to do so.

"Saturday—Many of the Indians are at work now in the pine woods earning good wages. They held a council two weeks ago, and determined to make another effort towards repairing the Church, and last Tuesday they went to the woods, cut logs, drew them to mill, sold them, and last evening brought the money to the Missionary. It was $75 to be spent in shingles for the new roof, which is greatly needed. The Church sadly needs repair. The new Altar is all we could wish, but the Church itself needs many repairs. The people are talking and hoping for a new stone church, but that seems very far off. A few days ago the men sent out into the woods and got $50 worth of lumber to fence the cemetery. Another day they are going for posts for the fence.

"Next Monday they are to work for us to provide our firewood. This they do every year. They go into the woods early in the morning, cut the firewood, draw it to the house, and eat dinner here, which they seem to enjoy very much. There will be from 50 to 150 here to-morrow. Some of the women will be here to help me cook and serve the dinner. It takes a great deal of work, and I do not enjoy it very much. But then our people enjoy these gatherings so much. Last fall they made a 'bee' to build a barn of hewn logs for us. Eighty men came to dinner and supper, and stayed at work two days. When the barn was done I was almost used up. As I have not table or dishes to set for more than 12, or 14 at one time, it takes

a long while for all to eat. But they are very kind to us, and we love the people dearly.

"Wednesday—I hope to have more time now for my correspondence. During the past year I have had to leave many things undone. Now I am teaching only the Indian boys, six hours a day. After school I sweep the school-room, then come home and get dinner and supper together, wash the dishes and attend to various other household duties. Then there is always the mending or something to be done to the children's clothes, often something to be washed for the next day. Saturday I iron, clean up generally, bake, and so on. But as long as I am blessed with good health I am thankful to be able to do the work. Last fall when I had to teach boys and girls together, and all the evenings were spent in writing copies and arranging knitting work, I was sometimes afraid my own children would be neglected.

"Friday—It will be as much as the Indians can do to take care of themselves this spring. Their crops failed last summer and the food supply is giving out. Many are now calling on us for assistance, from real necessity or in cases of sickness. A poor woman has just been in to ask for a coffin, as her husband died last night. I took the skirt, you, Miss B—— sent, to a poor woman who is a cripple, perfectly helpless, with three little ones to care for. I am footing some stockings for her now. She is a very grateful creature.

"Saturday—Lilly has met with a misfortune. She was very proud of a pretty shawl, a present from the Bishop, but she left it carelessly by the roadside and when I sent Arthur out for it the old cow was munching it up as some new kind of food and trying to make a meal of it.

"February, 1868—I must tell you of some improvements. Last year the kind Indians made new fences about the Mission House, the Church and the Cemetery. Now a new addition has been built to our house; it is a wing but larger than the main building. It contains four rooms, a porch, and hall, all on the ground floor. The ceilings are of a good height; the parlor is 20 feet square, and there is a nice bedroom off the parlor, which we call the Bishop's room. The whole building has been painted white, with nice green blinds, the latter an almost unheard of extravagance in this region. We feel almost too grand. A woodshed has been built adjoining my kitchen. The old dining-room has been repaired, the ceiling and woodwork painted white, the floor a dark brown. The funds for all these improvements were mostly furnished by the Board of Missions.

"We have the old parlor for a bedroom. It is just large enough for that. You cannot imagine how nice it is to have a comfortable place to sleep in." (What an insight this gives us into what their exceedingly small, poor, and overcrowded quarters must have been before these improvements were made. And yet never a murmur, but constant entertaining of the poor, inconsiderate Indians and doing for them as royally as though living in some old feudal castle.)

"Bishop Kemper came Saturday, and dedicated, as it were, the new part by occupying the Bishop's room for the first time. We only moved in last week. The Bishop was detained here two days by a fearful storm, and we all enjoyed it very much.

"March—Once more the season of especial prayer and self-examination has arrived, and our little Indian

parish appreciate it as well as others. In a few moments the bell will ring to call together those who desire to pray for pardon, peace, and grace. Surely these especial times for prayer free from preaching—prayer in common with all the children of our Mother the Church —are most precious and sacred. These services have been well attended through Lent. From 40 to 80 have taken part in them. Lent, Holy Week, and Easter are with us all a blessed season. Last Easter a larger number of devout believers knelt around the Lord's Table than ever before in the Mission Church. It was a bright and glorious day.

"March 13th—I attended service this afternoon, though the walking is very bad. It would do your heart good to see such a congregation on a week day even in a city church. The school-house is crowded. One side of the house was full of men who had left their work to come to prayers. The service was conducted this afternoon by the interpreter, Mr. Goodnough having been called to visit a sick woman just as the last bell was tolling.

"Thursday—The agent has been on the Reservation, forbidding the cutting or selling of any sort of timber. This will cause terrible suffering among our people. They depend upon the sale of the timber just now to clothe themselves, and in a great measure for food, as the corn and potato crops failed entirely last season. The potatoes were destroyed by the bugs, and the corn by the rain. For 40 years the Indians have carefully cut all the timber they wanted, and now they are forbidden to cut their own timber, on their own land, and paid for by money of their own. For they sold their land in New York and with the money bought this tract of land.

"It is evidently intended to force the Indians to sell their land and to drive them by force farther into the wilderness. They have actually been told that if they cut their timber and refuse to sell this tract of land, Government will send soldiers to drive them away. I feel so indignant I can hardly quiet myself. It is intolerable. I should like to know if this tyranny is legal. We think not, and Mr. Goodnough has written to the Secretary of State at Washington.

"The land is valuable, and if it could be brought into the market it would bring much to selfish speculators. The injustice to the Oneidas nobody seems to think of. They are just as much attached to the home they have made for themselves on this ground as white people would be—more attached than many whites are. We must pray earnestly that our Heavenly Father would be pleased to protect these poor helpless, harmless, Christian Oneidas against the covetousness of the whites. How few white men seem to think that 'covetousness is idolatry' and that 'God hateth the covetous man.' Oh! what a sermon might be preached on that text.

"'Tuesday—Your friend the Missionary is a busy man, He locked himself in the study this morning to prepare his sermon, but was soon called out to see some of our people. The Post Office takes up a great deal of time. The duties of the office here are certainly peculiar, for we are asked to write at the dictation of some of our people, and to read their answers also. To-day several ailing ones came for advice and medicine. As Justice of the Peace there was a case to settle in the school-room. Mr. Goodnough had hoped to get his sermon well underway before 10 o'clock, but only got as far as his text. He scarcely had time to eat, for when all the business

matters were settled he was sent for to visit a sick person and did not get home 'till 10 o'clock at night. We have seldom been in bed lately before midnight, and your friend, the Missionary, is sometimes up until one or two, and at other times rises at four. He would not like me to speak of his work, but I may surely write to a friend like you. This is one of our busiest times.

"Dec. 22nd, 1869—Monday Mr. Goodnough went to the Bay and found the Oswego box. I cannot tell you how glad we all were when we opened it. Wednesday we divided the clothing and tied it up in packages. Thursday he again went to the Bay and bought 40 loaves of bread, 400 buns, 20 pounds of candy, a barrel of apples, and several boxes of nuts. We also received from the Green Bay parish 95 cornucopias well filled with candy, raisins and popcorn. There were many nice toys, too, dolls and other things.

"I boiled four large hams. The girls scrubbed the school-room. That night we made sandwiches until 12 o'clock. Early Friday morning I made the boiler full of coffee. Then everything—provisions, clothing, and toys —was carried to the school-house. There were 96 children present, with many of their parents and friends. Mr. Goodnough opened with morning prayer, the children then read and recited some suitable things, after which was passed around the sandwiches, buns, and coffee. The latter was in pails, with two or three cups to each. Then came apples, candy, and nuts. There were about two hundred present. The Missionary also made an address, and Miss —— and myself distributed the cornucopias. Great was the happiness of the school children and their friends, some of them coming from quite a distance.

"In the evening—Christmas Eve—I too had a present. A handsome writing desk filled with paper and envelopes of all sorts and sizes, with a gold pen and silver holder. I could not imagine where it came from. I was greatly astonished. But when the Missionary said it was a present from an old lover of mine, I knew it came from himself.

"December 30th, 1869—We have had a glorious Christmas. The Church is beautifully dressed with evergreens; cedar, pine, and ground-pine are used for the wreaths. Flowers were made of fancy papers and fastened among the wreaths very tastefully. The chancel is simply decorated with ground-pine. Christmas Eve the Church was brilliantly illuminated for the S. S. children's festival. There were more than one hundred candles, besides our large chandeliers and four side lamps. A day or two before Christmas a gentleman at the Bay gave us two small chandeliers. The Church seemed one blaze of light. The wreaths are so arranged that as you enter the building it seemed greatly enlarged.

"The music was perfectly grand. In the Christmas hymns all joined, old and young in the Oneida tongue. It was so affecting I had to wipe my eyes several times during the singing. The building was far too small. It was packed for both services. The little boys looked so funny sitting on the chancel steps. Their eyes were most as bright as the lights, and danced with pleasure and enjoyment. When it came to the children's part of the festival, their delight and excitement was more than words can tell. They had never before known anything so grand as this Christmas Eve.

"After the prayers and singing were over, Cornelius Hill, the young Chief, made a speech in Oneida; then we

gave out the toys sent by Miss B—— from Oswego. The dolls we gave the little girls, pictures and other toys to the older ones. I went among the boys with a little box of toy watches, holding one up for them to see. Instantly all order was overthrown. Such a scrambling I never saw, the excitement was tremendous. John Baird, the head warrior, called to them angrily to be quiet, but there was little order until the last watch was gone. The clothes were next shown, and the drawing began. The girls who had been to school most steadily had the first choice, then the next, and so on.

"It was quite dark when all was over. But it was a happy day, one never to be forgotten by the Oneidas. I only wish you, Miss B——, and other kind friends who added so much to the pleasure of the day, could have been with us and seen the perfect delight of the Indian children. We were all dreadfully tired and hungry; we had not sat down scarcely a moment all day or eaten a mouthful. I had another surprise that Christmas Eve. The women of the parish gave me a fruit-dish, silver-plated. It is very pretty indeed. Was it not kind of them?

"Christmas Day itself, was a blessed, holy, and joyous Festival, as it must always be. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. And the Holy Communion service was very solemn with a very large number of our Oneidas kneeling at the chancel. Oh, it has indeed been a glorious Christmas!"

Chapter XXII.

Deep Sorrow at the Mission.

With all the improvements and work going on at the Mission, entertaining and feasting so many men as well as teaching and attending to numerous other pressing duties, Mrs. Goodnough was, no doubt, overtasking her strength. But in her gentle, uncomplaining way, ever anxious to do all that was in her power for the good, best interest, and pleasure of the Oneidas, she never spared herself. And no one about her seemed to have realized that her many arduous duties were undermining her health and strength.

The Rev. Mr. Goodnough and his sweet, brave young wife gave indeed freely of their time and means, and often through much self-denial, since there were but few outsiders, in those days, interested enough in the Indians to help them in their good work. But the "glorious Christmas" of which Ellen Goodnough speaks in her diary was the last she spent among them. She continued busy, happy, and apparently well and strong through the winter, though she found she tired more easily. But the one care that weighed most heavily upon her was intense anxiety as to the fate of her Indian friends.

The speculators at Green Bay, with one or two chiefs of the minority party, were making great efforts to pass

a bill through Congress which would compel the President to act in opposition to his own views of the welfare of the Indians. "If this bill passes," wrote the Missionary, "the Oneidas will soon be destroyed." In the spring this movement seems to have gained strength, and cast a gloom over the Mission House.

But a deeper shadow than any that had been looked for was about to darken that happy Christian home. One afternoon in the pleasant days of May, Ellen Goodnough remarked to her husband that she had never felt in better health, or happier than at that moment. She was cheerful, contented, and happy in her missionary life. But the close of that simple, loving, devoted life was at hand. A severe cold taken a few days later, and from which she does not seem to have had strength to rally, assumed an alarming character, and she became dangerously ill. Still she had loving words for those about her, and with the beloved husband, children, and friends at her bedside, her dearly loved Oneidas shared her last thoughts. In the midst of severe suffering she was very anxious to finish a letter to a friend in New York urging an appeal to some gentleman of influence in behalf of the Oneidas.

Must her dear people be driven into the wilderness by their enemies, the speculators? She spoke also with especial affection of the children whom she had been teaching only a few days earlier. She said with much feeling: "I dearly love to teach those children." A few more anxious hours and her eyes closed on this world. On the 30th of May, 1870, she breathed her last. For her all care and toil and anxiety were over forever. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

After her death an envelope was found addressed to a friend at a distance, prepared for the letter she had finished writing while suffering. It was in defense of the Oneidas, who at that date were included with other tribes in the threat of extermination. "This threat," she wrote, 'was in consequence of the terrible Indian massacres perpetrated in revenge, for many abuses, by the heathen tribes farther westward. Had there been no abuses on the part of our Government and people, there would have been no massacre by the Indians. The threat of extermination was raised in passion by a portion of our people." Those whose memories carry them back to that period can recall with shame the cry of extermination of a whole race, repeated by many newspapers, and heard, alas, in some instances under philanthropic roofs.

The bloody revenge of the barbarous Indians was horrible. But still more horrible would have been the revenge on all Indians by a portion of our vindictive people. Of course, the Government never contemplated any measure so disgraceful to Christian civilization. But the Oneidas, quiet, peaceable, industrious, and in a great measure civilized, were included in the outcry against the race. To defend them against accusations, in their case utterly false and unjust, Ellen Goodnough, with warm-hearted, generous indignation, wrote her last letter.

There was a wail of the deepest grief throughout the Reservation when one who had been as a mother to the people breathed her last. The Oneidas were heart-broken. Many gathered about the Mission House during her last hours, praying and weeping day and night. From the moment of her death they kept vigil about the house, singing mournful chants and hymns from the Church service, until the hour of the funeral. When the

simple and most touching procession moved from the house, husband, children and weeping people, the Oneidas began a beautiful but most mournful chant, singing in their own rich, melodious, and effective voices, such as unheard cannot be imagined, until they reached the church door. "And truly," says one, "in their deep sorrow they sang most touchingly from the heart."

The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Steele of Green Bay. His sermon was translated for the Oneidas, and is said to have given them much comfort. Ellen Goodnough was then laid to rest in the quiet Mission cemetery beside their little Willie, whose stone bore the Indian name, Ka-na-ta-non, his Oneida friends had given him, and surrounded by many Christian graves of the people she had so faithfully served.

Strangers who had come from a distance to offer their sympathy and respect to the bereaved Missionary, were much impressed with the respectable appearance, the depth of feeling, the devotional manner, and the very touching singing of the Oneidas. Their own loss and their sympathy for their beloved "father" was indeed great and manifested in many ways.

Poor Mr. Goodnough for a time was completely crushed by this blow, this deep affliction that had come so suddenly and unexpectedly upon him. He felt as if a right arm had been lopped off, when he lost the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, his cares and anxieties for the Indians. Hand in hand from the very first they had together entered into the Mission work at Oneida. And, as we have seen, no small share was assumed by the brave, cheerful, and ever willing colaborer.

At the celebration of the Holy Communion, on the first Sunday after this bereavement, the service was deeply

impressive. The Missionary could scarcely command himself to perform the sacred service. He found it impossible to repeat the sentence of administration. "A silence," writes one who was present, "more awful than any I have ever known, fell upon the great congregation, and continued for many minutes, while the Holy Bread and Wine was given into the hands of the devout Indians. The silence was dreadful, yet blessed; we all seemed to feel the Lord was present with us. A deep sigh from the men, or a heart-broken sob from the women were the only sounds we heard. Oh, it was a tearful but a blessed hour! The sympathy, love, and reverence for their Minister and his grief, as well as the most devout adoration to God were expressed in the faces of the mourning people."

News had come to the Reservation, and only a week earlier, May 24th, that their aged and beloved "father in God," Bishop Kemper, had passed away. Many hearts felt deep sorrow over this double affliction. Shortly afterwards Bishop Armitage, a graduate of Nashotah, succeeded the venerable Bishop in the Diocese of Wisconsin, and acquired a share in the confidence and affection of the Oneidas.

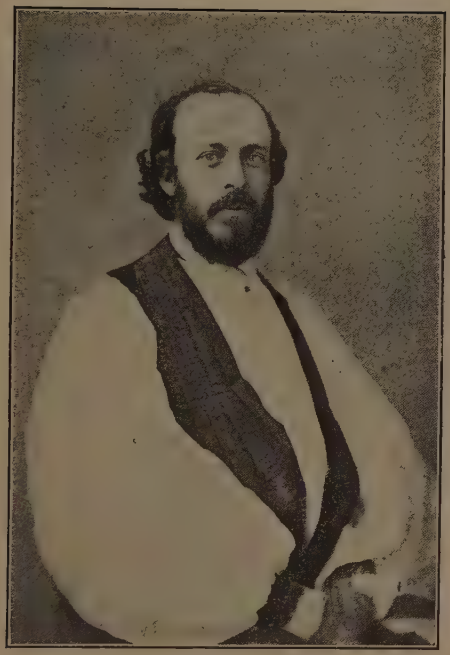
On one of his visitations to them, feeling deep sympathy for the desolate heart and home of their missionary and his young children, who needed better care than he could give them, as well as an assistant for the school, Bishop Armitage strongly recommended a friend, Mrs. Frances Perry, formerly of Utica, New York, then of Madison, Wisconsin. Educated, capable, and from a refined old Utica family, she was induced to take charge of the Mission Home and School at Oneida.

In time, or about two years later, the acquaintance

with Mr. Goodnough and family resulted, as thought best, in marriage, which took place in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1872. She is still living in California, and keeps up a correspondence with the scattered children of Mr. Goodnough, one of whom has recently told us that their father always showed her great courtesy. In referring to that time she has said those eighteen or nineteen years spent at the Mission were the happiest years of her life because they seemed the most useful, and adds: "Not that I did any great work, but I could help some, besides my household duties and teaching in school, in little things for the Indians. They seemed to appreciate all I tried to do for them, and were so kind to me." But we have reason to know that no one could *quite* fill the same place in the hearts of them all, as Ellen Saxton Goodnough had done. For years they could not speak of her without tears. She was so deeply enshrined in their hearts, that to this day some of the old people recall with grateful love her many deeds of kindness when they were a rough and less civilized people.

Once more people of the diocese, the Oneidas among them, were called to mourn their Bishop. Bishop Armitage did not live long; only indeed until 1873, when he was called up higher. In 1875, the State having increased greatly in size, a new diocese was formed, that of Fond du Lac, from a portion of Wisconsin, including Brown County and the Oneida Reservation. In December of the same year the Rev. John Henry Hobart Brown was consecrated Bishop of Fond du Lac. In him the Oneidas happily found another wise counselor and kind friend.

While spared to them, Bishop Armitage, and afterwards Bishop Brown, encouraged the Oneidas to go on



The Rt. Rev. W. E. Armitage, D.D.

The Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart Brown, D.D.

with their work of drawing stone for the proposed new church. And they soon became again very much interested in, and occupied with the work planned some years earlier. Their serious troubles with agents and would-be traders had not led them wholly to abandon it. As a people they had always been much interested in the building, which was for them the House of God. They had repeatedly given freely of their labors and money, as we have seen, for repairs on the wooden church built in 1839. And now they were very anxious to build a substantial stone church of good architectural design, and large enough to accommodate 800 people.

For years the men had given one day in every week to the labor of quarrying and drawing the stone needed for the new building, while the women, and even the children, brought their small earnings to the Missionary to be added to the church fund. The men also raised about $200 in money every year to be given to the fund. This money was invested at interest in the Savings Bank at Green Bay. The church was to be in the early English style, with low massive walls, heavy buttresses, and a steep roof. It was to be 48x68 feet, exclusive of deep chancel and tower entrance. The Rev. Charles Babcock had prepared the plan as a gift to the Mission.

Bishop Brown felt a deep interest in the plan for the new church. Sympathy, too, for the brave, self-denying Oneidas increased throughout the diocese. In June, 1883, the Bishop made an appeal to his people. After some allusions to the faithful Missionary to the Oneidas and his devotion to their welfare for thirty years, the Bishop adds:

"The Oneidas have slowly increased in number. There are now about 1,400 in all, of whom about 900 are bap-

tized children of the Church. These steadily improve in Christian character and in the arts of civilization, forming a community much respected for honesty, industry, and general morality.

"They are lovers of divine worship, and are reverent, patient, and docile. Old and young, men and women, throng the church in such a number they require a building both commodious and strong. A suitable plan has been made for the Church by the Rev. Charles Babcock, Professor of Architecture, Cornell University. The case of these Oneidas appeals strongly to the hearts of Churchmen. I do not doubt their simple faith in their Heavenly Father's power and their confidence in the love and liberality of their white brethren will be vindicated and rewarded.

"J. H. HOBART BROWN,
"Bishop of Fond du Lac."

In 1884 the Indians had quarried 300 cords of stone and drawn it to the site for the church and also, with some labor, hewn out and prepared much of the heavy foundation and other needed timber. At this date their building fund had from one source or another increased to $6,000. A contract was then drawn up with a responsible firm, who engaged to complete the church for $7,878, providing all for it but the stone and sand.

The contract was signed by Bishop Brown, and Rev. Edward Goodnough, their missionary. But alas! only one short week later, when all hearts had been rejoicing, the savings bank in which the earnings of the Oneidas had been deposited failed! Their money had vanished! This was indeed a severe blow. But the people are said to have borne it with true Christian courage. They never

faltered, but encouraged each other to continue their efforts to build the new church for the Lord's service and the good of the tribe. The Bishop was greatly grieved at this failure after near twelve years of patient, self-denying toil. He told the Oneidas that "their faith was now being tried, their patience must be perfected, their zeal must be proved, their courage tested. And that they must continue their good work undertaken in the fear and love of their Heavenly Father."

In this dark hour the Bishop issued another earnest appeal to the diocese. Much sympathy was shown to the Oneidas in this sore trial. Though the outlook was indeed discouraging, Mr. Goodnough succeeded, with the Bishop's help, in interesting many in his cherished plan. Assistance came in from various sources until the sum of $5,000 was raised, and so the work went on, and ere long the foundation was laid.

"On July 13th, 1886," says Rev. Mr. Merrill, "the corner-stone was laid by the Right Rev. John Henry Hobart Brown, first Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac. So many and bitter had been the disappointments of the Indians that it was hard to realize that the long-looked-for event was actually to take place, until it was known that the Bishop had arrived at Oneida. At half-past ten the people assembled at the Mission House, and were marshalled by their chief, Cornelius Hill, in four divisions, under beautiful banners which had been sent for the occasion from the Cathedral. An immense congregation was present, and a large number received the Holy Communion. Immediately after the service in the Church the people and clergy walked around the foundation, singing appropriate psalms. The Bishop having laid the corner-stone, made a brief address, commending

the tribe for the faith and patience with which they had labored and waited for this day. He dwelt on the goodness of God in condescending to have an abode on earth, and pointed out the gracious uses of his holy places. Chiefly he enjoined the people to remember that their sacred temple was a monument of the incarnation of their Saviour.

"All through the summer and autumn the work on the Church was pushed on rapidly, the Indians giving their labor day after day. As Christmas drew near, their desire to use the Church for which they had toiled and waited for the last sixteen years, became so intense that Mr. Goodnough begged Bishop Brown to come and dedicate the part finished. At six o'clock on Christmas eve the Church was filled. The Benediction service was said partly at the door and partly at the chancel. The Bishop preached the sermon, congratulating the people on the success of their sacrifices and toils. On Christmas morning a large congregation thronged the new Church. The Holy Communion was celebrated, nearly 200 persons receiving. Taken all in all, it was a wonderful service and scene. The offertory amounted to nearly $50. A simple but beautiful token of their love for their spiritual father was given by the tribe. One of the Missionary's daughters was lately stricken with paralysis and brought back to her father's home. After the Christmas Eve service a little basket was placed in the Missionary's hand. The Bishop opened it and found that it contained two bags of money and the inscription, 'Merry Christmas for Miss Alice.' It moved the heart of the Missionary most deeply and added much to the great joy which the blessed feast had brought to him and his beloved people.

The Oneidas at Church

The Episcopal Church

"So long as Hobart Church stands it will be the monument of the prayers, labors, and self-sacrifice of this devoted man. Mr. Goodnough was not without the severe trials which God allows to perfect the character of his servants. There was for a time a strong party under the domination of those who sought to remove the Oneidas from their reservation. This faction was determined that the Church should not be built. The first step was to get the Missionary out of the way. For as they said, 'We can do nothing with the Indians as long as Goodnough is here.' And so they resorted to all kinds of petty annoyances, and so far succeeded in making a party against him, that the little he received from the Church and Government was withdrawn. His sole support for a number of years came from the faithful Indians alone. When as a final calamity the Mission House was burned, 'Now,' they said, 'they were sure the Missionary would have to go!' No, the poor old school-house was left, and became a shelter for the Missionary and his family from March to August. Crowded indeed were the quarters, and scanty and poor the fare. Money in those days was not plentiful in the Missionary's home, yet by rigid economy he was enabled to add 'his mite' that he had long hoarded and laid by for the dear Church. The carpet, credence, two chancel windows, and four in the nave were his own personal gifts.

"The sweetness of his Christian character is shown in the report made to his Bishop when the new Church was built. 'The stone Church has been completed. This work has occupied our thoughts and our energies, for the half of a generation. We feel deeply thankful to God for His gracious goodness to us in permitting us to behold this solid structure standing here, a witness of His

loving kindness towards us, His unworthy servants. We are truly thankful to our Father in God, who has gently led us on, step by step, and has so faithfully taught us to work on in patience and peace, leaving results to Him who knows how and when to reward His poorest and most obscure servants. We heartily thank all those beloved children of our Heavenly Father who have aided us with their money and their prayers, without whose aid it would likely have been impossible for us to have built this house. We have it in our hearts also to thank those who have felt it to be their duty to oppose and hinder our work of building this Church, because the harder labor their hindrances imposed upon us, has made it all the more dear to us, has awakened a zeal and a trust in and for God in our hearts which can never be quenched by any services of the evil one.'

"A little anecdote shows also his wonderful patience with those who do not readily change old ideas and customs. During the early part of Mr. Goodnough's ministry the services of the Church were read from the Mohawk Prayer Book. Several years before his death Mr. Goodnough suggested to the chiefs and head men in the Church that the service be read in English, saying, when they were ready, the change would be made. Eighteen years after, they came to him to say that 'after careful consideration they had decided to make this change.' "

In the meantime he was steadily leading and encouraging them, though so tenacious of their own language, to learn the English, or allow the services to be read in it. These services were so faithfully held by him, that in all the 36 years of his ministry among the Oneidas he was absent from his place only three Sundays, and then on account of sickness, a rare and most remarkable record.

He was naturally of a retiring disposition, and was content to sequester himself from the world in the pursuit of his holy calling.

One who knew him well says: "In the exercise of his duties the Rev. Mr. Goodnough quietly but laboriously spent his life. He was a well read man of broad education, cultured and fond of study. After having graduated at Nashotah, he filled the chair of Hebrew instructor at the College. But not for long, for he was tendered and accepted a call to Portage, Wisconsin. His stay there was but brief, for on Oct. 16, 1863, at the Bishop's instigation, he entered upon his duties as Missionary to the Oneida Indians, for which he seems to have been well fitted. His sterling worth, integrity, and sympathetic nature greatly endeared him to the people for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he so earnestly and unceasingly labored."

But once more a dark cloud was hovering over the Mission House. The beloved pastor was suffering. For a year or more he had been far from well, and now for five weeks he had been confined to his bed. Says one: "After many years of faithful, devoted service for the welfare of his fellow-men, feeling that his life-work was done, and that his days were numbered, he bravely, yea, gladly, through the closing weeks of his life, waited patiently, yet with a longing for Death's release. He had fought the good fight, and welcomed the sweet rest prepared for those who love God. 'The peace of God which passeth understanding' was imparted to the ministering loved ones about the bedside of the stalwart Christian, his faith becoming their priceless legacy."

At sunset on Saturday evening of St. Paul's day, January 25, 1890, the Rev. Edward Augustus Good-

nough entered into rest. Years of toil and varied joys and sorrows had been spent by him among the Oneidas, and now once more they were completely overwhelmed with grief. As they hovered about the Mission House hope for his recovery lessened day by day. The beloved Missionary, who like a father had gone in and out among them for 36 years, leading a life of humble self-denial, yet earnest faith and truth in the Master whom he served, was to lay down his armor.

Like a brave but weary Christian soldier he might have said in the words of St. Paul, but with the humility that characterized all connected with himself: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give at that day. And not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." And from among the many of all nations he doubtless will watch to give a welcome to those who will prove as "jewels in his crown of rejoicing."

The funeral took place from Hobart Church on Tuesday, January 28, 1890. The church was crowded with the Indians, many of whom came from a great distance, and all bore signs of deep grief difficult to suppress, as they were about to part with all that remained of their true friend and beloved pastor. The Rev. Mr. Haff, who had formerly been with them, and who was still a warm friend of the Oneidas, assisted them amid their tears and sorrowful chants, to lay him beside the loved ones "gone before."

And here a little later, out of their own slender means, the Indians, as a tribute of love, erected a monument to

his memory. It is of Rutland marble, stands 10 or nearly 11 feet high, inclusive of the 3-foot-square granite base, and is capped by a cross upon which are the letters "I. H. S." Upon one side of the monument are the following words:

"Beneath the stone awaiting
The Resurrection,
Lies the body of
Edward Augustus Goodnough,
For thirty-six years
Pastor and friend of the Oneidas."

On the opposite side of the monument are the words:

"This
Stone of Remembrance
is erected by
His grateful children in the Lord
The Indians of
Hobart Church, Oneida."

The dates of birth and death are also given, and at the base of the monument, on one side, the words: *"I have fought the good fight,"* and on the other side: *"I thank my God for every remembrance of thee."* And here we must leave the brave soldier and servant of God. *Requiescat in pace.*

Chapter XXIII.

The Rev. Solomon S. Burleson.

To the Oneidas in April, 1891, came the Rev. Solomon S. Burleson, no unworthy successor to the Rev. Edward A. Goodnough. Indeed, as a tribe they seem to have been especially favored in those having charge over them. Their missionaries, down to and inclusive of the present time, we find, have not only proved spiritually minded men, having the real welfare of the Indians at heart, but have shown themselves, in various ways and in no small degree, capable of dealing with and adapting themselves to a different and peculiar race of people.

To do this successfully it has required no small share of continuous self-denial in giving up all their early associations, social pleasures, and refined intercourse with educated men of the world. But if the self-denial of the missionaries had been and is still great, their reward will surely be all the greater for thus giving themselves up to the good work of teaching and leading others out into the sunshine of a wider field of enlightenment here, and helping to fit them for the more enduring life beyond. And on behalf of the Indians, especially of the Oneidas and others of the Six Nations, we would add they are deserving of all the help and care possible in their struggle to reach forth to a more cultivated and Christian life.

As a nation, these Indians have shown appreciation and gratitude often touching. And their love and fidelity, once secured, has been unbounded. They never

forget a kindness shown them, or the wish to do a favor in return. And to the Missionary, there surely must be some pleasure in watching the development of the Indian character, his education and advancement toward civilization, better still toward Christianity. Like children they lean upon their pastor for help and wise counsel. And as he freely gives it, in going in and out daily among the dusky tribe, there must at times come the blessed, peaceful assurance that "They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and forever."

Without a thought, however, other than to serve the Master to whom they consecrate their lives we find among the missionaries to the Oneidas most earnest, self-denying men. And such was Rev. Solomon S. Burleson. It was fifteen months after his predecessor had passed away before he fully entered upon his work at Oneida. In the meantime, the Rev. Mr. Goodnough's eldest son, Mr. John Goodnough, had remained to see that the school was kept up, and to take an active part in caring for the temporal welfare of the Indians.

For the following accounts of the Rev. S. Burleson we are indebted to the Rev. F. W. Merrill, as given in his "People of the Stone," and also to Bishop Edsall of Minnesota, who permits us to make use of his article in the "Spirit of Missions," for September, 1904. The latter takes us back to the earliest known church events in the life of Mr. Burleson. Of him Bishop Edsall says:

"Fifty years ago a young man in Northern Vermont went from home to prepare for entrance to the University of Vermont. The tutor chosen for him was an elderly clergyman of the Church, residing some miles away, of whose household he became a member, re-

maining for nearly two years. Thus for the first time Solomon Stevens Burleson came in contact with the services and teachings of the Church. His previous knowledge of organized Christianity had been confined to Methodism of the old-fashioned revival and 'perfection' type, which so repelled him that he had remained unbaptized—not godless, but churchless. Doubtless the influence of these months spent amid Church surroundings was an important one, though he seemed to leave about as he came—still unbaptized. On his departure the Clergyman gave him a Prayer Book. This was the first in a chain of undreamed-of events.

"The year 1857 found the young man with his wife and infant son residing at Wabasha, Minn., on the shores of Lake Pepin. In those days, when the Mississippi was still the great highway of the middle West, Wabasha was an important point. Mr. Burleson was not only an attorney, but also the editor of a paper—one of the earliest in the Territory of Minnesota. Nor did he fail to recognize the religious needs of the pioneer settlement, and to render help in meeting them. A Sunday-school was an urgent necessity, and when no one else was found to undertake it the young lawyer volunteered. His only experience had been in the Church Sunday-school of the distant Vermont village, and his sole manual of instruction was the catechism in the Prayer Book, which he counted among his valued possessions. And so a Church Sunday-school was begun by one outside the Church's fold, who had as yet but vague ideas of her claims, and no notion of ever enlisting to fight her battles.

"In the year 1859 occurred an event full of blessing to the Church and the people of the Northwest, when

Henry Benjamin Whipple was elected Bishop of Minnesota. Feeling in it the call of the Holy Spirit, this noble man and wonderful missionary was soon on his way to the field where he was to render such splendid service. The pathway to his diocese was along the Mississippi, and his first landing, Wabasha. Finding that the steamer by which he was travelling must stop there some hours for freight and fuel, the Bishop, with characteristic energy, sent word that he would hold a service. The few Church folk in the town—a handful of women—gathered in the little Baptist house of worship, and the Bishop in his robes occupied the platform. Rows of men sat silent though interested, and a few piping voices were waveringly rendering the responses, when the young lawyer, with his wife, and carrying his prayer book, entered. Finding his place, he immediately began, in a full, strong voice, to 'help the women out.' The effect upon the Bishop was instantaneous. With a quick glance he located the one man who was joining in the service, and scarcely was the service concluded before he had him by the hand, and was expressing his delight at finding a Churchman in the place.

"'Bishop,' said the young man, 'you never were more mistaken. I'm not a Churchman; in fact, I suppose I am what you would call a heathen, for I'm not even baptized.'

"'But why are you not?' answered the Bishop. 'You repeated the Apostle's Creed.'

"'Pride, Bishop; mere local pride,' was the reply. 'We are a frontier town and not very long on morals, but I didn't want you to go away from here and say that there wasn't a man in town who dared to stand up and say that he believed in God the Father Almighty.'

" 'Young man,' said the Bishop, noting a subdued twinkle in the eye, but a certain seriousness under the seemingly light remark, 'I think you know your duty, and I advise you to do it.'

"And the duty was done. Within six months Mr. Burleson and his little son were baptized, and he and his wife confirmed. Within six months more—against the advice of many friends, but always with the cordial co-operation of his devoted wife,—he had decided to give up his promising legal practice and begin his study for Holy Orders. And in the first class of Seabury Divinity school appeared the name of Solomon Stevens Burleson.

"The limits of an article such as this forbid even an outline of the work of those 33 years during which this dauntless man lived and labored for Christ and his Church. It was a typical missionary life. A builder of churches and rectories, now architect, carpenter, or stone-mason, now acting as lawyer and again as physician, with a pair of faithful little ponies, whose years of service so nearly equalled his own, he traversed the prairies of Minnesota and the hills and valleys of Wisconsin, always a great-hearted and helpful man among men, and a seeker of souls for Christ.

"It was heroism of the best, but seemingly the unrequited sort. But the heroism was not that of the man alone. With a stipend of never more than $800, with eight children to feed and clothe and educate, and the team to keep, there was hardship in the household. How it was ever done, only the mother—and perhaps not even she—can tell. But New England 'faculty,' wedded to supreme Christian self-sacrifice, accomplished the impossible. It was a home lacking many comforts and boasting no luxuries; and the children, who scarcely missed

the comforts and would not have understood the luxuries, early learned to bear one another's burdens and to work with their hands the things that were good.

"Under these surroundings the five sons grew to manhood. Each passed through college depending largely on his own efforts and such aid as his elder brothers could render. For financial aid was impossible from the missionary father's pittance. And thus one by one the sons heard the call to take up the Cross and follow the teachings and command of their Saviour to go forth to preach the Gospel to those in need."

Of the first coming of his predecessor to the Oneidas the Rev. Mr. Merrill says:

"The Rev. Solomon S. Burleson took charge of the work at Oneida in April, 1891. Mr. Burleson, having made several visits to the Reservation before accepting the position as Missionary, saw many things to be done. He therefore went to Washington and presented the needs of the people to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and it was through his representation that the Government boarding school was established, and the bridge built over Duck Creek. The Mission grounds also were made attractive, and the house remodeled without and within, the necessary funds being furnished by the Bishop of the Diocese.

"The great need of a resident physician was sadly evident at the time of Mr. Burleson's coming. But having studied medicine, previous to taking Holy Orders, he was enabled with the help of a small grant by the Government for a supply of medicine, to give medical attendance to those who needed care. He was also the dentist, and his knowledge of law fitted him to give advice to his people upon all matters of a legal nature. He was a man

of resolute will, and quick to see and carry out any plans for the advancement of the mission work. In the first year of his residence he had repeated calls to attend sick people, and during the cold winter months he traveled miles over rough roads to visit those who were lying ill, many of them in homes unfitted for their recovery."

We wonder if our readers can imagine what it must be to pay visits as both doctor and missionary and for miles distant, in a country where the thermometer frequently registers twenty below zero, and when the snow sometimes lies on a level with the tops of the fences.

The following extracts from the Rev. Mr. Burleson's letters give an account of some of his labors:

"From Christmas to Epiphany I slept in a bed only six times, the rest of the nights were spent by the side of sick-beds. Pity it is that my 60 years are beginning to unfit me in some ways for the work which I would willingly do. The hard part is that I cannot trust any of them to do the nursing, but must tend to it myself. Churchmen, Methodists, and Romanists, I attend alike. Some of them manifest gratitude, some do not. Perhaps it matters little, but when one gives all that is in him to help another's sufferings, a little gratitude goes a great ways. . . . And yet, there comes to me the memory of the words of a brave, faithful little woman, who, after a fearful operation, laid her hand upon my shoulder and said, 'Dear father, do you think the good Father in Heaven will let me live?' When I told her that I trusted He would, she said: 'Then you will thank Him in *my* house, and tell Him when I am well enough, I go thank Him in HIS.'

"Or again, another incident, when just after Christmas, I was attending Z. X., who was suffering from con-

gestion of the lungs and erysipelas. The fact that he had been in a saloon fight only makes it all the more certain that it was Z. I had taken care of him all night, and just as it was getting daylight, he passed his hand under his pillow, and drew out a Prayer Book, which he held suggestively. I asked him if he would like me to have prayers with him. Conceive of my surprise to receiving in answer an emphatic 'You bet!' After my prayers he looked up and said: 'Your medicine, that is good; but your prayer, that is better.'

"The thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero this morning when I was called to go and see a child sick with pneumonia. It is a desperate case. Eight in the family, one room, cooking, washing, etc., done there, doors and walls reeking with moisture, ice on the bottom of the window-panes an inch thick, the air of the room suffocating, partly from the foulness, partly from vapor, and a case of pneumonia which they expected that 'the doctor' was going to cure at once. This is a sample case of many, and you will not wonder that I sigh from the depth of my heart for a decent place where the suffering can have a fair chance for life. I am well aware that Hospitals cannot be erected and sustained without money, a commodity which missionaries never have in excess, but if any one desires to enjoy an honest heart-ache, I can furnish him an opportunity in the homes of these poor Indians at any time when it is too cold for them to sleep out of doors."

"It was out of such a need as this that the Oneida Hospital grew. The experiences of the winter when this letter was written made plain the need of it, and so the Missionary's youngest daughter laid away 36 cents, with which to start a building fund. In a little over a year

God sent to the Missionary more than $1500, and when the cornerstone of the Hospital was laid on St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, 1893, among other things placed in it, was a sealed envelope containing that first 36 cents."

It was during their stay at Oneida that their eldest daughter was married and we can well imagine what a stir it must have created among the Indians of the Reservation, old and young. And how pleased they were to have some part in helping to give the bride a pleasant send-off. One in writing of it at the time, says:

"The morning train brought friends from Green Bay and Fond du Lac. The service was to be at 11 o'clock, but long before that hour the Church was surrounded by waiting Indians. They are always ready for a Church service. The bride, Miss Martha Burleson, is the daughter of the Missionary at Oneida, the groom being Dr. Wintermute of Pewaukee. By the time the bridal party arrived every seat seemed taken. The handsome new chancel was decorated with flowers and palms. This has been built the full width of the Church and its side windows fill it with a glory of light. The three arches originally left in the east wall divide it from the nave, and the Church now measures about one hundred and forty feet in length.

"As the bridal party entered the church a wedding-march was played. The Rev. Hugh L. Burleson received the betrothed at the entrance to the chancel. The Rev. John K. Burleson was best man, Miss Abbie Burleson was bridesmaid, Miss Mary Burleson maid of honor and the Rev. S. S. Burleson gave away the bride. At the conclusion of the betrothal the whole congregation sang a hymn and Father Burleson having put on his surplice and stole performed the marriage-service at the sanctuary rail. This was followed immediately by the

Holy Eucharist, the Rev. Hugh L. Burleson being celebrant, the Rev. S. S. Burleson, Deacon, and the Rev. B. T. Rogers, Sub-deacon.

"At the conclusion of the service the bridal party received the congratulations of their Indian friends in the Guild Hall where a bountiful repast had been prepared. The family and a few invited guests then repaired to the rectory, where the wedding breakfast was served under the direction of Mr. L. A. Fisher, of Green Bay. During the day the Indian band, which plays well, was much in evidence and added greatly to the occasion.

"For cordial friendship and beautiful services we commend the Oneidas and their handsome Church."

In referring to the wide and beautiful chancel just mentioned, the Rev. Mr. Merrill tells us:

"In the spring of 1895 the work of adding the new chancel to the Church was begun, and Mr. Burleson was untiring in his efforts to further the plans and aid the work, on one occasion sitting up all night to keep a fire that the wet plastering might not freeze. The work was finished in 1896, and the chancel was used for the first time on the Feast of the Annunciation. A new and dignified Altar was given, and lastly there was presented a beautiful Communion Service of silver, and the inscription on the under side of the paten gives the name of Oneida's generous benefactor. 'The Chancel, Altar, Credence, Chalice and Paten are given to Hobart Church to the glory of God and in reverent memory of Joanna Caroline Lewes, who for a period of 40 years was a contributor to the Mission—*Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos.*'

"Great and noble was the work of Mr. Burleson, yet he worked not alone, for every member of the Mission household was both an efficient and untiring laborer.

There was the devoted wife, Ya-gon-donl, 'she who is good to the poor,' as the Indian women called her, and their Guild Mother, giving her time faithfullly and thoroughly to the work of carrying on this part of Christian service by wise counsel and helpful hands. Of their children there were five sons, all now in Holy Orders. One was the regular assistant to his father, and the other gave much time and work at the Mission. The three daughters, one teaching the Mission School and the other two ably assisting both father and mother, truly a wonderful Missionary family.

"For six years Mr. Burleson was priest, physician and adviser of the Oneida Nation. In the latter years his health failed and for two years he suffered intensely from the inroads of disease, but with incredible determination he would go miles over rough and dangerous roads, where every jolt meant acute agony, to visit some sick person who could not have a physician. He went regularly to his Church duties notwithstanding his illness, and putting all thought of his own misery aside, he went forth bravely to heal the anguish of others. Another man of less noble character would have sunk under the strain on mind and body, but Mr. Burleson never faltered in the line of duty. On the 19th of December, 1896, he was unable to leave his bed, but on Christmas Day, with the last display of that indomitable resolution which was his, he was carried to the Church and celebrated the Holy Communion and gave the Sacrament with his own hands for the last time.

"On February 22, 1897, he entered peacefully into life eternal. His funeral was held on the 26th. It was a blessed Christian burial with no trappings of woe, and few outward signs of grief, save the tears of his red children as they followed his body to the grave, chanting their

Oneida funeral hymns. He was buried in the place he chose, on the crest of the hill overlooking the Reservation, and the gray granite cross which marks the spot, as well as the red corner stone of the Hospital, are 'Stones of Remembrance' of him who for 33 years was a Missionary of the Church of God, and for six years the Father, Physician and Friend of the Oneida people."

"Rev. Solomon S. Burleson, missionary to the Oneidas," says one who knew him well, "entered into rest at Oneida, Wis., in the Diocese of Fond du Lac on February 22nd last, in the 65th year of his age. After his advancement to the priesthood he labored in various mission stations in Minnesota and Wisconsin. In 1891 he was appointed by Bishop Grafton to the care of the Oneida mission, where he was in charge at the time of his death. He was truly a father to the Indians over whom he was placed, and hundreds of them, with deep grief, followed his body to the grave."

Says another in speaking of this sad time: "After 33 years of serving at earthly altars this faithful priest passed within the veil, and on the 26th of February clad in his well worn vestments his body was laid to rest, by his sons, on the crest of the hill, a spot chosen by him, overlooking the Reservation. On this spot has been raised a granite cross bearing the inscription:

Solomon Stevens Burleson
Priest,
For thirty-three years a Missionary of
The Church of God.
For six years Father, Physician and
Friend of the Oneida people.
'Greater love hath no man than this,
That a man lay down his life
For his friends.'

When Guy Burleson, the fifth and youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Burleson, expressed the desire to study for the ministry it was but natural that the parents should look forward to seeing him, as they had seen the four elder brothers, ordained priest. But this great privilege was permitted to the mother only. Says Bishop Edsall: "On the morning of St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1904, there occurred in St. Paul's Church, Grand Forks, in the Missionary District of North Dakota, an ordination which I believe to be unique in the history of the American Church and perhaps of the entire Anglican Communion. The candidate, who was made priest, was the fifth son of a priest who gave a long and useful life to our western mission work, and the remaining four sons, all of them priests laboring in missionary districts, were present at the service.

"It was at a time like this that our missionary priest, Rev. S. S. Burleson, had hoped to say his *Nunc Dimittis*. He had thought to stand in the Church with his five sons all ministers of Christ's Holy Church. But the last years of his ministry were peculiarly arduous ones, and even his strong body and brave soul could not win through the task.

"Although the father had lived to know that the youngest of his sons was called to Holy Orders, and that of those whom God had given him he had rendered back in the fullest measure, his heart's desire to see him ordained priest was not granted. Yet who shall say that on such a day, among 'the cloud of witnesses' which encamps about the spirits of 'just men made perfect' they do not rejoice in the fulfillment of their life long hopes?"

"I esteemed it a great privilege," adds Bishop Edsall, "to be present at the ordination of Guy Burleson at Grand

The Rev. Solomon S. Burleson, Missionary 1891-1897

THE BURLESON BROTHERS—PRIESTS
John K. Burleson Edward W. Burleson
Allan L. Burleson Hugh L. Burleson
Guy Burleson

Forks on St. Bartholomew's Day. The best thing I did for North Dakota during my three years Episcopate was securing the three Burlesons who came to my aid. Hugh, as Dean of the Fargo Cathedral, president of the Standing Committee and in other confidential capacities, was my right hand man. While John, as rector at Grand Forks, and 'Edward the Baptist,' as affectionately dubbed because of his wonderful work in scouring the prairies and bringing souls to Holy Baptism, were an inspiration in the work.

"On the evening preceding the ordination a service was conducted by the brothers of the Burleson family at which I preached to a large congregation who were present. On the following day, St. Bartholomew's day, services was held at 7.30 and 9.30, and the ordination at 10.30 A. M. Bishop Mann was the celebrant. The candidate was presented by his brother Hugh, Dean of Fargo and the rector at Grand Forks. The sermon was preached by the eldest brother, Allen, who was my classmate and room-mate at Racine College, and is now, as rector at Santa Rosa, ably carrying on the family traditions in the District of Sacramento. The Rev. E. W. Burleson, of Jamestown, N. D., read the Litany. Among others of the clergy present were the Rev. Messrs. Currie, Green, and Morehouse.

"I congratulate my dear successor, Bishop Mann, on this latest accession to his staff; and also the noble mother of these five sons, who lives to rejoice in their work. While if the blessed dead are permitted to know of the struggles and triumphs of the Church Militant, there is a saint in Paradise who rejoices to-day in the fruition of his fondest hopes.

"When before has a mother, surrounded by her 8

children, 3 daughters and 5 sons, seen the youngest son ordained to join his 4 brothers in the ranks of the sacred ministry?

"The offerings of the day, amounting to over $40, were taken as a thank-offering in memory of the father, the late Solomon S. Burleson, and were devoted to aid the hospital work of Bishop Rowe in Alaska—a most appropriate designation in view of Father Burleson's labors in ministering to the sick among the Oneida Indians.

"But few words can well be added to this wonderful record of father and sons all consecrating themselves to the Master's service. And not where honors might be received, but amid trying scenes, hardships and self-denials such as few can realize or fully understand.

"And not least from among them is the brave mother, who through untold toil and patient endurance helped to bring up the beloved sons for the ministry, and with her three daughters has lived to see them one by one receive the laying on of hands, to go forth priests of God and follow in the footsteps of their venerated and sainted father."

It was the Rev. John K. Burleson, the second son, who had been his father's assistant a year before his death, and who, with filial devotion had helped watch over his last days and lighten the cares of the worn Missionary. After his death the son was almost immediately called to San Antonio, Texas; to assist his brother Allen, then ill from nervous prostration, and unable to be at their father's bedside.

The Indians had become very fond of "Mr. John," as they called him, and they begged him, with tears in their eyes, we have been told, to return to them *soon*, and begged them all to stay there. The Oneidas were warmly

The Burleson Monument

attached to each member of the family; all of whom had been very kind and helpful to them. But the sons received calls elsewhere, and it was thought best for them to leave the Reservation.

In a recent letter received from Mrs. Burleson, she says, in referring to Oneida and the past: "They were very kind and lovely to us all. And from them we learned many a lesson of trusting faith during the six years of our stay at Oneida. Those were years of cares, anxieties, and much hard work, but we did our work as faithfully as we knew how, and the Great Day only can tell how far we failed or succeeded in doing our duty."

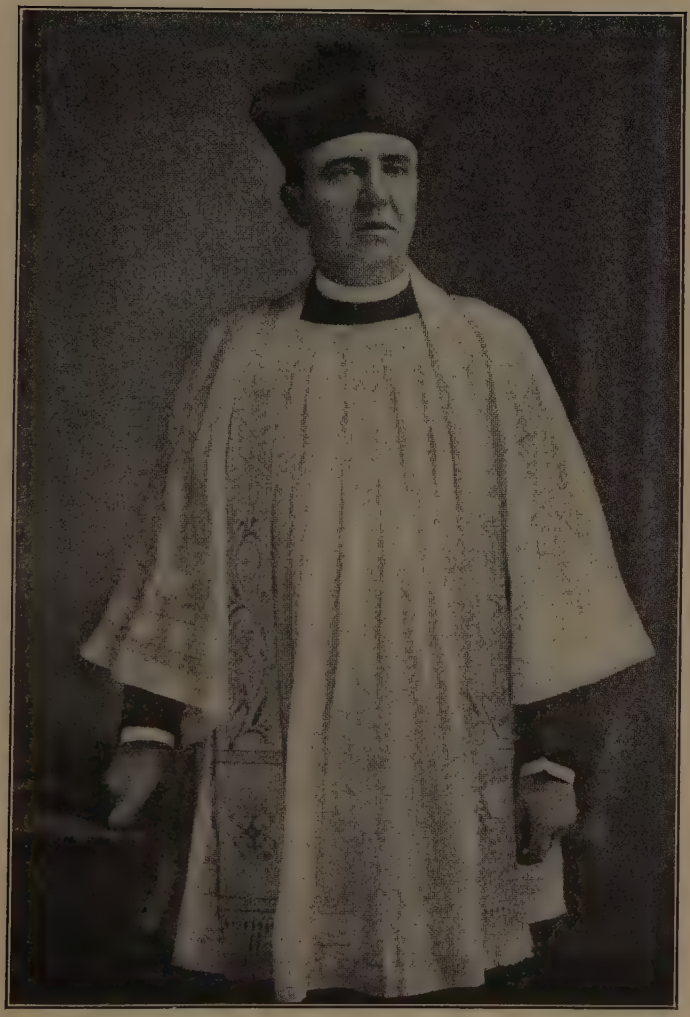
Chapter XXIV.

The Rev. F. W. Merrill.

On the first of May, 1897, the Rev. F. W. Merrill, succeeded the Rev. Solomon S. Burleson as Missionary to the Oneidas. His former experiences in the mission fields of Honolulu and Australia, and also as General Missionary for a time under Bishop Grafton of the Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in a great measure fitted him to assume charge of the oldest Indian Mission of the Church.

He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1857, but when only a year old, was taken by his parents to their future home in Concord, N. H. His early education was well attended to, and later, after graduating from the Public Schools of that city, he was a student at Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Conn. He felt a desire to study for the ministry, and became, like two of his Oneida predecessors, a student and later a graduate, of Nashotah. The severe winter climate of Wisconsin brought on a serious throat difficulty and he was advised to seek a warm climate. Early in the year 1878 he accepted an appointment from the Bishop of Honolulu as Head Master of Iolanti College, a boarding school for Hawaiian boys. On the first Sunday in Advent, 1880, he was ordained deacon by the Lord Bishop of Honolulu, in the Cathedral in the city of Honolulu.

In the year 1881, while at Honolulu, the Rev. F. W.



The Rev. F. W. Merrill, for ten years Missionary to the Oneidas

Merrill married Miss Harriet Eleanor Barnard. After having spent five years in missionary work among the Hawaiians in the Sandwich Islands he removed with his family to Australia, and while there was ordained priest, June 11, 1884, by the Lord Bishop of Adelaide, South Australia. His time during the following four or five years was mostly spent in itinerary mission work. His health giving out, he returned to America in 1887, and received an appointment as rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Massachusetts. On the consecration of Bishop Grafton, St. Mark's Day, 1889, the Rev. Mr. Merrill went West with him as Chaplain and Missionary at large until appointed to the Oneidas, when with his family—wife, daughter and two sons—he entered upon the work there.

He was received with the usual cordiality shown by the Indians to all connected with the Church and Mission. Upon the arrival of Mrs. Merrill, who had lingered at Sheboygan to visit a sister, some of the most prominent Indians tendered the family a reception, at which from 150 to 200 persons were present. It was held in the Guild Hall. The Indian band furnished the music; addresses were made by several Indians; and refreshments were served. Could white people have shown truer courtesy to their new rector?

There was work awaiting the new Missionary that required immediate attention. There were the sick to visit, infants to be baptized, and a class formed for confirmation and taught against the next visitation of their Bishop, at which time, Ascension Day, a class of 91 was confirmed. Later, on the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, an additional class of 30 was presented to Bishop Grafton, making in all 121 confirmed within the year.

Of those confirmed we are assured they well under-

stood and have lived up to their vows, and have proved themselves steady and devout members of the Church, even more strictly so, in many instances, than some of their white neighbors. The Indians, indeed, at all times have shown great reverence and love for their Church as the House of God. Some come many miles on foot, others in conveyances to attend the services. Bad weather and poor roads after the heavy spring rains do not deter them. And though many of the Indians are poor, scarcely earning more than sufficient for their own necessities, they readily practice self-denial and give all they can to their beloved Church.

Very recently, in a letter received from their missionary, the Rev. Mr. Merrill, he thus writes of their late Easter service:

"We had a happy Easter, but the rain and terrible roads gave us a smaller congregation than usual, still 250 persons made their communion on that festival and of course there were many more than that number at Church. The music was very fine, especially the Indian hymns, which the people so much enjoy. At the beginning of Lent I gave out a number of mite-boxes and on Easter day and the following Sunday every one was returned with an offering. It amounted to $72.50 for General Missions. I am sure that not many of our white congregations could make a better report of Lenten self-denial although they may have given a much larger offering.

"It is remarkable how the people get to church over these terrible roads. One man told me that in bringing a large wagon full of people for nearly eight miles, he had to wait for another team to catch up with him, and then they had the four horses on to pull his wagon out of the mud. Another man said that he had to put fence-rails

under his horse to get him out of the bog. I am sure many others must have had a like experience."

Just think of attending church under such circumstances and from a distance of 6 and 8 miles. But this was no unusual thing. The church is often crowded, especially on the high Festivals. The Indians are indeed most faithful in their attendance at church at all seasons, and from distant parts of the Reservation, often wading in winter time, through the deep snow and with the mercury very low. It surely is a lesson to the many who let the most trivial excuse keep them from attendance at their churches and with every facility to reach them. And may we not ask, are not such Indians worthy to have all the help and encouragement possible given them to support their church and the various industries going on at their Reservation?

The Oneidas are exceedingly fond of music, and have fine voices. The Rev. Mr. Eleazer Williams was a good musician, and when with them helped to train their voices and form a taste for sacred music, by translating many of our hymns into the Oneida language. This love for sacred music has been handed down among the Indians to the present time.

A regular vested choir, however, was not formed until the Rev. Mr. Merrill took the matter in hand. During his first summer at the Reservation in 1897, assisted by his daughter, a pupil of Grafton Hall, Fond du Lac, they succeeded, through patience and labor, in training those capable of taking part in such a choir. And so well, we hear, that when the Harvest Festival was to be celebrated, the choir was sufficiently prepared to take part in it. The Bishop of the diocese presented them with 30 cassocks, and the Indian women made their cottas.

"The chancel was beautifully decorated," we are told, "with the fruits of the earth and the richly colored autumn leaves. And on Sunday morning, the fifteenth after Trinity, this vested choir, numbering 40 voices of men and boys, entered the west door of the Church singing the harvest hymn, 'Come ye Thankful People, Come.' The service consisted of a full choral celebration of the Holy Communion, the entire music of which was given in a reverent and creditable manner by the Indians." Says their Missionary: "With the vested choir we have also a supplementary one of women and girls and the cornetists of the band give valuable assistance.

"The training of the choir is accompanied with great difficulties, for attending a choir practice on this Reservation is not a matter of taking a trolley-car or walking a few blocks on a good pavement under electric lights. It means, for the most of our choristers, a long tramp or drive from 3 to 8 miles over roads which are sufficiently difficult by broad daylight; and yet there are few absences from our rehearsals, and even dark and stormy nights are no hindrance to their ambition or their willingness to give time and labor to perfect themselves in music. The Oneidas are a musical people, and their love of music and their spirit of devotion combined, have made them bravely conquer obstacles which at first seemed insurmountable, so that now our music has attained a recognized excellence. It is certainly seemly and devout.

"Our big, deep-chested men sing from their hearts, and make their singing a part of their worship. It is their gift to God, given with all their might. The choral Eucharist is sung most reverently. There is no giggling, whispering, and inattention, as in choirs of enlightened white people. The Indian hymns are magnificent and are

The Church Choir

The Oneida National Band

Dennison Wheelock, Indian Graduate of Carlisle, and Band Master

often rendered, without organ accompaniment, as the richness and harmonies of the voices would be marred by the most skilful playing. In these familiar hymns the entire congregation joins, taking up the strains which to the visitors, sound so smooth, and resonant. The most striking effect is produced by the voices of the women, singing apparently a tenor to the tenor, their high over-notes being so unusual, and sometimes in funeral hymns, altogether weird, so that in Indian harmony we can certainly look for the unexpected.

"One solemn delight to both Indians and whites is their own Te Deum, stately, dignified, with three Alleluias after each verse; as it takes three times as long to say or sing anything in Oneidas as in English, only a few verses can be sung, these being chanted by one voice, the choir and congregation taking up the Alleluia. Twice a year only is this old Te Deum heard; at Christmas and when the Bishop makes his visitation."

During this same month of October great preparations were being made for one of these welcome events. Bishop Grafton, several of the clergy, and a number of friends were to be with them for the consecration of their church and it was with great delight the Indians went forth to meet them. Mr. Burleson had superintended the extension and enlargement of the chancel, which at the same time gave more seating to the main part of the church.

The building, a monument of the most rare self-denial for years, was now complete. It bore witness of faith and love toward the Supreme Being whose earthly house they had built, a labor which, with their many trials and great loss of funds, had been both pathetic and heroic. But their patience and self-denial never failed or faltered.

And now they were about to welcome their Bishop for a solemn and sacred consecration service. It was with deep and heart-felt joy the Indians prepared for this great event, the crowning glory to be given to their labor of love.

We will give their Missionary's account of this pleasing event. As he expresses it, "He felt it a privilege to see the completion of the work so dear to his noble hearted predecessors," and adds: "The consecration was the fruit of years. It was the crowning act of labor begun long ago in what was then a wilderness. Oneida is historic ground and has been justly called 'The cradle of the Church in the North West.'

"Twelve years before Bishop Kemper came to Wisconsin, and 18 years before Nashotah was thought of, Christian Indians, under an ordained deacon,—supposed at the time to be of their own blood,—a translator of the ancient Liturgy and Prayer Book, was using it in the log Church of their own construction. Later a frame building took the place of the log Church. And to this Church of the Oneidas long afterwards—but still 50 years in the past—Adams and Breck walked from Nashotah to be made priests by the Apostolic Kemper.

"The log Church, and the frame building which took its place, have now disappeared. The large stone structure, the result of many years of patient self-denial was at last set apart to the perpetual service of Almighty God. The preparations for the consecration showed that the spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal for the honor of God's House still remained among the Oneidas. 'My house first, and then God's' is not an Oneida motto, and their stately, well-appointed Church building is just the reverse

of what is too often seen in comparatively wealthy parishes. On the 27th day of October, 1897, the Church was ready for consecration. The walls and ledges were outlined with green garlands. In each window was placed a miniature tree. The floor was covered with cedar twigs; it gave the effect of a mossy carpet, and filled the Church with the fragrance of nature's incense. The new choir seats were made of oak. The Reredos and handsome Credence were memorial gifts from the people, the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese, for the Rev. Solomon S. Burleson.

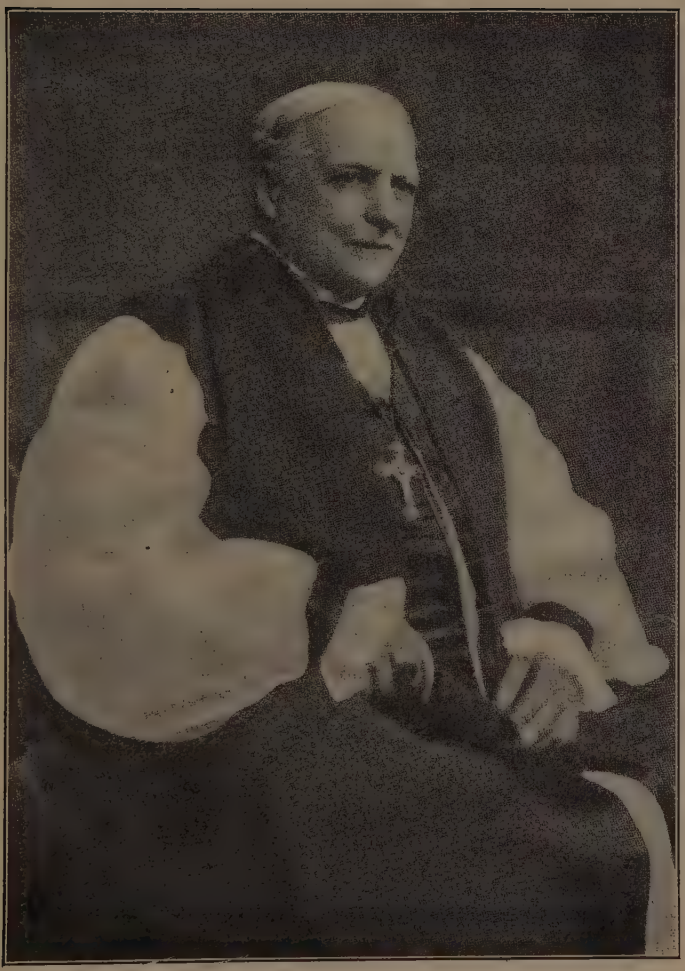
"On the Altar stands a simple Cross. It is of wood only, rather unimposing in its size and design, and at first glance looks out of keeping with its surroundings; but, on account of its associations, it will never be replaced by another. It is the old Altar Cross of St. George's in East London. During the stormy scenes of the riots there many years ago, it was torn from its place by the mob, and rescued from the street by Mr. Paget, and given by his wife to Bishop Brown, with the hope expressed that it might find some quiet resting place, and so it came to Oneida.

"The consecrator of the Church was the present Bishop of Fond du Lac, the Rt. Rev. Charles C. Grafton. On his arrival at the Church, he was received by the Wardens and Vestry. The scene in and around the Church, as the Bishop knocked for admittance, was most impressive. The large vested choir, headed by the Bishop and Clergy, proceeded up the aisle repeating the 24th Psalm. Such a congregation is rarely seen in an American Church. Here were gathered fully one thousand Indians, all dutiful and tractable and devoted to the Church with a childlike

faith. After the Rite of Consecration, there was a solemn procession of the choir, the Clergy and Bishop around the whole interior of the Church, singing hymns in the Indian language. The Bishop was Celebrant and Preacher. His sermon was beautiful in its simplicity, the subject being 'The Church—Man's meeting-place with God.'

"The most impressive musical feature of the service was the singing of the Te Deum in the Oneida language at the close, as an act of thanksgiving. It was sung, as has always been customary, as a solo by the leader of the choir, and between the verses the entire congregation joined in a three-fold Alleluia. After the service the Bishop, sitting in his chair before the chancel, received the tribe. Hundreds passed him in little less than an hour. Young men and women, mothers with babes in their arms, tottering old age and toddling infants, all stopping a moment to clasp the Bishop's hand and for a word of blessing. Such were the ceremonies attending the completion of Hobart Church, or as it was called in the sentence of consecration, 'The Church of the Holy Apostles.'

"How Williams and Cadle, Davis, Goodnough, and Burleson would have rejoiced to see the seed they planted and watered with their tears, now a noble tree for the shelter of God's children. One might ask why build so large a Church in this far-away part of the Mission field? The answer is that the Church is none too large for the congregation. On Festivals it is filled to its utmost capacity, and there is a large congregation on all ordinary Sundays. When we remember that in order to go to Church, the Indians have not to walk a few blocks, or



The Rt. Rev. C. C. Grafton, D.D., Bishop of Fond du Lac

ride in the cars as city folk do, but come from many miles and often on foot, the large, regular attendance speaks well for their Christian principles.

"Among the 1,200 who belong to the Church, there are 400 communicants, and all on the Reservation are baptized. They form an excellent body of Churchmen as loyal to their Church, and as faithful in their Christian lives, as any congregation in the land."

Chapter XXV.

Onan-gwat-go.

A prominent figure among the Oneidas is the Rev. Cornelius Hill. A few rods from his present comfortable frame building stood the log house in which he was born Nov. 13, 1834. He has been described as a bright, black-eyed boy endowed with all the virtues of his own race and destined to engraft into his character many of those of the white man.

When he was about ten years old there came to Oneida, for ordination to the priesthood, the founders of Nashotah House, the Rev. James Lloyd Breck, and the Rev. William Adams. On their return to Nashotah they were accompanied by three Indian lads; among them Cornelius Hill. For five years he remained there acquiring a mastery of the English language and what was to prove the foundation of a priestly life. At the age of 13, while at Nashotah, he was sent for to be honored by his clan, the Bear, as Chief. A national feast was given in his honor, after the previous impressive ceremony, at which all the Oneida clans, the Bear, Wolf, and Turtle, were present. This was considered a fair omen for his future life.

It has now run to more than three score and ten, during which time he has kept the love and esteem of his people. Onan-gwat-go, "Great Medicine," the name given him at that time, was the youngest and last chosen chief of a noble line of ancestors. Various honors from time to time have been conferred upon him. For a number of

years he was made treasurer of the annuities paid by the United States Government. He was chosen with one other to take the census of the tribe, which in 1856 numbered 1,000. The last census gives the population of Oneida as a little over 2,000. Chief Hill was chosen Sachem of the Tribe, and held the office for several years. He was early chosen a delegate to our Church Councils, and he has loyally upheld her missionaries since the time of Bishop Kemper.

His heart has centered in the Church where for more than thirty years he has acted as interpreter, and very few are the Sundays during that long period on which he has failed to stand by the Missionary to interpret to his people the Word of God. He also for nearly thirty years served with credit as organist at the church.

When about eighteen years of age he began to go with the chiefs to Council and received honor from them. When he was a very young man there was some opposition to an earnest Missionary who was opposing the sale of their lands and the removal of their tribe. Lawless Indians instigated by Government agents made menacing speeches advocating the removal of their Missionary, the Rev. Edward A. Goodnough. Chief Hill quietly said, "Well if you do get rid of the Missionary, it will be over my dead body." It was by his brave support that the Missionary was protected, and it is due to both, that the Oneidas remained unmolested in their peaceful homes to-day.

In order to show that the Oneidas have not purchased this peace without a struggle, we quote from an article written many years ago by Chief Hill, when an attempt was made to remove the Indians farther West, and much pressure was brought to bear upon all the chiefs to sell

their lands. He describes the life and manners of his people in the past and shows their steady advancement in the paths of civilization, and then very justly says:

"The whites are not willing to give us time to become civilized, but we must remove to some barbarous country as soon as civilization approaches us. The whites claim to be civilized, and from them we must learn the arts and customs of civilized life. The civilization at which I and the greater part of my people aim, is one of truth and honor; one that will raise us to a higher state of existence here on earth and fit us for a blessed one in the next world. For this civilization we intend to strive —right here where we are—being sure that we shall find it no sooner in the wilds beyond the Mississippi. 'Progress' is our motto, and you who labor to deprive us of this small spot of God's footstool, will labor in vain. We will not sign your treaty; no amount of money can tempt us to sell our people. You say our answer must be given to-day. You can't be troubled any longer with these Council Meetings. You shall have your wish. It is one that you will hear every time you seek to drive us from our lands—No!"

Many years afterwards in fulfilment of his earnest desire, Cornelius Hill after long and faithful service in the Church, having the confidence and respect of the entire Nation, and with suitable preparation was on June 27, 1905, ordained to the sacred office of deacon. It was a notable day among the Oneidas when their Chief, one of their own Nation, and the first Oneida, was to have part in such a ceremony. The Bishop and other clergy were met at the station with the band playing and a full escort of loyal Indians.

The Church services were attended by the tribe in large

numbers from all parts of the Reservation, and from other long distances. There had been at half past six a celebration of the Holy Communion, the Rev. B. Talbot Rogers, of Grafton Hall, Fond du Lac, being celebrant. At 10 o'clock, Morning Prayer was said, and a class for Confirmation presented to the Bishop. The ordination service was at 11 o'clock. The candidate was presented by the Missionary in charge, the Rev. Solomon S. Burleson. Besides Bishop Grafton and the Missionary, those who assisted in the service were the Rev. Dr. Dafter, the Rev. H. L. Burleson, and the Rev. B. T. Rogers.

The Gospel was read by Cornelius Hill in the Mohawk language; he also, as usual, took the part of interpreter. But the shadow of a great sorrow is said to have rested on him and all the people in sympathy. An epidemic had broken out among the children; six had died within a few days, among them the youngest child of Cornelius Hill, and the funeral was appointed for that afternoon. Says one in describing the day:

"While it was one of great rejoicing because of the spiritual gift to be dispensed to him, it was also a day of sadness of heart, for his infant son lay dead at home waiting burial after the service of ordination.

"Mr. Hill took his place by the side of the Bishop, and proceeded to interpret the sermon; but when he came to the words addressed to himself, strong and reserved Indian that he is, he simply covered his face and sobbed. In the church no sound was heard, and not an eye was raised. One could feel the sympathy extended to him from all hearts. But in a few moments he regained his composure and went on with the calmness of a soul resting in God." After his ordination the Rev. Cornelius Hill assisted in parish work, visited the sick in distant parts of

the Reservation, and in various ways was a faithful co-worker with those under whom he served as deacon.

As interpreter Mr. Merrill thus describes him: "As a Minister of the Church he impresses one with a sense of his earnestness and spirituality, as vested in cassock, surplice and stole, quietly and without self-consciousness, he takes his part in the service. He interprets the lessons from the English Bible into the Oneida tongue with a most remarkable fluency. There are comparatively few words in the Oneida language, and an English sentence is therefore difficult to translate. Paragraph by paragraph is the message of the preacher repeated with much eloquence and feeling."

It is said to be deeply interesting to see Onan-gwat-go standing by the Missionary, his face turned toward the speaker as he listens attentively, and then turning to the people, speaks to them of the things of God. Now and then one hears in the midst of the soft flow of the Oneida syllables an English word, for which there is no Oneida equivalent. A feature that is always refreshing is the close sympathy of the interpreter with the spirit of his message. Nothing is so bracing, so inspiring, so gladdening to him as hearing a real message, words that come straight from God and go straight to the hearts of the listeners.

A few years later a far more impressive ceremony was to take place in the stately stone church. The Christian soldier, the Rev. Cornelius Hill, had proved himself worthy the trust reposed in him, and after eight years of faithful service in the Courts of the Lord as deacon, he was about to receive a higher order in the ministry, that of priest. His ordination occurred on St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, 1903. The Indians, giving up all work to

make a holiday of this great event, came from all parts of the Reservation. A special train from Green Bay brought from sixty to seventy people to attend the ceremony. With them was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Grafton and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Weller, Bishop Coadjutor from Fond du Lac, and as many as twelve of the clergy from various parts of the diocese.

The usual escort—Missionary, Indians, and band went to the station to meet their guests, the band playing a welcome. "The Missionary on a white charger," it is said, "appeared as grand marshall as well as spiritual adviser." Bishop Grafton had become very much interested in, and attached to, the Oneidas. As he stepped from the train he was seen to wave his acknowledgment to the band. After a few words to the mission staff, and old friends among the Indians, carriages, and every available wagon sent, was filled. Some started ahead on foot as the long procession was formed, the band playing as they took up their march back to the Mission half a mile away.

They reached the Mission at 11 o'clock, and in a few moments the large church was completely filled with visitors and the usual worshippers. From the choir-room the soft voices of the choir began the processional hymn; soon the procession entered the main door of the church with cross and banners, the low sweet tones of the cornet proclaiming their coming.

It was a rare and peculiar event that was about to take place and one causing deep interest in the hearts of many, For an Indian Chieftain, the last of his line in a once powerful Nation, to be so appointed, was now to be invested with full Orders in the Church. No ceremony, we are told, even in the Cathedral city had exceeded in

pomp that which transformed a descendant of the American Indian into a spiritual leader. The rich vestments of the Bishop and attending priests, the reverent and dignified ceremonial of the service, are said to have formed a striking contrast with the environment. Then more thrilling, as a climax, there floated through the church the weird music that had come down from an almost forgotten age, and the more weird words of the Oneida tongue with which the Gloria in Excelsis and the solemn Te Deum were sung.

Clergy and scores of visiting laity alike were thrilled by the solemnity of the whole service. All eyes were riveted on the tall figure of the candidate when the time came for him to proceed to the chancel, and then upon the venerable Bishop, loved for so many years by his diocese, who was to conduct the solemn Laying on of Hands, and celebrate the Holy Eucharist. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. William B. Thorn, rector of St. Paul's Church, Marinette. Joel B. Archiquette, a young Oneida, acted upon this occasion as interpreter. The text was from 1. Timothy, 3:13. "They that have used the office of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree." He said, that all earthly favors paled before that which was to be given to-day. The office of priest is the most excellent a man can receive.

During the first part of the sermon the ordinand sat before the chancel, but as the preacher finished his remarks to the congregation, the Indian chief rose and stood attentive to the words addressed to him personally. Something of the stoicism of the old tribal days appeared to have had its logical transformation into the sincerity of Christian purpose as the chieftain stood there rigidly before his brother of the cloth. The preacher said:

"To the holy office of Priest my brother, you are to be admitted. For eight years you have used the office of a deacon well. Your faithful work is known to all, and while you may be tempted to shrink back and say, 'Who is sufficient for these things? I am not worthy of the priesthood,' yet judged by St. Paul's rule, you have purchased this good degree. And this will bring with it new care and new responsibilities. But judging from the past, we look to your future ministry in this higher order with hope, satisfied that it will bear much fruit.

"You hold a high position among your people; as their chief you command their respect and obedience in temporal things; to-day you become a spiritual chief. Your duty is to rally the people around you, raise the war-cry of the Prince of Peace, and lead them, men, women, and children, against the enemies of their souls. You are to show them how to fight these enemies, and this you will do by your teaching. You will tell them in public and in private what things to do and what not to do; what to think and what not to think. You will point them to the Sacraments for help in all their affairs. And because you will be a priest, they will listen to you. They will know that you speak as you are told by God. But there is a stronger way than teaching to appeal to your people. Show that you believe what you teach by living as Christ would have you live. Be good and true and noble and brave. Always remember that your ordination was on St. John Baptist's Day. Study his life; see how good and true he was. Ask God to make you like him, that you may live as he lived, and preach as he preached, without fear of man."

Following the sermon came the presentation of the ordinand by the Rev. Walter R. Gardner, Archdeacon of

Algoma; then the Litany sung by the Rev. Henry S. Foster, rector of Christ Church, Green Bay; then the Introit, an Indian chant, and the Holy Eucharist in English. At the conclusion of the service the Bishop presented, on behalf of the Tribe, a gold watch to the newly ordained priest. Then, seated in front of the chancel for the usual reception of the Tribe, big and little, down to the smallest papoose, came forward to shake hands with the Bishop and to receive from him a kind word, or a blessing. They then filed out of the church and scattered for lunch served by the guild women; and to pass the day in various ways.

Chief Onan-gwat-go, now the Rev. Cornelius Hill, was at the time of his ordination in his sixty-ninth year, and is said to have resembled the portraits of some of the old chiefs that hang in the State Historical Society at Madison, Wisconsin. He is tall and straight, with quiet, cordial manner, thoroughly self-possessed, and with a genial smile that wins the friendship of all with whom he comes in contact. There is a bronze tinge to his face; his hair is iron-gray. He has a wife who has not yet learned to speak the English, and eight children. His children are receiving a good education; after finishing the schools at Oneida, at Hampton, and other Indian schools away from the Reservation. Though the Rev. Cornelius Hill will have a missionary stipend, it is only the small sum of $150 per annum; so his main support must come from his well cultivated farm.

The Rev. Cornelius Hill—Onan-gwat-go, Chief and Priest

Chapter XXVI.

Educational Advantages.

As the Indians advanced in civilization there was great necessity for higher educational privileges. On a Reservation ten miles by twelve in extent, besides the Mission School there were but four or five scattered district schools sustained by the Government. The Rev. Edward Goodnough, and other missionaries before him, had again and again pleaded for a large Government School centrally located, but in vain. It remained for the Rev. Mr. Burleson to so state the matter that his petition was finally granted. Before entering on his work at the Mission he visited it, to ascertain their most pressing needs, and went himself to Washington, to present the cause of the people to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who promised to take the matter to headquarters.

After the delay of a year or two more, their request was considered, and the much needed Government Boarding School allowed under certain considerations. Soon after the passage of the "Dawes Allotment Act," it is said, "A Commissioner appointed by the President was sent to the Reservation, to explain the provisions of the law and to induce the Oneidas to take advantage of it." At a Council with the Indians this matter was thoroughly discussed. One of the inducements held out was, that if they would take their lands in severalty, he, the Commissioner, would recommend to the President and Secretary of the Interior that a boarding school should at once

be established on the Reservation. These recommendations were favorably considered, and in the allotment of lands that soon followed, a tract near the centre of the Reservation was reserved for a school site. It was not, however, until the spring of 1892 that the erection of the first school buildings was commenced.

In July Charles F. Pierce, a superintendent of several years' experience, who had successfully organized an Indian boarding school among the Sioux in the West, was sent to the Reservation, under orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to superintend the principal buildings, and to make plans and estimates for the construction of other buildings, also for furniture and necessary school supplies. The buildings were at first designed to accommodate eighty pupils, but when ready to be opened for use, March 27, 1893, it was found that the number of applicants far exceeded the capacity of the school. Could better evidence be given of their need for such a school?

The accommodations, have been increased from time to time until at present we are told, their capacity admits of two hundred and twenty-five pupils, and the property is valued at about $65,000. There are seven brick and twelve frame buildings, well equipped with all the modern conveniences and appliances; such as steam heat, electric light, water and sewer systems. The cluster of buildings is delightfully situated on a high ridge nearly opposite Hobart Mission, yet at some distance across Duck Creek. This is now spanned by a substantial Government bridge that has taken the place of the more rustic one of logs. The buildings can readily be seen from all directions, and it is said: "Its fine brick Assembly Hall, over which floats the American flag, presents a pleasing as well as patriotic appearance."

The United States Government Boarding School

The Assembly Hall, Government Boarding School

The Mission Buildings

The following graphic description of the place and work going on at the school has recently come to us through a dispatch to one of the public papers:

"Upon entering the grounds, the Superintendent's office and home, a plain red brick building, is seen at the right. A short walk from this is the Assembly Hall, with its well equipped grade school-rooms and a fine lecture hall. Beyond this is the Oneida Club House, a frame building where seventeen of the employes have made a cozy home. Directly north is the Hospital which rarely has occasion to shelter more than two or three patients at a time.

"About the centre of the grounds are three dormitories for big boys, little boys, and girls respectively. The largest, the girls' dormitory, contains the kitchen and dining-room. Had it been the time for the "sand man," the upper rooms and long, single white beds with snowy coverlets, would have proved inviting. The kitchen, with its immense oven and piles of dish-pans, suggests a division of labor. The pantry, with two hundred and fifty beautiful loaves of freshly baked bread, and the dining-room, with numerous tables covered with white oil-cloth and set with white ware, gives pleasure to look upon.

"Other attractions are the commissary building, containing generous stores of nearly everything in the market; the steam-laundry; the sewing-room with its suggestive motto, 'A stitch in time saves nine'; the light and boiler plant; the blacksmith and carpenter shops. The present Superintendent, Joseph C. Hart, has a corps of twenty-five school employes, of whom his wife is head teacher. All are efficient teachers, enthusiastic champions, and warm friends of the Indians. Five of them belong to the race which they are teaching. Two hun-

dred black-haired, dark-eyed Indian boys and girls, ranging from six to fourteen years, complete the census of the Oneida Government School.

"With the exception of the Indian employes, all positions are secured through the Civil Service Commission. The course of study is especially prepared to give the Indian child a knowledge of the English language, and to equip him with the ability to become self-supporting as soon as possible. The studies include mostly those taught in graded schools. The industrial work consists of farming, gardening, care of stock, and the use of tools for the boys; cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, and lace-making for the girls. Half of the pupils assemble in the morning for grade work, while the other half are acquiring the industrial training. This is reversed in the afternoon. At play-time, the same as with white children, the girls enjoy basket-ball and the boys baseball, or both join in a game of tennis.

"Uncle Sam provides liberally for the children; for they are given three uniforms, one for work, one for school, and a 'Sunday best.' These are replaced as frequently as wear necessitates. A variety of wholesome food appears in varied form each day, with turkey dinners for holidays. English, on entering the school, is with some of the younger children an unknown tongue; but it is acquired so easily, that they are able to use it in ordinary conversation in a few weeks. The saying that 'an Indian never forgets' proves true in what he so readily retains. Penmanship and drawing are fine arts with him, and all imitative knowledge is acquired without difficulty, while arithmetic is his great bugbear. Discipline is the easiest part of the work with the Oneida. The children are docile, giving little occasion for correction or punishment."

Says a gentleman of Green Bay long familiar with the Indians: "The change of condition among the Oneidas towards civilization has been gradual, yet steady. But during the past ten or twelve years the improvement has been more marked and wonderful. The Oneida has made more advancement since Government began to take active interest in the education of their children than during the whole of my acquaintance with them, which has extended over a period of forty years.

"In making this statement I do not wish to detract one iota of credit due the Mission Schools, which have existed on the Reservation for many years. Their line of duty has been similar to that of the Government schools, and the Missionaries have accomplished much in the way of laying a foundation upon which others are building. However, it is an established fact that education with its more enlarged advantages and influences, is the factor that has placed the Indians in their present prosperous condition. Education and enlightenment is doing for them what it has done for other races, and they are fast taking their places along with their white brethren in the various walks of life."

A mission school has long been taught by the Missionary in charge, or some member of his family, since the first settlement of the Reservation, and too much praise cannot be awarded them for their patience under difficulties. To the teacher and pupil it was long like speaking to one another in an unknown tongue. For in those early days of the Mission even the parents scarcely understood a word of English, or, in a majority of cases, could be the least aid to their children.

Let us consider the confinement to the poor little fleet-footed Indian child accustomed to roam about as free as

a fawn; like his parent before him, far more in love with everything connected with nature—the trees, birds, animals, and every sylvan nook on the Reservation. Then what must it have been for such a child to feel compelled, for certain long weariful hours to confine himself to study, to twist his tongue into forming unfamiliar English words? Cannot we imagine what a joyous shout a real Indian war-whoop, he would feel inclined to give when released from the thraldom of school? And yet, little by little, precept upon precept, they in time learned self-discipline, to care for their studies, love their teacher, and feel a deeper interest in both school and Church, as they were early taught their principles.

The little Mission School of the Church, of which the daughter of the Missionary is the teacher, has for its special purpose at the present time the bringing of the children under the influence of the Church. This is what they cannot have at the Government School; besides, the children must live at the latter place which takes them away from home for ten months in the year.

We are sure that our readers would not think all Indian children dull and uninteresting could they see the bright and merry group of the little pupils of the Mission School.

The Rev. Mr. Goodnough instituted the Mission School many years before the Government made any provision for the education of the Oneida children. The older people who had been educated under his careful and devoted interest were greatly pleased when the school, which had reverted to Government charge was again, in September, 1898, put in charge of the Church. The Mission School has certainly accomplished in the past, and we hope that it may be the same for the future, much in the

The Blacksmith Shop

way of laying a foundation upon which others are building. Many a well disciplined Christian soldier, though young in years, has gone forth from the Mission School better prepared in every way, morally, mentally, and physically, to enter into the new and wider fields opening out to him. And Oneida has reason to feel proud of the record her students of both sexes, have gained at the Government School, Hampton, Carlisle, and other institutes of learning.

It has frequently been stated even in the halls of Congress and reiterated by the press that the educated Indian, or returned student soon again takes to the blanket and habits of the uncivilized Indian. This statement is far from the truth. In the first place, the Indians of to-day, especially those of the Six Nations, are in a much higher state of civilization, than is generally supposed. And they readily put into practice whatever knowledge they have gained in agriculture, or any other line of study they may have pursued. It is said by their present Missionary that as many as four hundred of the Oneida Indians have already thus sought to educate and improve themselves.

After graduating we find some have secured positions in the Government service, others have become teachers, or trained nurses, and a few skilled professional men. The majority, however, find employment on farms, and a still larger number, on returning home, use the knowledge gained during school life in making homes for themselves on their own land. Foremost in this class is Nelson Metoxen, who after learning his trade at Hampton, returned to Oneida and set up a wagon and blacksmith shop. He has proved a skilled workman and a steady, upright young man. In his spare time he has also

erected for himself and family a very cosy and comfortable home which is pleasing to see as the work of an Indian. Other graduates are earning a comfortable living at home as carpenters, stone-masons, etc., and are making it possible for the people to improve their homes, as they are doing, with the help of their own skilled workers, instead of employing outside artisans.

An educated Oneida, Joseph Smith, from Lawrence University, Appleton, has erected and is conducting a sawmill that is a help to many of the Oneidas. He not only finds employment for a large number of the young men in his mill, as well as at teaming, but is of great help to the Indians in sawing their lumber, principally hard wood of a fine grade, which readily sells at furniture factories in neighboring cities. Mr. Smith also conducts a small store, and quite recently has established a cheese factory for those farmers who find it too far to go to the Mission Creamery. He has also erected a very fine modern barn for the protection and care of his own fine herd of cattle. This certainly does not look like returning to old Indian ways. Other students are showing ability in various ways to put into active use what knowledge they have acquired while away at school. Most marked are their modern and improved methods of carrying on their farms and of caring for their cattle.

To encourage this, as well as to create another source of enabling the Indians to care for themselves, was the starting of a Mission Creamery. At some expense they had previously sunk an artesian well, two hundred and thirty-three feet deep, and had a good flow of water for the Hospital, Mission House and now for the Creamery. For lack of means and a suitable building it was begun on a very small scale. They remodeled an old granary, and had suitable machinery and water supply put in.

Young Creamery Patrons

The Oneida Creamery.

The Old-time Log House

The Metoxen Home

Farmers were now urged to bring their milk to the Creamery. But it started, we are told, in a ridiculously small way, for when it was announced as in readiness to be opened, but one customer presented himself, and with only seventeen pounds of milk from two cows. At the end of the week, however, the number increased to thirteen patrons with 695 pounds of milk. After this first week there was daily received the milk of forty cows, the Indian farmers better understanding the work and pleased with their pay.

Through generous help from friends at the East kindly interested in the Reservation, better cattle were placed upon some of the farms; part of the milk to go towards the support of the Mission Creamery; and their building was enlarged, or rebuilt. And so the good work has steadily been going on with increase, the well made butter having ready sale the year round at a fair price.

Many of the young women of the tribe are as eager for an education as the young men. They have proved apt scholars, both in a mental and an industrial way at the Government School as well as at Hampton, Carlisle, and elsewhere. Says their missionary: "A great educational help at Oneida is given by the Sisters of the Holy Nativity. We believe this is the first instance where any of the Sisterhoods have sent their workers among the red men. The sisters have been in residence since 1898. In that year they had built their own home, and they have always given their services without any cost to the Church or Mission. Their work is not confined to spiritual ministrations; but with all the other workers, they labor for the advancement of the tribe in everything that helps towards civilization.

They have been of great aid in teaching and providing

a sale of the beadwork of the Oneida women. The making of beads and beadwork were among the industries of a far-away past; how far we have not now time nor ability to trace, or to ascertain who first taught the Indians the use of beads. It is a relic of far older days than can now readily be counted. When Asia and America were closer neighbors, beadwork is thought to have belonged quite as much to the Orientals, Turks, and Egyptians as to the Indians. Almost every nation is found early to have had its beads in metal, pearls, glass or chalk.

Says one: "There seems to have been some natural affinity between the globules and finger-tips, which once having been learned was never forgotten." And so, with more or less regularity beadwork fevers have revived, and we hear of dresses as glittering with jet bead, or pearl embroidery; purses of steel beads, etc. In ancient Egyptian days costly pearl necklaces and chains adorned the princesses. The prized coral necklace, or bracelet, from time to time has been brought forth from its hiding-place, and that unfailing heirloom, a string of gold beads, as worn by our great grandmothers, appears at intervals, as now, to encircle the neck of some young descendant.

We find that the Oneidas, Mohawks, and others of the Iroquois were long ago quite noted workers with beads, and that many handsome patterns originated with the Oneidas and were handed down from mother to daughter through many generations. Their wampum belts, pouches, moccasins, and bead embroidered leggings and skirts were made centuries ago. Later, when adopting the dress and learning the ways of civilized people, less and less of this special work was done. The women merely made pincushions, watch-cases, small bags, or such

Oneida Beadwork

Oneida Lace

Oneida Basketry

trifles as could be readily sold to those collecting Indian work, yet rarely with much profit to themselves. A few years ago beadwork was revived. The Sisters conceived the benefit it might be to the Indian women, and so formed a class to teach them the new kind of woven beadwork then in use.

The women were taught many a beautiful and intricate piece of work by the Sisters—tubular and flat chains, watch-fobs in great variety, purses, belts, banners, napkin-rings, curtain-bands with fringed ends, opera-bags and sofa-pillows. One of the latter is said to be an especial favorite in a College boy's den. All these things have met with ready sale at the East, where kind friends have interested themselves in their disposal. At the Government School the introduction of bead and lace-work was found to have wrought a refining influence among the young girls, as shown in greater neatness of person and quietness of manner. They take such delight in their beadwork, it is a pleasure to see them sit down to it with frame before them strung with threads, and weave in and out point or curve, leaf or flower, in strange designs and artistic color.

The women of the Reservation make good use of the money they earn from both bead and lace-work by buying for themselves pieces of furniture, crockery, shoes, shawls, etc. And sometimes they lend a helping-hand in the purchase of a plough, harness horse, or cow, according to the urgency of the case. But it is the lace-making that is meeting with still greater success. On one of his visits to the East the present Missionary obtained a promise from Miss Sybil Carter that some day she would send a lace teacher to Oneida.

Of Miss Carter it is said: "That lover of all that is good

for the Indians, and their good lover—Miss Sybil Carter —was doing more than she knew when visiting as Missionary of the people of Japan, she noticed the skill and perfection of the lace-workers. There were women of the Orient doing marvelous things, shaping with slender brown fingers curious and beautiful work in lace, to make lovely the loveliness of their white sisters, in the adorning of both themselves and their homes. Lace for the throat and shoulder and wrist, lace for table and curtain and bed, here was a direct inspiration that needed no tongue of interpreter to make plain the gracious meaning. Why should not the women of the Occident, the 'true Americans,' learn the same art? Who could tell but their brown fingers, certainly just as brown, might not prove just as cunning.

"And so with all the enthusiasm of the true helper, and the determination to acquire a knowledge of such exquisite industry, Miss Carter learned the intricate weavings of pillow-lace and the simpler handling of braidlace, keeping in mind those women in her own land who were to be provided with satisfying work and, so far as she could effect it, satisfying wages. Every one knows the success of her generous efforts, and Indian lace schools are now matter for just pride, to all living under the Stars and Stripes."

Miss Carter, then residing in New York, did not forget her promise to the Missionary and sent a representative to spend some days on the Reservation. Mrs. Charles Bronson, a teacher of lace-making at Hampton, the very centre of industries among the Indians, came during their vacation to teach the Sisters, and a few of the most expert Indian women lace-making, and they in turn taught others on the Reservation and at the Government

School. It requires some capital to start this industry, for money was needed for materials and other expenses. But this, as in many other emergencies, was very unexpectedly provided for by a warm friend of the Oneidas, Miss Cotheal Smith, as a memorial of her sister Mrs. Catherine Tichenor of Boston.

In time the number to learn lace-making increased, and Sister Katherine was kept busy preparing patterns for doyleys, collars, cuffs, etc. She also had to measure off fine braid or delicate cord to be wrought, through intricate lace-stitches, into various pretty patterns and useful things. These were given out with the constant entreaty to often wash the hands and keep their work perfectly neat and clean if they would have it prove saleable. Small oyster pails, bags, or boxes were given so as to hang their work high out of reach of their little ones; some pretty tissue-paper too, to fold it up in. With the reiterated caution, "It must be kept clean," it is not surprising that the bits of lace-work were returned to the Sisters with perfect neatness and exquisitely done, for the Indians proved apt scholars. And we learn that they earned within the year, with the many interruptions from housework as well as summer help in field and garden, over $1,200.

The Oneidas, we have been told, took first prize for their work at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, where there was a great showing of elegant lace. Previous to that they won a prize from the Paris Exposition. They do various kinds of lace. Besides Battenberg lace, they make Honiton, Point, and other kinds of more difficult lace. Some are expert makers of the real, or pillow-lace, and their latest work is what is called Roman cut-work. Though all this work is done in the homes of the tribe,

some of them log houses, and where the workers' time must be given to many cares, and they know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that their work must be spotless when it is returned to the Sisters, they succeed marvellously in accomplishing much that is pretty and dainty, and readily disposed of for their benefit.

We say readily, though this too, requires time and labor in sending the lace elsewhere, keeping accounts, and seeing that the women are paid as soon as possible. All of this requires time, patience, and funds to keep going. But it is hoped that lace-making will solve part of the problem in regard to the returned students. For with this industry established, there is at last found something for the girls to do when they come back from various schools, so they need no longer feel forced to leave their homes, to find employment elsewhere.

Another industry is now interesting the Oneida women —that of making baskets. Like old-time beadwork, they had almost ceased to be made on the Reservation, except for home use, and for two reasons: one, that the black ash saplings necessary for this work were destroyed some time ago by forest fires; the other, that even with the material, machine-work so competed with the Indians' hand-made, splint basket, that it ceased to be at all profitable. But again, as with the beautiful lace-work and modern beadwork, one friendly to the Oneidas was to help them, in a very unexpected way, to help themselves.

In the words of another: "But better things were in store for their clever fingers, for another lover of Indians, and one who is ever studying not merely what we can do for them, but what they can do for themselves, has found that from a luxuriant growth of the yellow willow on the Reservation very strong, serviceable and picturesque

Episcopal Mission House

The Sisters' House

baskets can be made. They require more skill than splints, but last many years, and have only the natural coloring pale red at first, and turning with age to terra-cotta and mahogany. Seeing the possibilities of this kind of willow, Sister Katherine put herself in the hands of a most efficient teacher, with the avowed desire of learning all that could be taught in this line of basketry.

Besides these, there is really no end to the pretty things that can be made; table-mats, lunch-baskets, frames for flower pots, tumbler-protectors, medicine-glass covers, and why not strong, pretty book-racks? Fancy a handful of your favorite books, kept in place by these artistic willows, on a rattan table holding also a potted sword-fern, the fronds falling over just such a graceful jardinière as stands on the floor in the picture, all in some cosy corner of some favorite room. To be sure such a rose-colored, no, willow-colored,—view is quite embryonic, so far as the Oneida workmanship is concerned; but there is no reason why it should not become a reality, and grow as the lace has grown, very quietly, and with few pupils in the beginning, but each one bringing a long train of aspirants. Already a few reed baskets have been very well made by the older girls in the Government School where the Sister introduced this particular line of basketry."

Besides teaching these industries, the Sisters assist in Church work. They give Bible instruction, see to the altar work, help with the music, and are ready at all times to do all in their power for their Indian friends.

Chapter XXVII.

Hospital in Working Order.

Almost from his first coming to the Reservation the Rev. F. W. Merrill saw, as others had seen, the great need of having their sick better cared for. Scattered over wide distances, with a Government physician to drive many miles, when sent for, the sick could not have the attention they so much needed.

The Hospital, after its completion, was put under care of two Sisters of the Holy Nativity. They had, at Bishop Grafton's suggestion, come to the Reservation from an Episcopal Sisterhood founded in Boston, but afterwards removed to Providence, Rhode Island. The Sisters were in charge for nearly a year; but for want of funds and sufficient equipments at the Hospital, trained nurse, and resident physician, etc., they could only give out simple remedies and go among the sick to look after their necessities.

Although the Hospital had no endowment, or wealthy benefactors, and had only the poor Indians to do what they could for their sick, Mr. Merrill felt that it should at once be put in working order. Its erection had been in answer to prayer and through great self-denial, and now it must be carried on in the same way.

As with all new works, especially in the Mission field, there were many difficulties to be overcome, and greatest of all lack of funds. If the Hospital was occupied

food would have to be supplied for the household, expensive medicines provided, and a salary, even if small, assured for a trained nurse, a resident physician, etc., and others.

Appeals to some of the friends of the Oneidas were made, and so kindly and generously responded to that Mr. Merrill was enabled to open the Hospital for patients for the first time, January 1, 1898. A venture of faith, he felt it, for the better care of their sick. In speaking of it he says: "Since the opening with no pledged support we have gone on doing what we could for our suffering ones. Our faith has not been unrewarded. God has opened the hearts and hands of His people, so they have been ready to give to our necessities. And we have not been obliged to refuse a single applicant who needed our care, some coming for a long, others for a short period of time."

Previous to this opening there seems providentially to have been a way preparing and made clear to obtain a native trained nurse. Lavinia Cornelius, a bright, intelligent Indian girl, after leaving Hampton Institute, felt a desire to fit herself as nurse, and so entered the New Haven School for Trained Nurses. When her studies there were completed, she returned to the Reservation and took charge at the Hospital from its opening until September 1, 1899, when she received an appointment at the Government Boarding School.

Again a way was opened to have the sick well cared for. Says Mr. Merrill: "We were fortunate to have another nurse in Miss Nancy Cornelius, a graduate of Carlisle and the Hartford Training School for Nurses. She entered upon hospital duty September 5, 1899, and remained with us until her marriage in 1904." Some

of the reports concerning the sick cared for during their stay at the Hospital are very interesting.

One of the women of the Guild, the oldest and best loved by them, was Mary Ann Bread. We first hear of her and her usefulness in the Diary of Ellen Goodnough. As she advanced in years, she was looked to for advice and treated as a mother by the youngest members of the Guild. She was also their interpreter, as occasion might require; for she had served as nurse among white families, and could readily speak English.

She was now quite advanced in years, and while the Hospital was being built it was promised, as she was suffering from infirmities, that a room should at any time be in readiness for her coming, a promise that was well kept, for one of the first to enter the Hospital after its opening was Mary Ann Bread, who spent the two last winters of her life there. She was between eighty-five and ninety years old, and was gradually failing in health and strength, but ever cheerful and happy and pleased with her hospital home, as well as grateful for all that was done for her comfort.

After a second winter at the Hospital, and receiving her Easter Communion in its little Chapel, she returned to her people for the summer. It was not long, however, before her health more rapidly declined. She was visited several times by the Missionary and a few days before her death received her last Communion. Knowing it to be such, she said to him, "I am glad my long journey is nearly ended, and that very soon I shall be home."

In writing of this event Mr. Merrill says: "She died June 4, 1900. Immediately after her death her body was brought to the Hospital, and there lay before the Chapel Altar until the day of her burial, June 7th. According

to her wish, she was dressed for burial in her old Indian costume, beaded skirt, leggings and moccasins, and on her head was tied a simple black kerchief. Our dear old mother was loved and respected by the entire tribe, and rarely is a larger congregation seen in our Church than that which assembled on the day of her funeral. The service consisted of the Burial Office and the Holy Communion, after which the long procession wended its way to the summit of the high hill of the cemetery, and during the filling in of the grave, favorite hymns in Oneida and English were sung. There were visitors from families round about the Reservation in which she had been employed as a nurse, and to whom she had endeared herself by long years of faithful, loving service."

We take pleasure in paying this tribute due to the memory of a long time, faithful worker among her people, and also to call attention to the fact that in the case of Mary Ann Bread, as in that of others, neither age nor constant intercourse with the whites caused her to lose her clinging attachment to the ancient Indian costume. It would seem as though in death they would thus almost proudly assert their race and lineage.

The Hospital was still without a resident physician, but as before depended upon distant Government service such as could be sent for, until January 12, 1901, when the valuable services of Dr. Zilpha Wilson of the Northwestern University of Chicago were secured. Dr. Wilson was employed by the United States Government, from whom she received a salary as physician, to see after the Government Boarding School on the Reservation with its two hundred children. She also took charge of the patients at the Hospital without any additional pay, and of the sick on the Reservation with but a

small nominal fee of fifty cents, not counting distance, or the medicines freely given.

We learn that within a year Dr. Wilson made over four hundred and thirty visits on the Reservation, and also vaccinated seven hundred persons. This may give some idea of the good work done by a resident physician on such a Reservation. Says their Missionary later: "The services that Dr. Wilson has been able to render in many homes of the Oneidas has grown beyond record, and none but God can know the depth of our gratitude for her quiet, faithful, and successful labors in alleviating the sufferings of her many patients."

But to sustain the Hospital, which has had no endowment and no subsidies, has from the first been a heavy burden, falling entirely upon the Missionary. Oftentimes it has caused deep anxiety lest the answer to appeals should come short, or prove unavailing and necessitate the close of this helpful Institution.

And yet the expenses are not great for maintaining the Hospital. Exclusive of salary to nurse, etc., for food, heating, medicine, renewal of bedding, and other necessary expenses, it requires, we are told, but $50 a month; a comparatively small sum when we consider how very beneficial the result. Would that the heart of some millionaire might be moved to endow the Oneida Hospital; or those with their many thousands to give some small annual sum to help sustain this blessed work of caring for the sick and aged ones, this work so far apart from all rich citizens, or the help usually extended to Institutions of the kind.

Since it was not to be expected that Dr. Wilson's almost gratuitous services could long be continued, and too, on an Indian Reservation so apart from all

other advantages, it was the earnest wish of the Missionary to have a native physician, one who had the interests of his own people at heart. And almost as in answer to prayer, a way was preparing for this. A young Oneida Indian early sought a good education. He attended the district school on the Reservation until he was fourteen years of age; and then went to Carlisle, where he remained for six years, earning for himself a reputation as a fine student and one highly esteemed for his moral character and attractive personality.

After graduating from Carlisle, and taking a short course in the Dickerson Preparatory School at Carlisle, he returned to the Reservation and was employed at the Government School as Industrial teacher. Later we hear of him as called upon to make addresses in various places at farmer's institutes. In these and other ways he showed capabilities equal to those of any college-bred or educated white man. His heart was now quietly set upon becoming a physician. But how to obtain the necessary means to pursue such studies was a somewhat perplexing question.

About this time the Rev. Mr. Merrill was to go East to present the cause of the Mission before a few generous and kindly interested friends. Besides assistance for the Hospital, they were greatly in need of a water plant to give a steady supply of water to the Hospital and Mission House for bath-rooms and other sanitary conveniences, as also for a contemplated industry to be established near by.

While in Boston addressing a small company in the Chapel of Old St. Paul's Church, with aid of the stereopticon to show something of the busy life on the Reservation, mention was made of their urgent need of a resi-

dent physician to care for over two thousand people at the Mission. Small though the meeting was, it proved momentous in results; for speaking of it their Missionary says: "God indeed blessed that small meeting to us and to the Oneidas. One of the number there assembled, Miss Ethel M. Cheney, President of the Junior Auxiliary of St. Paul's Church, came forward to gladden the heart of the Missionary and all his people with a promise that she would undertake to provide means for the education of a physician for Oneida."

Thus it came about that Josiah Powless could enter the Milwaukee Medical College the following September. And now word comes to us that this young Oneida Indian, in his twenty-eighth year, has finished with great credit a four years' course of study at the College and graduated, not only with honor but with the same splendid record for moral character and attractive personality as he won while at Carlisle. We here present his likeness, a strong, good face, with the hearty wish for a bright future before him.

Dr. Powless has now taken charge of the Hospital at Oneida, with his wife to assist in the good work there as Nurse and Superintendent of the Hospital. May they receive all the help and encouragement needed since no means for physician's salary or supply of medicines is now allowed by Government.

About three miles from the Hospital and Hobart Mission there is another Mission. It is conducted by the Methodists. After the Rev. Eleazer Williams left the Mohawk Valley for the Reservation in Wisconsin with a number of the First Christian Party, it is said that some of those of the Second Christian Party who had been converted from heathenism by Mr. Williams, and who

The Oneida Hospital

J. A. Powless, M.D.

The Methodist Church

remained behind for a time, joined the Methodist form of worship. Later we find a Methodist Mission sprung up among the western branch of the Nation.

In 1829 a young Mohawk, who had been converted in Canada, began the work of establishing Methodist meetings on the Reservation.

From that time on, different missionaries were in charge. In 1840 the Rev. Henry R. Coleman was appointed to the Mission, and remained until 1845. He was succeeded by two other ministers who made but a brief stay, when "Brother Requa," as he was called, took charge and seems to have been very much beloved. Meantime their old log church had given place to a respectable frame edifice. There was also a good frame parsonage occupied by the Missionary and a school house kept either by the Missionary or some one employed by him. The membership at this time is said to have been one hundred and twenty-five.

It was in 1840 that their Church was dedicated; for we find this account of it in a work on "Methodism in Wisconsin": "In the name and on behalf of our people we here present the land laid off for the building of this house, and all that we have done to complete the same, to God to be used as a holy place for religious worship according to the order of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the benefit of the Nation." It is then signed by five or six of their principal men. We cannot now enter into a full account of their Quarterly Meetings or succession of ministers as appointed by their Conference once in every two years. The one who seems to have remained with them the longest, and to be the best remembered, is the Rev. Mr. Ford, who now, at the age of ninety years, has retired from active service, but still has

a loving interest in his Indian friends, and is held in high respect by them.

"Big Jake," the Head Chief of that portion of the Oneidas, seems to have been of some note and influence in their meetings and to have made speeches when required. He is described as a man of stalwart frame, standing with head and shoulders above the people around him. The giant frame supported a large head, adorned by an expressive face. His movements were dignified and simple, because he was a born nobleman and did not know how to appear other than a prince. He was benevolent and tender to all who were trying to do right, but he was a terror to the evil-doers. Standing for his people, or for the rights of the oppressed, he was absolutely invincible.

On one occasion when addressing the meeting, he reported their need for a bell and some repairs to their Church, and expressed the desire that their Missionary might be allowed to go abroad and raise necessary funds. Permission was granted, and the Missionary, taking some of the fine singers of the Nation with him, went to New York, Boston, and other places, to secure help. Wherever Brother Requa went he was recognized as a man of eloquence. Throngs followed him from church to church, and as might be expected, his mission of soliciting was very successful.

This amusing account of the new bell is given by one of their writers. He says: "On the return of Brother Requa with the bell, the people were overjoyed. For the first week after it was hung in the steeple it was kept going almost night and day. Their friends came from every part of the Reservation, and no one was satisfied until his own hand had pulled the rope. And so high

did the enthusiasm run that one man said: 'As soon as we get able we will put one on every house in Oneida.' "

The people of this Mission have all the privileges of the Hospital and Government School, and true Christian harmony exists between the two Missions. Each carries on its work for the good of the Indians, as is judged best. In the year 1840 the Methodists completed a new Church building, a neat frame structure. They also have an Epworth Hall, and the old and rather dilapidated parsonage is now being replaced by a very handsome home for their Minister. There are over two thousand Indians on the Reservation at the present time. The Church Mission numbers one thousand two hundred, the Methodist, we understand, about eight hundred. The Romanists have built themselves a small Chapel, which is attended by a few families who have left the other Missions. They have no settled Priest among them; but infrequent services are held by one of the "White Fathers" coming to them from Depere ten miles distant.

Chapter XXVIII.

Ordination of the Rev. Leopold Kroll.

During one of the Rev. Mr. Merrill's necessary absences of two months in the East, where he was endeavoring to raise funds to carry on the various branches of his church work, and interest people generally in the Indians, a young deacon, the Rev. Leopold Kroll, was placed in charge of all the duties of the Mission. He graduated B.A. of the class of 1897, from St. Stephen's College of Annandale, New York. In the same year he entered the General Theological Seminary, graduating with the class of 1900, to come soon after to Oneida.

The home of Leopold Kroll being in New York City, Bishop Grafton thoughtfully suggested that he be ordained Deacon by the Bishop of New York, with his class candidates in the Cathedral Crypt, on Trinity Sunday, before coming to the Oneidas. He arrived there on June 30, 1900, and immediately entered upon his duties under the Missionary. He remained at the Mission all summer and, it is said that, during the Rev. Mr. Merrill's absence, he threw himself into the Indian work with all the earnestness of that first fervor of the ministry which argued well for his future.

It seemed fitting that, before he went to his new field at Grand Rapids, he should receive the greater gift of the Priesthood in the place where God had called him to begin his ministry.

On the 8th of November of the same year an impor-

The Rev. Leopold Kroll

tant event occurred at St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac. The Rev. R. H. Weller, Jr., was then consecrated Coadjutor to the venerable Bishop Grafton. It was esteemed a very happy event; for from his previous ministry he was considered by all the Diocese as "the right man in the right place," and Bishop Grafton was congratulated accordingly.

Present at the consecration of Bishop Weller was an Oneida Indian deacon. The event is thus described: "It was a day of gracious privilege to all. Besides the general points of interest in the consecration of Bishop Weller, there are some individual ones which concerned our Oneida people, and which it may please our friends to know. Bishop McLaren, in his wonderfully eloquent sermon, spoke of one person 'present on this occasion who remembers an incident which took place half a century ago, on the site of this town.'

"In those days there was no Fond du Lac, save a little trading station. A rude log Church had been erected by some earnest and faithful pioneer Missionary, and here our Prayer Book services, so dear when so infrequent, and when the surroundings are so poor, were held whenever a clergyman made his way on foot through the Indian trails to the farther North.

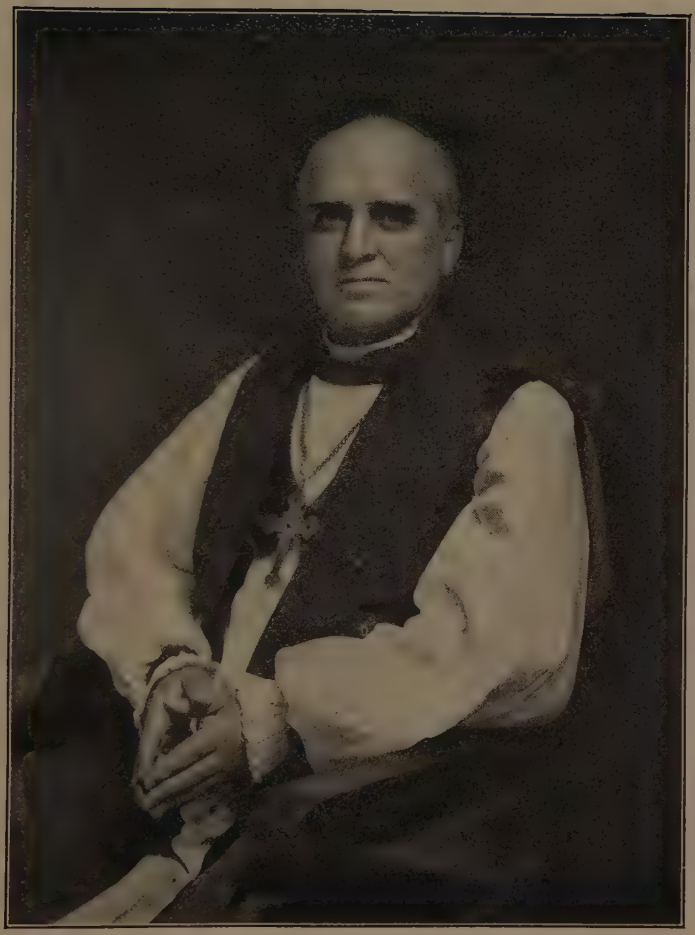
"It must have been a great occasion for the little station when the saintly Bishop Kemper stopped here to give those out-of-the-way people a service, and break for the few communicants the Bread of Life. Very few of those who were then present to hear the words of Bishop Kemper are now alive, yet there was one who was sitting amongst the Clergy in the beautiful Cathedral of St. Paul, 'who,' said the preacher, 'can tell of a cold winter's night when all the people for miles around, from scat-

tered and lonely outposts of civilization, gathered in the Church, and the Indians with their blankets wrapped around them peered in eager curiosity through the windows, to see the great white medicine man and note what was going on. In his Episcopal vestments, and with his beautiful, saintly face, he was to them a wonder, and a voice from a far-off land. The person who remembers such a scene is the Rev. Cornelius Hill, an Oneida Indian Chief, who for many years now has been the faithful interpreter for his people of God's dear Message of Redemption to a dying world.'"

At that time we imagine Cornelius Hill must have been quite a young child, for he was only ten years old when he witnessed an ordination by Bishop Kemper in their own little frame Church on the Reservation, and directly afterward began his own studies at Nashotah. He was at Fond du Lac to meet the Rev. Dr. Weller as a former student with him at Nashotah, and to be present at the consecration of his son.

Says the same writer: "Another pleasing event in connection with the consecration of Bishop Weller, the father, was not only to meet the Rev. Cornelius Hill, but to go to see another old Oneida Indian friend who was with them as student at Nashotah. After that their pathways had separated, the Rev. Dr. Weller's labors to be laid in Missouri and Florida, many miles from the scenes of his student days. And he never dreamt of one day coming back to Wisconsin to witness his son consecrated Bishop, or to visit Oneida, to see the Indian students and his son perform his first official act on their Reservation.

"The country hereabouts had all changed during the half century of his absence; forests had given place to



The Rt. Rev. R. H. Weller, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Fond du Lac

cultivated fields, thriving towns had taken the place of little hamlets, and where Indian trails had been, railroads now made their way. But with all these changes he found a link which connected the present with the past—two old Indians, students of Nashotah, from whom he had been separated for a long half century. They had not forgotten him, nor were they forgotten by him, and the reunion was looked forward to by the three with the greatest anticipation. The Rev. Cornelius Hill was one of them, and he had the pleasure of meeting his old student friend on the day of the consecration. The other was not fortunate enough to be there; and so he had to abide with patience until his father, Bishop Weller, and his mother came thither.

"Daniel Nimham, or as he is called by many of his friends, 'Uncle Daniel,' was in waiting at the Mission House long before the Bishop and his party appeared. He wanted to be sure about being on time, so as to greet his old friend the moment he arrived. Sameness is the chief characteristic of life on the Reservation, and to 'Uncle Daniel' the meeting was to be a great event. For the few remaining years of his life on this earth, November 10th was to be a red-letter day. Dr. Weller spoke feelingly of his visit to Oneida and of the pleasure it gave him to meet again on this earth these two associates. It was a day to them of 'Auld lang syne.'"

To return to the Rev. Leopold Kroll and his ordination. The Bishop Coadjutor, accompanied by his father, the Rev. R. H. Weller, D. D., his mother, and the Archdeacon of Ashland, started for Oneida, on Saturday, the 10th. We are told: "It was growing dark, and a wild blizzard raged when the Bishop's party reached the Reservation, but at the lonely station in the woods were

assembled the Oneida National Band, many of whose members had walked through the snow and darkness several miles; quite a delegation from the Government School; and many of the Indians. A procession was formed headed by a necessary band of torch-bearers, which, after a brief tussle with the bitter wind, arrived at the end of the half mile journey, at the Mission House. In the evening a reception was given to the Bishop, and quite a number braved the elements and came to show their respects to him and his friends. The band played some of its best selections, and as the visiting company had a large showing of those whose homes were in the South, the playing of Dixie received a very generous applause.

"On Sunday morning there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion. At eleven o'clock a long procession, consisting of four cornetists of the band, the vested Indian choir, the Clergy and Bishop entered the Church and the chief service of the day began.

"Before the ordination the Bishop preached first, making plain to the people by the aid of the Interpreter, his relation to them as Bishop Coadjutor, and expressing his gratitude for the Episcopal ring which the Oneidas had presented to him. The service was not concluded until nearly three o'clock. Oh! what reverence and patience these Indians have! Over two hundred received the Holy Communion, and perhaps eight hundred went forward after the service to greet the new Bishop. This ceremony is a feature of every Episcopal visitation, and appeals very strongly to the tribal instincts of the Indians.

"Evening Prayer was said at five o'clock, and was very well attended. Many of the Indians traveled again great distances to attend the service. The writer has visited

Oneida several times, and is amazed to notice the wonderful developments that have taken place. Oneida is well worth a visit. It seems impossible to describe adequately the deep and permanent impression which the Church is making upon these people. One of the very oldest Indians on the Reservation speaking of a visit paid them by a Seventh Day Baptist or Adventist, said that 'they didn't want any new religion—the Apostles' religion was still the best'—and he wanted the Preacher to tell him 'if they thought it necessary to take the seventh day from the Jewish Scriptures, why they did not observe the Rite of Circumcision and the offering of Bloody Sacrifices, instead of Baptism and the Holy Communion.' These are nearly his own words.

"The evening before Mr. Kroll left Oneida, he was given a surprise party at the Guild Hall. There was quite a large gathering, and speeches, music, and games made up the evening's programme. During the speeches two young women went quietly among the crowd and later handed to Mr. Kroll a very pretty beaded buckskin bag which contained an offering of something more than twenty-five dollars, which, Mr. Hill said, 'is a little token of our love, and our respect for you and the kind work that you have done here amongst us Oneidas!' "

Chapter XXIX.

Christmas on the Reservation.

Of the various works going on among the Oneidas we would record that of the women of the Guild. Such busy, busy workers as they are for the Church! Few auxiliary societies give more willing service. Their Missionary in speaking of them says:

"The nucleus of our Guild, was formed in the missionary days of the Rev. Father Goodnough of beloved memory, whose young wife when she came among the people, brought the elder women together and taught them how to cut and make their own clothing and to make white bread.

"Then the never-failing bed-quilts were undertaken, and are flourishing to-day in wonderful squares and points and triangles of intense pink and yellow and green as important in the Oneida woman's eyes as a chest of linen to some nice Dutch Katrinka. Then followed in natural sequence the making of moccasins and dolls, for which orders still come in from genuine admirers of Indian work; and if you only knew how restful moccasins could be to poor, tired feet, you would introduce them at the next five o'clock tea. Fancy a daintily outlined foot in softest buckskin, with solid beadwork reaching almost to the toe, and velvet collar tied around the ankles.

"A real Oneida family claims presentation from our Guild women. Not bisque, nor china, nor even rubber

dolls, nor carrot dolls, nor yet rag ones, are waiting for their introduction to our readers, but two brown-faced gorgeously-attired Oneida dollikins, of good old corn-husk lineage. Here, Miss 'Getting-water-in-a-dipper,' and Mr. 'Something-lying-on-the-ground'! make your best bow to the pale-faces looking so curiously at you. What is it? 'They stare so.' Oh, well, they are just interested white folk you know, not true, interesting Americans like yourselves, and one must not expect too much of them; so don't mind if they examine your dress and beads and make some personal remarks; this is quite the correct thing among pale-faces.

"You see, dear Mesdames, these dollies are the handiwork of the Guild women, who spend every Thursday in their room in the Church, where they seem as fond of doll-making as Miss Alcott's 'Old-Fashioned Girl.' There is 'The-one-who-pushes-the-ice-away,' 'The-one-who-makes-maple-sugar,' and a dozen others, solemnly considering whether to put apple-green and magenta together, or to use gilt beads or glass ones on dolly's skirt; and there is old Yanigien, with a lapful of brown corn-husks that she is laboriously fashioning into the doll itself, putting layer after layer, one over the other, until a hard, smooth surface is formed for the head, while the ends of the husks make arms, legs and body. Small brown stitches divide the fingers, and now Miss Doll is ready for her wardrobe.

"She can't bother with stockings and shoes; her mother never gave them a thought, so on goes a pair of soft moccasins with beads up the front, and next a pair of black cloth leggings, rather broad, with a pretty pattern in chalk beads, worked on the outside edge and around the bottom. Now the doll is ready to be dressed in the

little garments the other women of the Guild have been embroidering. Our illustration gives a pretty good idea of how the Chief looks, and his neatly dressed squaw, with her papoose, in their old-time costumes. The dolls are said to be fine representatives of a fine old tribe, and every lover of Indian curios should have at least one, if not the whole family, among their collection of Indian things."

But the making of dolls is only a part of what is done by the Guild women, who earn several hundred dollars a year for their dear Church. Do the men give a day's work in the fields belonging to the Mission? Out come the Guild women to prepare dinner and supper. Is a feast given in order to raise a little money? All day long, the Guild women make their best bread, pies, and cake, and whatever tastes good to the Indian palate. Does the chancel need cleaning? Here are the Guild women with pails, and cloths, and plenty of good will. Or perhaps long yards of green are needed for the Christmas decorations. Here are the same ready hands to twine the wreaths. In their quiet way, all this means work and "a good time," low-voiced talking and low-voiced laughter, with inflections no elocutionist could give, and all the time in the world to spare! Why should any one be in a hurry because dinner was appointed for one o'clock? Half past two is early enough for a man who is not all stomach, for the dispatch of the average white man and the hurry-flurry of the average white woman find no place among the people of the Red Stone.

What visions of happy times among the Oneidas are called up by the very words "yards of greens for Christmas decorations," as prepared by the women of the Guild. Our work will hardly be complete without some

Corn Husk Dolls

account of the most joyous time of the whole year to young and old. Boxes and barrels of Christmas good cheer have been coming to the Mission House and been stored away in the attic. There cannot be too many of them from both Senior and Junior Auxiliaries, when we consider that the Missionary must, if possible, have a gift of some kind for each of his Indian children, big and little. They look to him as to a real father, a dispenser of good things. And as there are over a thousand to be provided for, you can well imagine how great, intense, indeed, is his anxiety not to disappoint one of them.

A month or more before the Holidays the good Missionary almost lives in his attic, assorting, with some help, the contents of the boxes, to make a judicious distribution of them. And how delighted he is if he finds something suitable for all in the way of toys, clothing, or new material for old and young, down to the little tots just learning of Santa Claus. One little chap addressed him as "Sand Close," to make mention of a few simple wants, while another expressed a desire for only a pair of suspenders, certainly a modest request, but doubtless something the child had been longing for, to help make a little man of himself.

Can you who live in cities, or towns, where large stores are filled with elegant Christmas things attractively laid out, imagine what a Christmas tree is on a Reservation where there is not a single store of any kind, and where the Indian child cannot buy so much as a stick of candy? Then picture, if you can, what it must be for such a child to see a well laden tree, and have a bag full of candy and a toy of some kind given him. How his eyes sparkle and how eagerly he grasps what is laid in his hand! One in writing of Christmas on the Reservation says: "It was

really pathetic to see a little, motherly Indian girl, grasp a doll and hug it tight, as though amazed at her possession; while another mite in breathless suspense watched the distribution of various beautifully dressed dolls. When one and another passed by with her doll, she would stretch forth her little brown hands, then clasp them across her breast, saying in an undertone, 'Baby, Come!' "

At their last Christmas Feast our friend the Missionary writes us: "It has been a wonderful Christmas for our people. A glorious Feast. About two hundred and fifty communions were made. The Church was beautifully decorated with home-made garlands, the large vested choir sang splendidly the Christmas Hymns, some of them in their own language to quaint and weird music that had been in use amongst the Tribe for fifty years or more. On Christmas night we had with a special Service the Christmas tree for the older people. And then, large as our Church is, it would not seat the great congregation. Many had to stand throughout the Service, and for the much longer part—the distribution of the gifts—which took us until nearly eleven o'clock at night, as every one is remembered with some gift, and all have to come forward to receive it.

On Holy Innocents' day, after the children's Eucharist at nine o'clock in the morning, we had the tree for them. And I am sure that nowhere in the world were there any happier children than the little red folk of Oneida. There were fully three hundred children in Church, many coming several miles for the little gifts that to some of our children would hardly seem worth crossing the street for. But these little people have so few gifts that Christmas is the greatest day in the year for them, and even the old people are delighted with a bag of candy or an orange."

In writing of this Festival, and especially when alluding to the children's part are these words: "I am bound to say their tree was much more imposing. All the branches were green to the ends, and there was a braver show of colored balls and trinkets and cut tinsel, besides paper decorations, to make our Brownies open their eyes and wonder what was to be forthcoming. It was literally laden with good things more than they probably ever dreamed of having when their eyes were closed. The magic power that wrought so much for our second Christmas tree, came straight from some of the Junior Auxiliaries, whose members covered themselves with glory and our children with that happiness rarely to be found outside of story books."

Placed about the decorated tree for the older people the useful gifts are usually done up in bundles; some, perhaps, in the ever welcome comfortable, or new blanket, and so given out. You will see one and another quietly give a little pinch, or poke to their bundle to anticipate its contents.

Two hundred such bundles piled high about the tree were given out this Christmas to serve a thousand with new garments, or new material out of which they could be made. Among the gifts were calico, cloth, flannel, large knit underwear, handkerchiefs, shoes, stockings, and other things. When the boxes and barrels were about empty and a belated one arrived, the Missionary, ever pleased and grateful for all that is sent for his Indian children, felt doubly so, as he thus thanked the sender, a lady who for over forty years has taken an interest in the Oneidas:

"Your box came just when the supplies were giving out, and I was wondering what I could put in for the few

remaining bundles. Everything in it was useful. The warm underwear, I felt sure, would give much comfort to the old woman to whom I assigned it. As she was not able to come to the evening Christmas tree, she came to the Mission House, and as she is now almost blind she wanted Mrs. Merrill to open her bundle and tell her what was in it, and when she felt of the flannels she put them up to her lips and kissed them. The good old body was, as she said, 'so glad to have something warm to wear.' "

Does this not show grateful appreciation and give encouragement to those who so kindly and generously send these much appreciated gifts to Oneida?

But it is not alone of their Christmas tree and gifts we would speak, but of the Oneida's reverence for the Nativity of Christ, and all connected with the great Festival. It has as deep meaning to them as to any of their white brethren. And they fully understand the fitness, according to Scripture, of bringing " the fir and the spruce to beautify the place of the Sanctuary." It is not a question with the Oneidas of "how much a yard?" or "how much a pound?" with their greens, but only "What do you want? and when will you have it?"

Says one in writing to a friend: "You know nothing about an Indian Christmas, at least on this Reservation, or have any idea how royally both men and women make their preparations. They bring enough cedar and hemlock, spruce and pine to tie yards and yards, I might almost say miles, of rich festoons for the chancel, besides making a screen of blue-green spruce each side of the altar, and crowning the Bishop's and priest's chairs with the same lovely tree-tops, small, of course, but like a little blessing to each, and filling the Church with their spicy fragrance.

Christmas at the School

Oneida Baby

Another Oneida Baby

A Young Brave

"The chancel, forty feet square, was entirely draped in brilliant turkey red, not a line of white visible on any one of its walls, which from roof to wainscot, was one mass of living, vivid red, fold after fold in graceful lines, covering every inch of space and forming an immense lunette over the canopy of the Reredos. Against this glowing background stood out trees of spruce and the graceful lines of a temporary Rood-screen, covered with the same warm color and wound and dressed in double festoons of arbor-vitæ, framing in the chancel and adding a note of mystery to that part of the people's Home, for that is what the Church stands for to these Indians—it is their Home."

The Rev. Mr. Merrill, after speaking of the older children at the Christmas festivities, adds: "And what shall be written of the very tiny men and women, the baby Oneidas, two of whom look up at you from these pages? Very civilized, very like ordinary white babies they look. These babies, however, have one experience unlike any white child's, for while Miss America is dressed in her best and carried to Church, it is only for once; after her Baptism she rarely goes again until old enough to keep still and not distract her neighbors. But red babies appear with great regularity, coming in white gowns with dainty caps, or plain calico, with sunbonnets, or sometimes in odds and ends of flannel, with a handkerchief over the cute little head, and carried over the mother's shoulder, or in cold weather, tucked under her shawl; from which they emerge warm and serene, ready to be interested in a gay-colored window, or a cracker from some deep pocket, and invariably keeping up a running commentary on the sermon. If opinions clash too loudly his babyship is gravely carried out to regain his native

composure, and after his return, may be quietly passed over the back of the pew and slowly rocked on some good grandmother's knee.

"One Sunday, a dear child was most engaging in her small absorption in books and flowers. She arranged all the Prayer Books and hymnals with great precision, looked with intense disgust at some crumpled and soiled paper, and finally took up a bag and handed her mother the purse from which to take the offering. Two pennies were given the child to put into the basin with her own pretty fingers, when it suddenly occurred to her that her neighbor might be gratified to offer a penny also, and taking the same she leaned over and extended that small copper coin with most gracious manner and a smile, as became a daughter able to count many noble forefathers."

Another great help needed for the advancement of the Indians on the Reservation, add to their social pleasure, and give better accommodations to the women of the Guild, was a Parish House. With the earnest zeal ever shown by the Rev. Mr. Merrill, Missionary in charge, in carrying out various improvements for the benefit of his "Indian children," he set his heart upon no less a scheme than the erection of a sightly Parish House of Stone after the plan here presented.* The need of such a building had been very great, especially for the returned students. It seemed useless to give the Oneida boys and

*As for the building of the Hospital, so the first offering of faith and zeal was given by children. In 1894, at a Missionary meeting held in St. Paul's Church, Overbrook, Philadelphia, the Missionary made mention of the great need of a Parish House at Oneida. Two little girls became interested and sent the Missionary ten cents, which was the beginning of the building fund. As the outgrowth of this gift of faith there follows the completion of the building at a cost of $7,500, without a cent of indebtedness.

The Bishop Grafton Parish House

girls all the advantages that Hampton, Carlisle, and others of the Indian Schools provide for them while away from home, and for nothing to be done to help them when they returned to the Reservation.

These young people require some place where they can meet for social entertainment under proper guidance and where good and wholesome entertainments can be provided for them. At his annual visitation in August, 1904, Bishop Weller turned the first sod for the foundation of the new building, and during that year, through the generosity of the friends of Oneida, one wing of the building was completed, which provided very attractive quarters for the children of the Mission School. More friends kindly contributed to the building fund, so that on October 15, 1905, they were able to ask their beloved Diocesan Bishop to come to them to lay the corner-stone of the building, which they named in his honor, "The Bishop Grafton Parish House." More appeals were issued, with encouraging returns; so that on June 1, 1906, the Missionary signed a contract for the completion of the building, the work to be completed on October 11th.

The new building is of classic design, a central facade, two stories in height, with a wing on either side one story in height, having a total frontage of eighty-five feet and a depth of seventy-three feet, with a lower portion at the rear extending back seventeen feet farther. The material used is the handsome rock-faced limestone quarried by the Indians from the river running through the Reservation. The main hall of the building has a seating capacity of over two hundred, and there is a stage in the rear of the building of sufficient dimensions to provide for the various entertainments which are given by the Indians. Cloak-rooms and store-rooms, small class-

rooms, a large kitchen and pantry, and a work-room for the women of the Guild, are found in the building. One wing is used for a library and reading-room, and the other provides a room for the Mission School. In the spacious basement there is band-room 18 by 32 feet in size, a bath-room fitted with shower-baths, tub, and toilet fixtures. They also hope to establish a gymnasium.

In planning this great work it was the Rev. Mr. Merrill's desire to provide for the Indians a place of instruction and entertainment. The authorities of the State Agricultural College promised to give them Farmers' Institutes which would be of great value to some in an agricultural way. He also had promise of hygienic instructions given to them by their physician. And lectures with stereopticon were to be provided for both amusement and instruction during the long winter evenings. Thus the building was most wisely designed by the Rev. Mr. Merrill as a factor in the education and advancement of his Indian charge.

Chapter XXX.

Conclusion.

Many, doubtless, will think we have given an altogether ideal account of the Oneidas. But other writers have been accused of doing the same, especially by those who do not know the real character of some of the intelligent Indians of the Six Nations. Though fierce and warlike in their early encounters with their foes, brave in the defense of what they considered their rights, many of them were naturally of a friendly and peaceful disposition, more ready to smoke the calumet than to take up the tomahawk.

Fire-water, it is true, has had its baneful influence on many of our Indians, and has brought out the worst side of their nature, as with all men, red or white. But since coming more and more under the influence of civilization, education, and the softening effects of religion it is surprising what great advancement the Oneidas have made and show in discernment, imitation, and capability to do as the whites. Very justly says one, in writing of the Indian: "He, as a rule, wants to advance, but he cannot do it alone. He must be aided. And as Bishop Hobart long ago pointed out, to do so we must give him not a gospel without civilization, nor civilization without the gospel. They must go together."

Hand in hand the two have been followed up by their patient guides, to lead the progressive Indians step by step out from their former ignorance and darkness into

the light of civilization and Christianity. And it is wonderful how marked is the change in character and appearance of many of the Oneidas at the present day. As a Nation they have proved themselves most worthy of the watchful care over them by one and another faithful Missionary, back to the time of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland. Later, both before and after their establishment on the Reservation, the Church and her Missions extended a protecting care and supervision over a large majority of them. Their love for Bishop Hobart, was so sincere that their church, Hobart Church, stands as a monument to his blessed memory.

It is no sinecure, however, for one alone to act as leader on such an extensive tract of land, and well see after their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare. We have touched but lightly upon the Missionary's various tasks as priest, postmaster, lawyer, banker, and prime adviser. He must be patient under every and any interruption, even though his time is rarely his own. Often, too, he must drive miles and miles over rough roads and through dark woods, to visit the sick, or to administer comfort and consolation to some aged person unable to get to church.

For the benefit of such persons, interesting Friday evening cottage services at different homes have been conducted in distant parts of the Reservation, and carried on with success, with often as many as twenty-five and thirty neighbors in attendance. They sing in their own language a hymn or two with their soft, sweet voices, and join in the prayers and other parts of the service with much reverence. Then, with a friendly hand-shake and thanks, they quietly disperse, and the Missionary takes his long return drive through the woods. It may

be moonlight, or a dark night, but the horses seem to know the way home, and the Missionary has the consolation of knowing by the intent expression on the faces of his hearers, or a tear, perhaps, over some interpreted words, that he has reached the hearts of his Indian children.

In writing of the Oneidas we have had no intention to eulogize them beyond their just deserts, but merely to relate facts as they have come to us. We are well aware that individuals among them are faulty, it may be morose and difficult to reach, but not any more so than weak sinful human nature everywhere. Says a writer: "We are apt to look upon the Indian as—well, as an Indian, whatever that may mean to each of us. In our mental classification we ignore personality, both tribal and individual, and group all red men together in one general census as cruel and treacherous. This is all wrong. There is as much difference between the tribes as between white nationalities, between individual Indians as between individual white men. In accounting for these differences of life and customs it is largely the old story of environment." It is a popular fancy that needs refuting, that the Indians are all alike; that whatever is true about the Sioux or the Dakotas is equally true and applicable to the Apaches of Arizona or the Pueblos of New Mexico. The truth is, they differ among themselves in every respect; in language, dress, mode of living, manners, and occupation.

"The Indians of the Oneida Reservation," says their Missionary, "have long ago abandoned the blanket and feathers. The rudely constructed tepee is unknown. They live in houses, and although the majority of these are still log cabins, they are substantial and neat. Among

the younger generation and the more prosperous, good frame buildings are now being erected, and these with verandahs, large windows, and cellars, are rapidly taking the place of the little log dwellings, the great cracks of which were filled with hard, sun-baked clay, and where, in cramped quarters, the Indian family with difficulty made its home.

"The exterior and interior of some of their modern houses will show that an elevating love of home adornment is growing, that pictures and books are to be found in the 'best room,' while lawns, gardens, and shade-trees are to be seen about their homes. Nowhere will you find the blanket as the chief and only wearing apparel, for the Oneidas dress in white man's clothing. And although the older women prefer the more quiet dress and the becoming shawl or kerchief in place of some gaudy millinery, yet even here fashion has its followers among the younger generation, and on Sundays you would find our congregation wearing as fine clothes as the average white farmer.

"One more popular fancy that needs correcting is that all the Indians of the country, some 250,000 in number, are paupers, lazy vagabonds, fattening at the public crib. As a matter of fact, probably less than one-fourth of them receive anything from Government, while the great mass are self-supporting. They subsist, either by the labor of their own hands, or upon that which they receive from the Government in payment for their lands. The only cash payment made to our people," he adds "is the division of $1,000 awarded them for services during the Revolutiinary War. Which amount divided among them, is the munificent sum of fifty cents per capita. They have always been known as a self-respecting, self-supporting

An Oneida Modern Home

Interior of an Indian Home, 1906

people. They have never been the recipients of Government rations, horses, or other bounties."

The last census of the Oneidas compared with those taken in the past, shows that, at least among this tribe, the story that the Indians are dying out has become as untrue as it is time-worn, for they have nearly doubled in number. Of the Oneidas' social and home life it is said: "The Oneida Indians stand very high. Their home life is almost irreproachable. They live with very few exceptions, strictly moral and right lives. There is no corruption or immorality on the Reservation to speak of. Any one who is at all loose in his or her way is at once completely ostracized by their neighbors." When we consider their history of the past when in the State of New York among the warlike Iroquois, themselves one of the Six Nations, and with them often as ready to use the tomahawk in defense of their rights, or to make conquests of some fierce and intrusive tribe, we can but marvel over the changes time has wrought.

For other tribes of Indians on their Western Reservations, though apparently rude and warlike, we would bespeak a good word, struggling as they too are to reach out towards civilization. Those faithful missionary Bishops, Whipple and Hare, warm friends of the Indians, felt that they were well worthy of Christian care, and not only devoted much of their time to supervision over them, but from time to time wrote most interestingly of them. They were forced, however, to censure Government at that time pretty severely for its treatment of the Indians, and so make extenuating allowances for some of the barbarous conflicts with the whites.

The late General Harney, described as a "veteran frontier Indian craftsman" and who passed over fifty years

on our Western borders in contact with the various tribes, speaks well of them, though, as he has said, "They were accused of treachery and every evil under the sun." In his report to Government, signed by himself, he affirms: "Naturally the Indian has many noble qualities. He is the very embodiment of courage. Indeed, at times he seems insensible to fear. If he is cruel and revengeful, it is because he is outlawed. Let civilized men be his companions, and he warms into life virtues of the rarest worth. Civilization has driven him from the home which he loved. It has often tortured and killed him, but it never could make a slave of him. So little accustomed to kindness from others, it may not be strange that he appears morose, and hesitates to confide in man. Proud himself, and yet conscious of the contempt of the white man, when suddenly roused to some new wrong the remembrance of old ones still sting his soul, and he seems to become, as expressed by himself, 'blind with rage.' We must take the savage as we find him, or rather, as we have made him," continues General Harney. "We have spent two hundred years in creating the present state of things. If we can civilize in time, it will be a vast improvement over our doings of the past." And this many have seen the necessity of doing. Greater efforts, than at any time before, through wiser Government, are now being made in the right direction. The Indians, better understood, have less done to rouse them to seek for vengeance. And so in time all tribes, through their intercourse with the educated whites, will doubtless become more and more civilized, and so give up their rude and savage ways. The Indians of almost every tribe have a strong belief in some Great and Good Spirit as ever watching over to guide them. Says an Indian writer

with some eloquence and truth: "Some openly proclaim that we are heartless, soulless, and godless; but,

> "'Within the recesses of the Native's soul,
> There is a secret place that God doth hold;
> And though the storms of life do war around,
> Yet still within His sacred image is found.'

"And it is this image that noble Missionaries have found, and felt their labors among them were not in vain; that there was a bond of brotherhood between the red man and the white for which they would feel answerable if they neglected the appeal, 'Go preach the Gospel to all Nations.'"

Of the Oneidas, as we may have already said, "They stand in the first ranks of civilization in the judgment of the Indian Department at Washington"—a just tribute to those who have struggled hard to give up their old superstitions, their wigwams, blankets and paint, to conform to the ways of the white man. And not the least praise is due to those who for the past century or more have had faith in the Indians as among God's created beings, and have willingly gone among them, to lead them gently towards the Light that has helped to redeem them. Aye, so willingly for the Oneidas, that two, or we might say three brave spirits, if we include the wife of one who equally gave herself in labors of love for the Indians in whom she took a deep interest to within the very last hour of her life, have laid down their lives in their midst and now rest, from choice, on Indian soil. And at the Last Great Day they will doubtless be found surrounded by those of the dusky tribe who, having laid down their bow and arrow for the ploughshare, have, through peace, won the crown.

As we lay down our pen the earnest, heartfelt desire

comes to us that the Oneidas may win a few true friends through this imperfect account of them as a noble race of Indians. If so, we shall feel repaid for our labor of love on behalf of one among the few tribes of Indians whose nationality dates back in direct line centuries ago, and who have up to the present time kept themselves intact from all other races, strictly abiding by their own tribal laws as to marriage and intermarriage. A pure American race worthy of all help in their efforts to reach to higher levels in art and literature such as some of the present and future generations will doubtless be found capable of attaining. May they, too, continue to be content on their Reservation with its many improvements. And as the years roll round, may there be extended to them such help as they will need to brighten the way before them. And at all times may there be some faithful Missionary to point them toward their more enduring home in the Celestial City, where there will be no scorn of races, but where all red, black, or white, who have been true followers of Christ, will meet at the throne of God as His beloved children, the Great Spirit worshipped in different ways, but the same Heavenly Father, Chief, and Great High Priest over us all!

SUPPLEMENT.

Since we have laid aside the pen most unexpected events have taken place at Oneida. The Rev. F. W. Merrill, the faithful Missionary for ten years over the Oneidas, never sparing himself when he could do aught for his Indian charge, was suddenly stricken in September with severe illness. It was of such character and of such uncertain termination, that to the regret of his Bishop and of the people by whom he is greatly beloved, he felt it best to resign the work to which he has given his love and strength.

Mr. Merrill's illness coincided with the completion of the New Parish House, entirely free from debt, and at the cost of $7,600. The building was dedicated by Bishop Grafton on the morning of October 15, 1906. Besides Bishop Grafton there were present the Rev. Canon Rogers of Grafton Hall, Fond du Lac, and the Rev. H. S. Foster of Green Bay. Mr. Merrill was unable to take any part in the Service of Dedication, but taken by two of his faithful Indian boys into the Church in a wheel chair, it was his joy and great pleasure to witness the impressive ceremonies in the Church and at the Parish House. It is said by one who was present: "The regret that the Rector was unable to take part in the Service was universal, and though the opening of this beautiful Parish House was an important and joyful occasion for the tribe, yet it was mingled with much sadness because of the illness and resignation of their long time faithful

Missionary. He had accomplished a work that few would have undertaken, and perhaps no one else could have carried to so successful a conclusion. A complete reorganization of this large work among the Indians, with a development of the enterprises that centre about the Mission House, has been a herculean task. The recovery and maintenance of the old Parish School, the erection of the Sisters' House, and their faithful work in developing the lace industry, the building up a large and successful creamery business to the great advantage of the Indians, which will enable them to remain on the Reservation in the face of the close competition of their white neighbors and perpetuate their noble example of honesty and piety, the securing plans and raising funds for the erection of this magnificent Parish House, have left an enduring monument to the Missionary's years of faithful service."

On the day of the Dedication of this building the resignation of Mr. Merrill was announced by the Bishop, who at the same time gave notice of the appointment of his successor, the Rev. A. Parker Curtis. Mr. Curtis is another of Bishop Grafton's boys from the Church of the Advent, Boston, of which Bishop Grafton was Rector for many years. Mr. Curtis was also the first of his boys to be ordained by him after his Consecration as Bishop of Fond du Lac, and nearly the whole of his ministry has been spent in his Diocese, though New York is his native State. He is said to be an earnest, hard-working Priest, and it is hoped he will bring to his work among the Indians the same deep interest and zeal as characterized his predecessors. It is with humble but deep gratitude that the Rev. F. W. Merrill still continues to reside among the beloved people of Oneida. Through

the generosity of friends he has leased for a term of years one of the Indian allotments of land, and the little log cabin on it has been made habitable. Here he will be one with the people in their poverty of home and living, as it will be a modest income indeed that he will be able to earn from this little farm.

Still another unexpected event has taken place, that we must record. The Oneidas' long-time Chief and interpreter, their good and saintly Priest, the Rev. Cornelius Hill, ever ready to assist in the Church services, or on the Reservation among the sick and aged, has been called hence. He peacefully fell asleep shortly after his beloved friend and associate Priest, the Rev. F. W. Merrill had gone South. He found that the little "wigwam," could not be made comfortable for the winter for one in his weak condition of health, and so had accepted the kind invitation of friends to spend the winter in Florida. We append the following notice of the sad event of the death of the Rev. Cornelius Hill, sad for his people, but doubtless peace and joy to himself.

"The last of the long line of chiefs of the Oncida Nation, a line reaching back into a misty antiquity, and the first Christian Priest of the same Nation, Cornelius Hill, died at Oneida on Friday, January 25, 1907, at the age of seventy-five years. Mr. Hill's chieftainship was of legal force until the Oneidas became American citizens, by an act that took effect only a few years ago; and his influence among his own people was almost that of a dictator, and always on the side of righteousness. He was made chief when fifteen years of age, and took his seat in council when eighteen, which was a great honor for so young an Indian. He bore the name of Chief Onangwat-go. For more than thirty years this chief was

interpreter in the Church services making special use of his talents on Sunday, when he gave the congregation the Epistle, Gospel, Lessons, and sermon in the Oneida tongue.

"For the past three winters he had found his duties very taxing to his strength. Early in December he began to feel the effects of the cold, and it was with difficulty that he came on Sunday, December 16th, to perform his duties for the last time. It was the first Sunday of the present Missionary, the Rev. A. Parker Curtis, and Mr. Hill said he could not stay at home. The kind and loyal reception accorded to the present Missionary by the people is owing chiefly to Father Hill's words that day, and he will doubtless always feel a deep sense of gratitude to that good man. It was a great grief to know that he could not be at Church on Christmas Day, the first time he had ever missed that service so especially dear to the Oneidas; but his strength failed from day to day, and the last two weeks were a quiet waiting for the end. It came peacefully and without pain. He had lately received his *Viaticum*, and was ready. God rest his soul!"

On the day of the funeral requiem celebrations of the Holy Eucharist were offered by the Rev. Geo. Shelton, Rev. J. M. Raker, and Rev. H. L. Burleson, the latter the acting General Secretary for the Board of Missions, at half past seven, eight, and nine o'clock. At eleven the Church was filled with between seven and eight hundred people. After the Burial Office, the Holy Eucharist was offered by the Missionary, the Rev. H. L. Burleson preaching the sermon, which was interpreted by Brigman Cornelius, a choirman, who has begun to take the work of interpreter. Mr. Hill is the third Priest to die in the

harness at Oneida, and with the Rev. E. A. Goodnough and the Rev. S. S. Burleson, lies on the high ridge overtopping the great Church where probably the largest congregation of Christian Indians in the country meet Sunday after Sunday, for solemn worship of the Great Spirit, *Rawennieo*. Not only did his sweet nobility of character, his justice, wisdom, and high Christian example make Mr. Hill a tower of strength to the Mission, and give him a great influence over the Indians, but as their chief, his word was almost law. This power he always used for the good of individuals, the uplifting of his people, the cause of Christ, and the work of the Church. No Indian probably has ever been in the position to do what he did. As Priest and Chief, he chose the highest ideal of both, and that the Oneidas to-day are the only wholly Christian tribe in the West, and the most advanced in civilization, is owing largely to him. So close and tender was the friendship between the late Missionary and himself that involuntarily the thought comes, since it was to be, how fitting it was that the resignation of the one and the death of the other should have taken place so near together. How sad the trial would have been for the Rector to miss his long time interpreter and loyal adviser. And we can imagine what it might have been for the feeble and aged Indian Priest to catch the words to interpret from unfamiliar lips. The following tribute to Onangwat-go has been sent to us from the Rev. F. W. Merrill:

A TRIBUTE.

"The good, godly, holy, and saintly man, Priest Hill, has departed this life." This was the postal message received by me on the day following the burial of the Rev. Cornelius Hill. With an earlier notification I should have braved the fatigue of travel, even to the retarding of my slowly gaining of health and strength in this genial clime of Florida. It would have been a privilege and great honor to have stood by his grave and shared the sorrow and mourning of the people for the loss of the "grand old man" of Oneida. I wonder if old Thomas John's voice was brave enough to "give out" the weird and grand old burial hymn of the Oneidas, which, more times than can be numbered, Cornelius Hill had presented for many and many of his own people? The departed Missionaries of Oneida have all been great men, but he was the greatest of all. His life has been linked with the earliest history of the Church in the North West. He had a boyish remembrance of Oneida's first Missionary, the Rev. Eleazer Williams. He knew well the next in order, Priest Davis. He was greatly attached to Bishop Kemper, by whom he was confirmed. He had been present at the Ordination at Nashotah of the Rev. F. R. Haff more than fifty years ago, and when we looked upon the peaceful face of that aged and early Missionary at Oneida, as we attended his burial so recently, Priest Hill said, "Only a very good man could look so good in death, and

he was always so good to us." Thirty-six years he had as his pastor and friend, the Rev. Edward Goodnough, of saintly memory, and whenever his name was mentioned by Father Hill, there was instinctively the softening of his voice in great tenderness of a loving memory. Of Father Burleson he so often said, "He was so good to us all in our sickness." Great, clever, smart, were not words in his vocabulary; it was always,"He was a good man," or the question, "Is he a good man?" For more than thirty years he has stood beside the Missionary to interpret to his people the Missionary's Sunday message. I am wondering what the congregation will to-day think when they cannot understand the "Man of God's" message to them because Father Hill is not there to say it in the only language which they understand.

Very few Sundays in his life has he been absent from Church. I remember so well a Sunday when kept at home by sickness, many of the older people went to his home and said, "It didn't seem like Sunday without you at Church." How careful he was in his interpretation to give just the best he could of the Missionary's sermon. Oft-times, when with an excess of vigor the Missionary's voice would sound over loud, there would come his earnest, persuasive, gentle voice in interpretation, that would soften anything like harshness that had come from the preacher. He was too honest to change an iota in the interpretation, even when most personal words were said about himself. One felt such perfect confidence that the poorest material would come to the people in an eloquence that we might all covet.

For many years he was the organist and choir leader. The now splendid National Band owes its existence to him who was its early organizer and musician in it. On

all public occasions he was the orator and interpreter of the day, and although we could not understand a word that he said, we were always fascinated by his wonderfully expressive countenance and gestures.

In material things he was ever ahead of his people. The earliest threshing-machine and other modern farm implements were brought into use through his influence and encouragement. He was seldom absent when there was a call for a day's work at the Church or on the Mission farm, and it was he who directed the large number of willing workers who gladly gave their labor for the good of the Mission. I wonder how many yards of greens he must have wound for the decoration of the Church on the many Christian Festivals and other great days of the Church. He told me that this last Christmas was the only one that he could remember in his long life that he has missed, and he felt so sorry that he could not give the new Missionary his help.

The Bishops and Clergy of the Diocese never knew the man as he was at home; his great veneration for their Sacred Office made him appear shy and reserved as he met them at Council or other clerical gatherings. One had to live at Oneida to know that he was the real Rector, the ruler of the Church and his people. He never for a moment forgot that he was a Chief of a great Nation, and I am sure that the people never forgot that he was the great Chief of their Nation. He ruled firmly, wisely, lovingly. I have seen the very set determination on his face when it was reported that some one had been guilty of grave sin or fault. "Such conduct cannot be tolerated," and in an instant there would come the softening of expression and voice, "We must counsel with him, and lead him back to God and the Church." When-

ever any one was in trouble or sin, it was to him they went for comfort and advice. He was too loyal to give advice without first consulting with the Missionary. Over and over again he has brought such a person to me, and I always gave most careful attention to what he had to say, knowing well that in some way he would give just the opinion that would guide me in my decision in the matter. It was never with him, "I want," or "I think," always, "The people think," or "we think." Oh, rare humility! such as is only given to the truly great. Under the careful instruction of the Rev. S. S. Burleson, Cornelius Hill was prepared for ordination to the Diaconate in the year 1895, but it was not until 1903 that he was advanced to the Sacred Order of the Priesthood. For more than a year previous to his ordination he, with others learned in their own language, gave much time and study to the translation of the Divine Liturgy into the Oneida language. For a month previous to his ordination he came daily to the Church for instruction in celebrating the Holy Communion, learning to perform with great reverence the manual acts of the solemn Service. His was a great example to those whose prejudices will not allow them to accept anything new in the ceremonies of the Church; he had for years been brought up in "the old ways," yet so great was his reverence for all that is beautiful in worship (and Oneida is noted for the grandeur of its worship,) that he said after a very beautiful Service, "I felt this morning that heaven itself could have nothing more beautiful than our Service to-day."

On the morning after his ordination, in the presence of his two Bishops, a number of the Clergy and a large congregation, he celebrated his first Eucharist, and gave the

first communion to the class just confirmed by Bishop Grafton. He had asked that I stand close to him all through the Service, for he said, "The words are so great and solemn that I fear I may not be able to say them all." No one but myself saw his glasses dimmed with the tears as they flowed down his face, yet with marvelous control there was no break in his voice, although it never sounded so low and gentle. He is in no greater silence now than there was in the Church that morning when his people listened to words that they had never before heard in their own language in their Church. Can you imagine with what rapture an old Indian who with sixty years of faithful and regular attendance at the Altar heard for the first time a Priest of his own Nation saying the solemn words which he could now understand? After his ordination Father Hill constantly administered the Holy Communion to the aged and sick in their own homes whenever occasion demanded it, but he shrank from too frequent public celebration of the Holy Eucharist; it always seemed hard for him to feel otherwise than awed with the solemnity of the Service. Distance was never too great or weather too severe for him to visit all who might require his services. His last visitation was made just before his fatal illness, to an old man who for many years had been a "backslider," and his report was "that man is so penitent, so glad to get back to God." I might write on indefinitely, and then only a fragment would be told of the wonderful life of this holy and great man of Oneida. God rest his dear soul.

There have been many appeals come from Oneida. There is an urgent one now, that every friend of Oneida will make most earnest prayers that to some young Oneida there will be given the vocation to the Ministry,

so that this great Christian Nation may have its representative in the Sacred Ministry of the Church.

F. W. Merrill,
Late Missionary at Oneida.

Bagdad, Florida, Sexagesima Sunday, 1907.

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